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ONE HUNDRED BEST SERMONS FOR SPECIAL DAYS AND OCCASIONS

WITH ACCOMPANYING CYCLOPEDIA OF CHOICE ILLUSTRATIONS

CHRISTMAS, OLD YEAR DAY, WATCH-NIGHT, NEW YEAR, EPIPHANY, VOCATION DAY, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE, LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY, WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, LENTEN SEASON, PALM SUNDAY, GOOD FRIDAY, COMMUNION SUNDAY, EASTER, ARBOR DAY, ASCENSION DAY, WHITSUNDAY, TRINITY SUNDAY, MOTHER'S DAY, MEMORIAL DAY, CHILDREN'S DAY, COMMENCEMENT, INDEPENDENCE DAY, AGED PEOPLE'S SERVICE, THE SABBATH, LABOR DAY, RALLY DAY, ELECTION DAY, THANKSGIVING DAY, UNIVERSAL BIBLE SUNDAY, FOREFATHERS' DAY, CORNER-STONE LAYING, CHURCH DEDICATION SERVICE, DEDICATION OF CHURCH BELLS, SERVICES FOR LEADING FRATERNITIES, ETC.

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ONE HUNDRED BEST SERMONS
FOR SPECIAL DAYS AND OCCASIONS. VII

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Dedicated

To the Memory of

FREDERICK M. BARTON,

Faithful, Devoted, Many-Sided Christian,

Friend of Ministers,

Founder of "The Expositor."

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ONE HUNDRED BEST SERMONS FOR SPECIAL DAYS AND OCCASIONS

CHRISTMAS

IF EVERY DAY WERE CHRISTMAS

By Rev. Edgar De Witt Jones, D. D.

Text: "One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully assured in his own mind." Romans 14:5.

The fourteenth chapter of Romans is a rare piece of writing. In it the apostle pleads for sympathy and toleration, and these without compromise of faith. In the fifth verse there is an interesting allusion to the keeping of special days. The Jewish religion has many special seasons and celebrations; likewise, the church calendar contains notable days and anniversaries. Yet withal, a cardinal principle in Christianity is that salvation does not depend upon the observance of special days or seasons. That is to say, there is no particular efficacy in the keeping of days, though their wise use may be and frequently is helpful. Now there were some in the early Church who esteemed every day alike. There were others who attached importance to special days. The apostle takes a broad and tolerant view of the matter: "Let each man," he wrote, "be fully assured in his own mind."

This text revives the memory of a camp-meeting song of my boyhood days. It was the first camp-meeting I ever attended, and the preachers and singers were negroes. There was a great deal of excitement, much eloquent preaching and the singing was full of fervor. There was one song that was particularly popular, the chorus of which ran, "Every day'll be Sunday by-and-by." The tune impressed me more at the time than the sentiment, although I think I understood the sentiment to mean that if every day were Sunday, there would be constant singing, continual worship in the churches and very little if any of the ordinary round of daily toil. Underneath the literalism of such words is, of course, the idea of a recognition of God seven days in the week, and that is altogether commendable.

What if every day were Christmas? The suggestion at first blush is perhaps not altogether agreeable. One can imagine

numerous protests against the idea because of the excesses to which many go on Christmas holidays. There are tired mothers to whom the season means extra household duties; heavily burdened fathers whose financial resources are often strained to meet the new demands; salesmen and saleswomen worn by the more exacting rush of the Christmas trade; drivers of delivery wagons, the postmen almost buried beneath their load of packages. At first perhaps all save the children would regard with disfavor the very suggestion of Christmas coming every day. Let it be granted freely that Christmas is misused, that it is often a season of excesses and extremes; even so, who of us would do away with Christmas? For despite all the excesses of the holiday season and the hardship it works on many, is there not a rainbow of glory over every Christmas celebration?

I. Christmas is a season of prophetic idealism and a rebuke to selfish living. At the approach of the anniversary of our Lord's birth, men and women whose thoughts have been mostly of self are moved to think of others. The idea of serving others and making others happy affects even the blasè and the indifferent. Somehow, the idea that it is more blessed to give than to bargain finds lodgment in minds unused to tender and benevolent thoughts. For a brief period, cruel competitions that so sorely grind human society are lessened if not forgotten. For the time being, all humanity seems to be one family. There is a delight in seeing everybody joyous. The foreigner is made to feel at home. Artificial barriers are broken, and there come even into hard faces some softened lines. The spirit of Christmas penetrates even behind stone walls, and the prisoner is made to know that he is still remembered and that society has not abandoned hope in him.

II. Christmas is the one season of the year when we are especially reminded to take Jesus seriously. The Sermon on the Mount seems practicable then—the Beatitudes possible in daily life. Even the great words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," actually appear workable at Christmastide. The old text so precious, so peculiarly appropriate, John 3:16, finds lodgment in our heart of hearts: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." There comes into our minds the conviction that we have not taken seriously the lessons that

our Lord taught, but that now we take him at his word; we share, we give, we sacrifice, we find a new joy growing out of these very practical and beautiful ministrations.

III. Christmas centers our thoughts and affections on the child. The cradle and Christmas are forever associated. God himself joined them together. Man cannot, even if he so desires, quite tear them asunder. Christmas to the child is haloed with glory. There lingers in my memory like the music of some melodious chimes the remark of my own little son. The little fellow was in bed but wide awake and alert. We were talking about many things, when he introduced the subject that was upon his mind with the remark, "Oh, I wish I could go to sleep and not wake up until Christmas day!" How very much the Christmas season means to a little child!

IV. Christmas helps us to remember not only the Christ-child, but also what Christ said about all little children, and especially the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." With the return of Christmas men and women who have forgotten the child remember him again. Ministries of tenderness to little children come on the Christmas anniversary that might not otherwise come at all. Inequalities, injustice, the sting of poverty, the blight put upon babyhood by wrongs long endured wherein the rights of the child have been forgotten—at Christmas time the child is exalted in the minds of millions.

V. Christmas exalts the home and glorifies the family life. It helps to make strong the ties of kinship and to impress on the mind of childhood the mystic memories of the season of holly, mistletoe and gift-laden evergreen trees. Christmas away from home is not much Christmas at all. It needs mother and father or little children or family groups to transfigure and glorify the Christmas.

VI. The real Christmas spirit is the taking of Jesus' teachings seriously, the protest against selfishness, the centering of our thoughts and affections on the child, the exaltation of family life, the spirit of good-will toward men. Such is the essence of Christmas. And why not this spirit every day? Is it not because we have confined our Christianity to special days, and forgotten or ignored the high levels of spiritual living on other days?

It is not in the purpose of the Almighty that God should be

remembered one day in the week and forgotten six days; or that by keeping his commandments on Sunday one might ignore them on Monday. It is a travesty on the spirit of Christmas to lavish our gifts at the holiday time, and be meager of love and miserly of all those graces of heart and mind the rest of the year. To acknowledge all men as our brothers once a year and to regard them as aliens three hundred and sixty-four days is a form of infidelity peculiarly opprobrious. To put the child in the midst at Christmas, acknowledge his precedence, only to cast him out and deny and defy his rights the rest of the year, is basely cruel.

If the spirit of Christmas were with us every day, O followers of the Christ, some revolutionary events would occur.

Selfishness would die a death of starvation.

Avarice would be hung higher than Haman.

Foolish pride would go down in crushing defeat.

Senseless strife and silly bickerings would shame each other to death.

The prayer of Jesus for the unity of his followers would be answered.

Racial animosities would be drowned in a sea of brotherhood.

War, with all its horrors, its brutality, its devilishness, would be an utter impossibility.

"Peace on earth" would become a glorious reality.

Somewhere I remember reading of a strange Christmas gift once received by a young woman. The young woman had expected some valuable present. She had set her heart on a piece of jewelry which she had reason to believe would be given to her by a very dear friend, a charming woman, the hospitality of whose home she had often enjoyed and highly prized. But when Christmas day dawned and the young woman opened the gift from this friend it turned out to be just an ordinary door key, tied with a piece of ribbon on which was a little card. The young woman was at first so disappointed that she did not even read the inscription on the card; but when she did, this is what she saw: "The key to the door of the house of a friend. It is yours to use. Use it every day if you wish." The lovely significance of the gift then broke fully upon the young woman; that lovely home with the special guest chamber in which she had on several occasions rested in peace and comfort—this home open whenever she minded to use the key!

O beautiful symbol! To let the Great Guest into our hearts but once a week or once a year is not often enough. Give him the key—the key of loyalty and love! Let him in—let him in to stay. "I will come and sup with thee and thou with me," said Jesus. Let the blessed Saviour into your life, and the spirit of Christmas will abide forever and ever.

THE BELLS OF BETHLEHEM

By Rev. David James Burrell, D. D., LL. D.

Text: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Isa. 9:6.

The Word of the Lord is yea and amen. When he told Adam, who had been beguiled by the serpent, that "the Seed of Woman" was to come in the fullness of time to bruise the serpent's head, he meant it. But the years dragged their slow length along until centuries had passed, and still he came not.

I. The bells.

The shadows deepened into an Egyptian night. Then Isaiah rang the chimes of prophecy with a gladsome sound, and hope revived.

But Isaiah the bell-ringer could only foretell. The weary world must still be waiting while seven centuries drag their slow length along. Then the hands on God's dial point to the hour, and the clock strikes.

In Bethlehem of Judea a woman is crooning a lullaby to her child lying in a manger. God has not forgotten to be gracious. This is the long-looked-for Messiah "whom kings and prophets longed to see and died without the sight." The song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," is but an articulation of the far-away bells of prophecy.

The Angel of the Annunciation had said to Mary, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins"; and this was what they christened him.

And here again we observe the fulfilment of prophecy; for what is "Jesus" but all his ancestral names rolled into one? Listen to the five reverberating strokes of Isaiah's bells:

1. First note. "He shall be called Wonderful." Wonderful in birth; as it is written, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God is manifest in flesh; the angels desire to look into it." Who shall explain the interweaving of deity and humanity, as warp and woof, in the fabric of this Child wrapped in swaddling-bands and lying in a manger? Yet upon those swaddling bands is written Immanuel, God with us.

Wonderful is his life—a life briefly comprehended in this monograph, "He went about doing good"—a life so blameless that he who lived it could challenge the world to lay anything to his charge—a life so immortal that its influence along the centuries shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Wonderful is his death; for never man died like this Man. He tasted death not for himself but for every man. He was innocent of sin, yet he bore the burden of the world's sin until his great heart broke under it.

Wonderful is his resurrection; for by the power of an indwelling life he triumphed over the king of terrors, and, ascending up on high, took captivity captive that he might forevermore give gifts unto men.

Wonderful—most wonderful—in his life after death; for now he sitteth upon his throne high and lifted up, directing the course of current events. "Is it not amazing," said Napoleon, "that whereas the ambitious dreams of Caesar and Alexander and myself should have vanished into thin air, a Judean peasant should be able to stretch a dead had across the centuries and control the destinies of nations and the children of men?"

2. The second note. "His name shall be called Counselor." That is to say, he shall answer the world's need of counsel. And what do men want but to know the way—the way of truth and righteousness—the way back to God? If ever thou standest at the crossroads, unable to discern betwixt the worse and better reason, behold, thou shalt hear a Voice behind thee saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And if thou knowest not the Voice, remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "I am the way, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

3. Third note. "His name shall be called the Mighty God." When Moses desired to see God's glory he hid himself in a cleft of the rock and saw nothing, heard nothing but the rustle of a

garment as the Lord passed by. Come now to Bethlehem and behold the hiding of his strength! Is proof demanded of the Godhead of Jesus? Leave that to the theologians. For us the breaking of the day requires no proof. It is enough that the joy of the morning quivers in the air, that the time of the singing of the birds is come, that the eastern sky is radiant with advancing light, that the world grows brighter under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness with every passing day.

4. Fourth note. "His name shall be called the Everlasting Father." How then shall he be the only begotten Son? In the mystery of the ineffable Trinity there are not three Gods, but three persons in one; and Jesus is "the fulness of the Godhead bodily." As Ulysses, returning from wars, unbuckled his armor that his children might know him, so the Father unveils himself in the person of his incarnate Son. "Show us the Father," said Philip, "and it sufficeth us." And Jesus said, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. How sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me?"

5. Fifth note. "And his name shall be called the Prince of Peace." His Gospel is the Gospel of Reconciliation; of reconciliation between God and man by the blotting out of sin, and of man with his fellow men by the Golden Rule which is destined to bring in the Golden Age. How, then, after the lapse of nineteen centuries, should the nations be now arrayed against each other? The day does not dawn with a sunburst. In due time he that shall come will come and will make no tarrying. But the way to ultimate peace is over many a bloody field. "I am come," said Jesus, "not to bring peace but a sword"—a sword that shall ever leap from its scabbard when the beacons of justice and humanity are kindled on the hills. Meanwhile progress is a fact, and history is not a closed book. The royal standards onward go.

II. The anointing of the King.

The message of the prophetic bells is followed by a Voice proclaiming the investiture of the Messiah with a threefold authority.

First: "The government shall be upon his shoulder." The picture is of an Oriental sovereign bearing the key as the symbol

of his rightful reign. The authority of Jesus is thus accredited by a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him!"

Second: "Of the increase of his government there shall be no end." There has never been a year nor a day since the advent of Christ that has not witnessed such an increase of his authority. All Christendom was at that time embraced in a little patch of sunlight on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, which has widened, in the logic of events, until it covers the whole of the civilized world. The feeble band of five hundred that gathered on the Mount of Ascension has multiplied into some hundreds of millions; and others are continually falling in. God never fails, and his armies never retreat. The glory of the Gospel is destined to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Third: "His Kingdom shall be established from henceforth even forever." History is a long record of transitory power. Thrones and dynasties have risen, flourished, and tottered to their fall. The thing that hath been shall be.

But of the government of Christ, which is being "established with judgment and justice," there shall be no end.

III. The supreme guaranty. The ultimate and perpetual reign of Christ is secured by an inviolate troth, in these words: "The zeal of Jehovah of hosts will perform it." Here is but a variant of the old-time covenant. "When he shall give his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." Our Lord "sees of the fruit of the travail of his soul and is satisfied." The twelve gates of heaven are daily thronged with processions that enter in his name to join with the "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands" of saints triumphant who sing the new song, "Worthy art thou to receive honor and glory and power and dominion; for thou hast redeemed us by the blood and made us to be kings and priests unto God forever and ever!"

It was a far cry from the protevangel in Paradise to the ringing of Isaiah's bells; and another from Isaiah to the song of the angels on the Judean hills; and still we await the coming of the Prince of Peace. But the hands on God's dial never turn back. "The kings of the earth set themselves and rulers take counsel together, saying, Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us! He that sitteth in the heavens shall

laugh!" By that burst of divine laughter let us quicken our faith. The decree has gone forth, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee!"

This child in swaddling-bands is that "weakness of God which is stronger than men." The little hand that lies so helpless on its mother's breast will shake the pillars of Caesar's throne; for all power is given unto him in heaven and on earth. His birth is an invasion. The querulous king who wrote the superscription on his cross wrote better than he knew: "Jesus Nazaret Rex Judaeorum."

Behold the King of the whole Israel of God! Lift up your eyes round about and see. Who are these that fly as doves to their windows? The ships of Tarshish, the dromedaries of Midian, the flocks of Kedar; they all minister unto him. The kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor unto him.

But "when he cometh will he find faith on the earth?" No; men's hearts will still be failing them for fear. Nevertheless the government is upon his shoulder; and of its increase there shall be no end until his throne is established from henceforth even for ever. Meanwhile the star of Bethlehem is the star of destiny; and all the Wise Men will follow it.

Fall in therefore and lend a hand. The chimes ring clearer every day. The Christmas fires are burning in a million homes. The heart of the world—a happy world despite its burden of sin —gives back the minstrel's song.

The path of progress must needs be over an undulating country; but it leads right on to the Golden Age. Wherefore let the sons of Asaph raise the tune, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come!" Laugh on, O children, at your happy firesides; dance round the Tree of Gifts, and lead your elders in the service of praise, Noel! Noel! Let hope revive beneath the lurid skies and faith discern the coming of the Truce of God.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!
Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring out the false, ring in the true!

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand!
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be!"

FULLER MEANINGS OF THE INCARNATION

By Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.

Text: "The Word became flesh." John 1:14.

These are four simple words, yet they are as profound as simple, summarizing and giving new direction to ages of thought. The prophets of Judaism, the philosophers of Greece, daring speculators like Philo, had dealt with the connecting link between an All-Creating Deity and the work of his hands. The Greek spoke of this link as the Logos, by which he meant the Divine Reason, Idea, Intention, expressed first in the material universe and then in the mind of man. The apostle crowns the order and adds the third and determinant expression. In Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, says this Prologue of St. John's Gospel, "the Word became flesh." Evidently such a statement was impossible to Plato, to Philo, to anyone who had not known Jesus as St. John tells us here he had known him. And when we ask just what the apostle meant, there are those who urge the question is superfluous. Rest content, they say, with the revelation as it stands, conscious that the Incarnation is the keystone of the arch of Christian truth, and humbly, reverently grateful for its blessings, without attempting to look into mysteries which are beyond us. Enough that God in Christ is everlasting love, and that we have redemption through him, even the salvation of our souls.

But this first chapter of St. John's Gospel does not favor such an acquiescence. It tells us very boldly, plainly, that the highest purpose of God was revealed in human flesh, and that the act was complete, definite, visible, in Jesus as the Christ. What nature could not contain, notwithstanding its vastness and splendor; what the mind of man, viewed as a collective whole, did not suffice to hold, personally lodged in the physical being of Mary's Son, fully received and adequately displayed. Let us suppose that these great and sacred words could be paraphrased, would they not run after this fashion?

From the beginning, the duration behind all the epochs of time, God had an Intention, divine and holy as himself. All things were created and sustained by the outworkings of this Intention. Yet when they were accomplished, this yearning for self-manifestation went beyond them. The worlds on worlds that peopled space would not disclose to him what they did not have. Love, righteousness, reason, are the essentials of spiritual fellowship, and these were not conveyed by matter, whatever its bulk or its beauty. Hence God went further, infinitely further, when he gave his own life to man, made in his image and for his glory. The heart and mind which in us bespeak their Maker were the light of that life. And none wish to deny or belittle the wonders they have wrought. Yet they were imperfect, crippled by sin, and operated in the darkness, which could not comprehend their significance. Then, as a final, a cumulative act, God's Intention became flesh, and flashed forth in the Word which had breath, and worked with human hands the creed of creeds, that all man may know that this was the Only Begotten One of the Father, the Logos Eternal, full of grace and truth.

If this is an acceptable exposition of the realities with which this chapter deals, there can be but one main conclusion to be drawn from them, and that is, the fleshly robe which Jesus wore was God's chosen medium for his mission. The Deity was not veiled in flesh, as one of our Christmas carols sings: He was made known in it; not hidden, still less extinguished, but revealed to the adoring gaze of his rejoicing offspring.

The man who wrote this Gospel, like his fellow disciples, had been nurtured in a strictly monotheistic religion. To him, as to them, the deification of any would once have been an abomination of polluted heathenism. Yet they worshiped Jesus, and spoke of him as being one with the Father. Moreover, their faith and worship have been the fountain of pure Christianity. Without their over-mastering conception of the Master as pre-eminent in all things our religion would not have existed today. But this is also noticeable, that it was the lowly human Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Boy at Nazareth, the Carpenter in his shop, the Peasant Teacher, the poverty-stricken Wanderer of Palestine, who began this process in them. Its mainspring was their conviction that God could be mediated through a human

personality, that even the physical basis of our life was in closest touch with the Deity.

And is not this a rational inference? I find the Father, if I find him at all, in human love at work among the common necessities of our earthly state. Not in the stars, not in the silent forces which bind them together, not in the dreams and ideals of the mortal mind, so much as in the domestic circle, in the routine service of the home by parent and child, is true divinity to be recognized. There is more demonstration of God's love in a mother bending over her first born son than in the elaborated logic of theologians. Both are of the flesh, mother and son, but it is flesh that bleeds, suffers, goes forth to labor and to endure; flesh which is charged with the racial continuance. And this, said the apostle, is the actual transparent garb of the Highest.

Perhaps some to whom this idea is not familiar may find in it a limit of grossness. There is no grossness in the flesh which is not implanted there by a corrupted spirit. Of itself, the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the shrine of the Incarnate God. Superstition has conspired against it, blamed it for every spiritual disaster, every moral blindness, made it the seat of vice, the throne of iniquity. If you want to be a saint, said the monastics, cease to be a man; and in striving to be more than men, they ended in being less than men. Esoteric and pagan cults rose in bitter opposition to the claims of the body and passed on their opposition to ecclesiastical organizations. The physical nature was campaigned against, denounced, vilified. Ascetics abjured marriage, despised the family, preached sexual hate and discord. Jesus had given them no leeway. He honored marriage by entering upon his ministry through the garlanded gate at Cana. He rebuked the officious followers who endeavored to keep the children from him, and graciously bestowed his benediction on these living tokens of natural affection. He warned the complacent ones that unless they, too, became as little children, they could not enter into his Kingdom. By his own entrance upon this plane, his regard for his Mother, his observance of domestic attachments and responsibilities, he gave the future Church an example she would have been wise to follow. Notwithstanding, for centuries her best blood was drained off into the cloister. Fanatical devotees preached bodily filth and starvation and mutilation, wore their low shirts, lived on pillars and in caves and

dens of the earth. Theological heresies embodied their notions, and the idea spread that the humanity of Jesus was in likeness, but not in essence, as our own.

In contradiction of this, the New Testament dwells on the physical features of his appearance, and how that he grew daily in stature and in wisdom, and experienced weariness and pain. What he had come to do was not to be done by dreaming. Human sin could not be purged away by thinking on its problems, any more than the Panama Canal could be dug by making plans on blue paper. The uplifting of the world required Christ's birth, crucifixion, death, all that this mortal frame can bear of agony and tribulation. It was in this sense that the Word was made flesh; that men beheld his glory—the glory of work, of ill-requited effort, of utmost sacrifice. Jesus ahungered, athirst, forspent; Jesus weeping at the graveside; Jesus feeding the multitude; Jesus preparing food on the lake shore for his disappointed disciples, is the Jesus who has won the hearts of men, because he was most divine when he was most human.

What are the practical lessons in our day, when men are selected for their physical efficiency? Certainly so much as this: that you are not less but more spiritual because you have a healthy body. Your fleshly side can be holy, your meat and drink can be sanctified, nature itself can be everywhere interpreted in the light of the Incarnation. St. Paul insists that it waits, captive, but eagerly expectant, for the moral freedom of the sons of God to also set it free from defilement and purposelessness.

In the modern era, science has abolished the false idealism I have mentioned. We do not pride ourselves on seclusion, dirt, maceration, nor mistake, I trust, mutilation for consecration. Rather do we exalt the surgeon's skilful knife, the sanitary engineer's admirable protection against disease. The world must be freed of dirt and disease as surely as of war and pestilence. God still manifests himself in the gospel of social betterment, the destruction of the slum, of the fever-breeding tenements, of the vile haunts in which his children perish for lack of understanding. What are these crusades but an extended meaning of the Incarnation?

Lastly, Jesus kept his body beyond the Resurrection, although it was a transformed body. "Feel me," said he to the

doubting disciples; "I have hands and feet, I can still speak and be heard, show myself to you and be known." The five senses in them and in us are the doors through which angels pass. Close them and you become an imbecile; stuff them up with iniquitous pursuits and scenes, and your soul withers and decays within. Flesh and spirit working harmoniously in the grace of God, toward a steadfast mind in a healthy frame, are the items in the program of the Incarnation which you should faithfully fulfill. The radiance which shown on the face of the transfigured Jesus has a right to shine on the face of every man, woman and child he came to save. "Save the soul first," you say. Nay! save the whole man! and all belonging to him; save society! save your neighborhoods! save the State; by driving lust, drink, uncleanness, greed, oppression and war out of existence.

The regeneration of the world on its upper and lower sides is the task of the Church, toward which she proceeds in the strength of the Incarnate Christ, until "Holiness to the Lord" is written on the bells of the horses, and the joy of his control is felt by things visible and invisible.

JESUS IS KING: CHRISTMAS SERMON

By Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.

Text: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. 2:2.

It was a question asked by certain travelers who had come to Jerusalem from the East, and the man most troubled by the question was King Herod. The reason of this was that Herod was a ruler himself, and he did not wish to have another king inside his dominions. There is never room for two thrones in one kingdom. Herod at once made diligent inquiries as to the section of the country in which the new-born King had arrived, and when he was told that he was to be found in Bethlehem, he ordered every male child in that village under two years of age to be murdered. Thus determined was he to get rid of a possible disputer of his sovereignty. Blood flowed because the baby came into the world with the title of King.

1. What happened at the beginning of Jesus' life went on happening to the end. The Herods of Palestine were always in a state of perturbation, and were constantly plotting to kill him.

The kings of political and social and ecclesiastical life were from the start distrustful of him. He jeopardized the security of their thrones. If he had been willing to play the part of a gentle and sympathetic physician, making war on the empire of pain, the whole land would have chanted his praises. But he claimed to be King! Had he been content to be the expounder of beautiful ideas, the interpreter of glowing ideals, his countrymen would have listened to him with pleasure, and he would have gone with honors to his grave. But he claimed to be King! Had he been satisfied to be a friend and companion, consoling men in their sorrows and helping them in their difficulties, many roses would have been strewn on his path, and he would have won a high place on the roll of benefactors. But he claimed to be King! He was always acting in a way which implied regal distinction. He had a manner of speaking altogether unique. He awed men, and at the same time exasperated them. They did not like to hear a peasant speak as though his word were final. He made demands on men's consciences which aroused opposition. He expected of them a more implicit obedience than had been demanded by Solomon or Moses. He did not hesitate to ask men to lay down their life for him. This is the fashion of kings. He said one day to a company of disciples: "Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you." Only monarchs speak with so peremptory an intonation. No wonder men asked in perplexity: "Who is this?"

II. And yet he did not look like a king. He had none of the pomp and circumstance of kings. He wore no crown. He wielded no scepter. His robe was not purple. He did not ride in a chariot or on a horse. No retinue of armed men followed him up and down the land. He did not shake the earth with his tread. In no respect did he live up to the part of an Oriental ruler. To his contemporaries his claim to kingship seemed preposterous, and sometimes blasphemous. For he did not hesitate to claim to be monarch in the vast realm of the spirit. One day he sketched a picture of the judgment day, and he placed himself upon the throne. He told parables which implied that the final destinies of men were in his hand. A robber in the hour of death asked him to remember him when he came into his kingdom. On one of the last Sundays of his life Jesus allowed the crowd to chant around him the words of an ancient Hebrew poet: "Blessed

is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!" They called him King, and he did not rebuke them.

III. It was this assertion of his kingship which caused the storm to break at last on Jesus' head. The crowd which thronged the door of Pilate's court-room shouted loud and long: "We found this man saying that he himself is Christ a King!" Here was a charge direct and clear, which Pilate as a Roman governor was bound to take notice of. Calling Jesus aside he asked him bluntly: "Art thou a king?" And the answer which the prisoner returned so awed the heart of Pilate that he scarcely knew what to do. He desired to get rid as soon as possible of a man the like of whom he had never seen before; but when he suggested granting him release, the crowd blazed with an indignation that melted down the Roman's resolution. Above the Babel of discordant shoutings came clear and strong the words: "If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend; every one that maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar!" It was this cry which broke the procurator's will. He could not in safety release a man who was claiming to be a king. Tiberius Caesar brooked no rivals. Setting the prisoner before the crowd, he exclaimed, "Behold your King!" and with one accord they screamed: "Away with him! Away with him! Crucify him!" The chief priests chimed in, saying, "We have no king but Caesar!" It was because Jesus claimed to be a King that the Jews and Romans decreed that he should die. Over his head was written in the three chief languages of the world: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Jesus Christ was crucified because he claimed to be King.

IV. The tragedy narrated in the Gospels is only the story of a tragedy continued to the present hour. Jesus still claims to be King; but now as of old Herod is enraged against him, and the multitudes shout: "We will not have this man to reign over us!" As a genial and gentle teacher, Jesus has many admirers. His teachings are extolled by all who have minds capable of appreciating high and noble thought. The whole world is glad to praise him as an ethical guide without a peer. The moral precepts promulgated in the Sermon on the Mount are eulogized by men of many schools. One of his rules has been labeled "golden" by the common consent of mankind, and the picture of the Good Samaritan has been hung up as a sacred picture in the gallery of

the soul of the world. The multitudes are eager to praise and honor Jesus as a teacher, a philosopher, a poet, an idealist, a reformer, a lover of humanity. They hesitate only when they are asked to crown him King.

And yet it is at this point that he is most insistent and inexorable. Obedience is the one virtue for which he contends from first to last. Without obedience he promises no man salvation. It is only the obedient heart which is able to understand his words. Men are to show their love for him by obeying him, and it is by this obedience that the world is to be redeemed. No one is permitted to count himself a disciple who is not willing to obey. This is the tone of all kings. They demand swift and absolute subjection to their will. Their will is law, and peace and prosperity are found only in obedience. Jesus stakes everything on his kingship. His whole religion is foundationed on the fact that he is King.

Christmas is coming, and at Christmas we naturally think of Jesus. Which Jesus are you going to think about? Shall it be the Jesus of picture, or the Jesus of song? The Jesus of the artists is a lovely figure to gaze upon. For centuries the multitudes have looked upon that face and are not yet wearied. The Jesus of song is still more beautiful. "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear!" Jesus has been the theme of innumerable anthems, and oratories, and cantatas, and carols and all of us are ready every year to join in singing the Christmas songs. The Jesus of the Biblical narrative is also entertaining. We never grow weary of hearing the story of the baby who was born in Bethelehem, and whose mother laid him in a manger.

The world has long had the Jesus of song and picture and story. Singing about Jesus is not enough, nor is looking at the pictured face of Jesus sufficient, nor is celebrating the birthday of Jesus adequate. The Jesus of God is a King, and nothing but obedience to Jesus will lift the world out of its distresses. How solemn are his words: "Not every one that says, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you!" He puts to us the question with which he confounded his disciples in Jerusalem: "Why do ye call me Lord, and do not the things which I say?" These are words we need

to ponder amid the festivities of Christmas. Where is he that is born King?

The problem of our life is to bring the Herod in us into subjection to Christ the King. Herod is of the earth earthly. Herod lives solely for himself. Herod is averse to service and to sacrifice. Herod despises the way of the cross. Herod is always planning to murder Jesus. He would murder him because Jesus insists on being King. It is God's will that Jesus should be the Ruler of our heart, and Christmas is an angel from the court of heaven sent to remind us that all who are wise lay at the feet of the King the gold and frankincense and myrrh of an obedient life.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

(Sermon to Children)

By Rev. Alfred Barratt

Text: "Now, when Jesus was born." Matt. 2:1.

When Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem he did not have a Christmas tree. The children born in those days were not as fortunate as the children of today. The parents of Jesus were very poor, his home was not a palace, but a stable, his bed was not a pretty cot with a silk floss mattress, but a manger filled with hay, and yet in spite of his poverty and humility he was the only begotten Son of God, who left his throne in heaven above and came to earth in human form to live among the sin-bound people of this world to teach them the love of God, and to show them how much love God has for us. On the day of his birth the heavenly choir of angels gave a grand concert in Bethlehem. They sang their sky-born carols away up in the sky over the place where the lowly Child Jesus lay cradled in a humble cattle shed. One of the most beautiful songs the angels sang on that never-to-be-forgotten day was "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." It must have been grand for those shepherds "who were abiding in the fields keeping watch over their flock by night" to hear such beautiful singing.

They did not celebrate this wonderful event by gathering around a Christmas tree, but they left their sheep, and went down into Bethlehem to seek the newborn King, and when they found him they worshiped him. The idea of a Christmas tree

was not thought of in those days. The first Christmas tree was originated 732 years after the birth of Jesus Christ. Perhaps the children who are looking anxiously with joy and great expectation to see the Christmas tree may like to hear the legend of the First Christmas Tree, and yet it may not merely be a legend, but history sending forth its radiant light through the dreary mists of traditions.

It is an old German story—that Saint Wilfred transformed the heathen Teuton worship in the forest in the Christmas ceremony. About 732 years after the birth of Jesus Christ he took a band of priests with him and sought to convert the worshippers of Thor. It was on Christmas Eve, while they were fighting their way through the deep snow in the dense forest that they came upon a savage tribe assembled under a thunder oak tree, symbolic of the god of thunder, Thor. The old, white-haired priest of the tribe was about to offer as a sacrifice to Thor, the god of thunder, the young, beautiful son of the tribe's chief. When Wilfred saw it he rushed forward, and warded off the arm that was about to slay the child. The tribesmen were all delighted at the saving of their favorite, and because of this act they very soon became converts to Christianity. Saint Wilfred then took his axe and started to cut down the old oak tree. As it was about to fall, lightning struck it, and rended it into many pieces, and in its place there sprang up a slender fir tree green and sparkling. They carried this little fir tree to the chief captain's hall, and set it in the middle of the room and round it they all made merry. It was about this first Christmas tree that the old, old story of Jesus and his love was told to the Teuton tribes, and in a short time they all became Christians.

Let us not forget that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, and while we gather around the Christmas tree let us give our little hearts to Jesus as a Christmas present. He says today, "Give Me thine heart." If you will do this, he will give you in return a new sense of joy and peace that will not only shine through the Christmas season, but will remain with you throughout your earthly life. This would be a very fitting time to give your heart to Jesus, while the angels are singing again the Bethlehem anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Will you do this for your own sake, and for Jesus' sake?

GOD'S UNSPEAKABLE GIFT

(Christmas Sermon)

By Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden, D. D.

Text: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." II Cor. 9:15.

In a great hall at the St. Louis World's Fair there were exhibited the Jubilee gifts of Victoria. Kings and princes had presented precious jewels to the empress and peasants had wrought rich tapestries for their beloved queen. Splendid as were the gifts, their value could be expressed; some in the terms of money, others in the language of human love. But the apostle has in mind a gift whose value is unspeakable.

Christ is spoken of as "The Gift," and again as "The Free Gift." He is the "unspeakable gift" because words fail when the value we seek to convey lies beyond all that we have before known or experienced.

There are four searching tests that may be applied to any gift: Its Motive, Its Intrinsic Value, Its Uniqueness, and Its Usefulness.

I. The motive of the gift. The motive of the unspeakable gift is revealed in the words, "God so loved—that he gave." We have our duty gifts. Perhaps you have heard some one say, "She sent me a present on my birthday and I must remember her at the Christmas season." We have our policy gifts. "He will be useful to me in my business, I shall send him a present."

But God is neither a tradesman nor an opportunist. We have not placed him under obligations nor is he flattering us with his attention that he may receive the benefit of our good will.

Higher than these are love-gifts, rising now and then to self-sacrifice, which is made necessary by the limited ability of the donor or by the great need of the recipient. Every mother knows that life cannot be given unto her children without self-sacrifice. Life is brought forth and character is builded in a costly way. It was love that prompted God's gift, and that love must express itself in self-sacrifice, not because his resources are meager, but because of the depth of human need.

II. The intrinsic value of the gift. Sidney Lanier suggests the intrinsic value of God's gift in this line, "Jesus, Good Para-

gon, Thou Crystal Christ." Character is a more precious thing than gold; the spiritual is of more value than the material. Socrates was to the world a greater asset than Croesus. God's gift is a life in which truth and love are supreme. In him we find the highest moral character and the fullest spiritual power. In him humanity is shown in its perfection and God is revealed.

III. The uniqueness of the gift. In his little volume, "The Universality of Jesus," Dr. Johnston Ross has a striking chapter on "The Uniqueness of His Humanity." How will you classify him? He is neither an ancient nor a modern. He is not of the Orient nor of the Occident. He is more than a Jew and yet he is not a Gentile. He is the example and inspiration of the strongest men and the frailest women. He stands unique as "The Son of Man."

IV. The usefulness of the gift. Probably you will be puzzled on Christmas morning over the use to which some of your presents are to be put. For what purpose has this bit of gold been wrought into this fantastic shape?

But God's gift has been tested throughout the centuries. We know well its usefulness. Christ satisfies the hunger of the human heart for God. By his revelation of the Father he drove polytheism from the world, and by his incarnation he cut the tap root of idolatry.

The life and teachings of Jesus have been the central factor in the world conflict for right. Every heart that fights for truth and purity finds in him its inspiration. He is the Great Captain in the conflict for righteousness.

When Pilgrim, standing before the Cross, lifted his eyes to look upon it, the burden rolled from off his back. So it has ever been that deliverance from the weight of guilt has come to men at the foot of the Cross.

In the wild stormy night of overwhelming sorrow, in the long dreary days of hopeless illness, in the hushed hour of death, it is Christ who brings triumph.

These are not merely the possible uses of the unspeakable gift concerning which we dream and hope, but they are assured facts. These things he has done and is still doing for the sons of earth. It is not strange that Paul should say, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift"—unspeakable, not to be told throughout.

"Thanks" has become dull through careless use. Words, like knives, need now and again to be sharpened. The root idea of the word used here is the causing of joy or the giving of pleasure. We cannot buy God's gift; we can simply accept it. But in the use of it we can make glad the Father's heart.

The apostle sees in the generosity of the Christians at Corinth an expression of thanks; "Being enriched in everything unto all liberality which worketh through us thanksgiving to God." Immediately his mind turns to his own conflict, and he realizes that we glorify God in "casting down imagination and every high thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

"Thanks" should mean courageous obedience and tender ministries of love. There are battles to be fought for Christ, there are lives to be comforted in his Name.

"On the ancient minster of Basle are two sculptured groups: St. Martin, cutting his coat in two with his sword to clothe a beggar. and St. George spurring his horse against the dragon that devastated the country. Every Christian man should embody both kinds of sainthood in his life."

THE WORD MADE FLESH

By Rev. William Pierson Merrill, D. D.

Text: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," etc. John 1:14.

"The Word became flesh"—this is how the word became powerful. God's Word was in the world long before Jesus was born. It was in the hearts and consciences of men, in the inspired writings of poets and prophets, lawgivers and sages. But it never came to full power over men's hearts and lives until "the Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

This is what we celebrate at Christmas. Not the coming of a new word (it is amazing how little we find in the teachings of Christ not already given in the Old Testament), but the setting of the well known word in terms of flesh and blood.

I. A word that has not become flesh is like a disembodied spirit, and it is only in some Arabian Nights' Tale or some darkened seance that disembodied spirits are said to accomplish any-

thing. In actual life real things are done only when a spirit takes on flesh. The glory of the Christian religion is in that it centers in a Person, who put the ideals of divine living into flesh and left, as his sacrament, not a reminder of his words but a reminder of his body and blood.

"For wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth, embodied in a tale,
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

"And so the Word had flesh and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought."

II. What God did in Christ that first Christmas God is always waiting and longing to do. His purposes are brought to pass, his ideals become realities only as they find expression in human life and are woven into the fabric of our common humanity.

America spoke great words as she entered the war, words that have shone far and will be long remembered. But that which has given power to the words is that they became flesh; sacred flesh that lies buried in a soil once alien; clean flesh that marched and fought and suffered for the honor of the country and the safety of humanity. The flesh without the word would have been brute force; the word without the flesh would have been a bit of paper. It was when the word became flesh that the word became mighty.

III. This is the lesson of Christmas—that the secret of power is always incarnation. What a wonder is the Word of God? Yet when God would make the supreme revelation of himself he did so in a way that plainly said: "Even my divine Word is impotent so long as it is only a word. It must become flesh, if it is to be mighty in its influence over men." The Word of God has been translated into hundreds of languages and dialects; but the one translation which has reached the heart of humanity is its rendering into terms of life by our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is the present and undying meaning of Christmas—that God brings about his mighty ends by incarnation, by setting

forth truth not in words of wisdom but in deeds of love; not in creeds but in believing lives; not in fine sentiments but in embodiments of his spirit. Truth cannot get far until it has a body.

IV. There is much good talk just now, as always in great days, talk about the application of Christianity to problems civic, industrial, national, international; talk about Christianity as the hope of the world's salvation. Christmas comes to remind us that infinitely more effective than the most glowing vision or the wisest plan is a single human life that puts into flesh and blood something of the vision and the ideal. It is Jesus the man, the One who actually lived the life of a child of God, Jesus and not unrealized ideals and sentiments, that has really lifted the world up to God. Not the word, but the word made flesh, is ever the power of God unto salvation.

V. "The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." Not for more light, so much as for more lives lived in the light; not for more truth in words, but for more translation of truth into deeds, is the heart of the world longing. At once the simplest and the deepest meaning of the incarnation is that what God did in Jesus Christ he wants and waits to do in every Christian. The greatest need of the world is men and women who will give a flesh and blood setting to the Gospel; who, by the grace that is in Christ Jesus, will live as he did and sacrifice as he did and give their flesh for the life of the world as he did; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, not only in the glory and bliss of the eternal future, but in the glory and joy of present service and sacrifice; Christians whose daily life in the flesh has the crowning honor of incarnating the living word of the living God for the life of the world.

"Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new gospel verifies the old."

CHRISTMAS ILLUSTRATIONS

At Christmas Think of Others

Some one has well said, "The message of Easter is 'Think of heaven,' the message of the Fourth of July is 'Think of our nation,' the message of Thanksgiving is 'Think of your blessings,' the message of New Year's Day is 'Think on the passing time,' but the message of Christmas says, 'Think of othere.'" Yes, the

spirit of Christmas is the spirit of good will. It is the spirit of joy. It is the spirit of service. This is at least a part of its message, Think of others.

The Message in Song

When Richard the Lion-hearted, one of the famous old-time British kings, lay in prison in a foreign land, his favorite minstrel traveled all over the country looking for his master, and everywhere he sang the king's favorite song, knowing that if the king heard it he would respond. At length the minstrel came to the castle where the king was imprisoned, and sang there. The king heard the song, and took up the melody, and the minstrel knew that his master was there. He carried a message in song. The greatest message that ever came to earth came in song, the angels' song. Men heard it, and they responded in faith, believing that deliverance from above had come to this sin-sick world.

Christmas On Your Face

Carry the Christmas story in your face. I have read of a poor little street girl who was taken sick one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?" "Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more." "You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you." "Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity. "Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you know about Jesus bein' born."

Let us carry the Christmas story in our faces. Why should we "look glum" when we know about Jesus being born?

Meaning of Christmas

Two artists each were asked to make a copy of a famous painting. The one made mathematical calculation and produced a technically correct copy. The other studied the painting, entered into the spirit of the artist, and produced not merely an

imitation, but a picture which glowed with warmth and life. We are not, as Christians, simply to copy Christ, but rather to become possessed of his spirit and so reproduce his life in our lives. At this Christmas season let us aim to become possessed of the spirit of Christ, and so reproduce his life.

The Christmas Christ Peace-Bringer

"Peace on earth." The Christmas Christ is the world's Peace-bringer. A little Babe can bring peace.

A day was dawning on a battlefield in Northern France through a fog so thick that no one could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had gone forward, but between the two positions a lonely farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose, heavy guns began to boom. But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a strange, dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible! But it was not, for there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees, was a little baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe. This spot which had been an inferno of shot and shell, was now something like a peaceful island or a cool friendly oasis in a desert. Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. No shots came from the trenches, but along both lines there rang out a mighty cheer. The coming of a little babe had brought peace, just as nearly two thousand years ago, when the Prince of Peace was born on that Christmas morning, he brought peace and goodwill to men.

When all nations know and love Christ there will be no more war.

Christmas Increasing Joy

I have read of a man who had a crusty and unsympathetic friend whom he was anxious to win to a better life and feeling. To this man, whose inner nature had never yet been warmed by the glow and presence of Christ, the world seemed cold and matter-of-fact, with little room for the play of sympathy, and

scant reason for sacrifice. When Christmas came, his friend, a man of larger vision, persuaded him to join with him in trying to make others happy with Christmas cheer. When the day was over, the crusty man was like another being. His heart was melted to tenderness, his soul had been touched with sympathy and with the transforming power of sacrifice. "Why," he said jubilantly, "there must have been a real joy for Christ in dying on the Cross!"

Oh to let the Christmas joy break through our selfishness! "Thou hast increased their joy!" It is the work of Christ, of the Christmas Christ, in the hearts and lives of men to greatly increase their joy. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of service. The spirit of service brings joy. The act of service brings joy.

Christmas and Peace.

An old cannon was brought back from a war and set up in a park. After a while grass grew under it and a flowering vine climbed over it, until it was partly covered with green leaves. Some birds were hunting a safe place for a nest. One rested on the cannon, and spied the quiet hole inside. He called his mate, and they decided to build there. They carried straw, string, hair, and feathers, and made the dearest nest. Nobody found it, until one day a man rested on a bench near by and noticed two birds flying in and out of the cannon's mouth. He went near enough to see the nest and hear the chirping of young birds, calling for more food. He said to himself, How much better for the old cannon to be covered with vines and flowers, as a safe home for birds, than to be firing balls to kill people.

The prophet Micah said such things would happen, when there should be no more war. They shall change their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, or knives to trim the vines and trees. Nobody shall be afraid, but the people shall live under their own vines and fig-trees, and they shall walk in the name of the Lord God forever.

The World's Saviour

The Christmas Christ is the world's Saviour. At this blessed season let us dedicate ourselves anew to the making known a world Saviour. We are told that in the city of Madras, India, there is a chapel on the wall of which there is the upper portion

of a cross. On one transverse end of the cross there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is brown, after the color of the skin of the people of the East. On the other side of this section is another pierced hand, white, after the color of the skin of the people of the West. It is a glorious symbol of a world Christ. The inscriptions on the cross were written in Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek, the languages of the world. The Christmas Christ is a Saviour for the whole world. At this Christmas time let us dedicate ourselves anew to the work of making Christ known to the whole world. He is the only Peace-bringer for men and nations.

The Christmas Christ Not Exclusive

A traveler tells us that one day he climbed a steep path in the neighborhood of Lynmouth, England, to enjoy a view from the top. There, however, he found a board bearing the inscription in large letters, "This Outlook is Private." The Christmas Christ is not private. All the riches of the Gospel are freely given of God. Christ came for "all people."

Christmas is a world festival of a world religion. The advent of Jesus is the guarantee that the world can be redeemed. The message of Christmas, of every Christmas, of this Christmas is that the world is a redeemable world. This is the tremendous and glorious significance of the birth of Christ, that in him God has come down to earth with the infinite resources of divine wisdom, love, and power, to redeem the whole world. If the vision of the world's sin and corruption and the experience of the might of evil have dimmed the faith of some of God's people in the savability of mankind, the remembrance of the Redemer's birth should serve to remove all doubt and make us again firm believers in the savableness of the whole world.

Christmas and Peace

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of peace—peace on earth, good will to men. And that peace is coming. For generations the two south American republics of Argentine and Chile quarreled, and at times fought, over the location of a boundary. Now on a peak of the Andes mountains, upon the boundary line established between the two countries, three miles above the level of the ocean, a colossal statue of Christ has been erected. The figure is twenty-six feet high, and stands upon a granite hem-

isphere. Upon the pedestal, this inscription (in Spanish) has been cut: "The mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to keep." May the Christ of the Andes, the Christ typified in that statue, soon bring peace to this troubled earth.

Christmas Legacy

Dr. Guthrie, in his autobiography, describes an old Scotch parishioner at Airbirlot "who died as he lived, a curious mixture of benevolence and folly." The lawyer who drew his will, after writing down several legacies of five hundred pounds to one person, a thousand to another, and so on, at last said: "But, Mr.——, I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you; but I just want to show them my good will." But God's "good will toward men" is no mere pretense of bestowing gifts; and it means more than wealth and pleasure and position and length of days. It means salvation. It means the possession of the riches of his grace. It means that while on earth we may have the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and "joy unspeakable and full of glory." If we get this thought we will have in mind the real meaning of Christmas.

The Lord Has Come

The Christmas Christ is the world's Ruler, our Lord and King. We are told that once when a Roman Emperor was passing through the streets of Rome in a triumphal procession, surrounded by attendants and soldiers a child came out of the crowd and ran toward him. The soldiers cried, "Go back, child! go back! he is your Emperor!" But the child replied, "He is your Emperor, but he is my Father!" In the kingdom of God, Christ is not only our Prince of Peace, but also our Everlasting Father. He is our divine Lord and King, Ruler of men and nations. Let us bow to him. Let us enthrone him Lord of all. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Tell it. Sing it. Shout it. Keep on telling and singing and shouting till the whole world hears. For the message of the Christmas Christ makes known the possibilities of the world's redemption.

Christmas All the Year

A Salvation Army lassie, a successful worker in the slums, a girl whose only book was the Bible, and who was sadly ignorant of the things that go to make people "cultured," was asked on one occasion what was the secret of her success. Her eyes sparkled as she answered: "Oh, it's love; it's love in the heart. You let it come out, and they feel it." Christ was continually re-born in her.

To-day, to-morrow, every day, Christ must be born in us; that is to say, his Spirit must inspire us and shed the love of God abroad in our hearts. To have this means to have Christmas in our hearts every day of the year.

Christmas and the Restored Christ

A man of wealth was a great admirer of Murillo, and longed to possess some painting of that famous artist representing the Christ-child. One day his search was rewarded. He found a painting bearing the mark of Murillo representing the infant Christ as king, surrounded by a company of angels, who did him reverence. At once the picture was bought. But on examination under a glass it was discovered that the original picture had been tampered with; that while the surrounding host was by Murillo's hand, the Child-king had been cut out and a false Christ inserted. Hanging the picture in his art gallery, the purchaser now commenced a search for the true Christ—a search which lasted many years and covered many lands. At last he found a picture, seemingly a reproduction of his own, and also claiming to be a genuine work of Murillo. This also he bought, and to his great delight, under the glass, it was revealed that he had found the Christ for which he sought. Deftly he removed the false Christ from the first picture, and inserted the true Christ from the second picture. The picture, thus complete, is now said to hang in one of the art galleries of Europe under the title of "The Restored Christ."

From politics, from society, from commerce, the vandal hand of sin has cut out Christ, the true King, and inserted the false matter of self. Are we aware of our loss? Are we looking for Christ? Like the wise men of old, let us make sure that we have the true Christ as King of our lives, and crown him Lord of all. And let this Christmas be welcomed with its gracious reminder of our need.

OLD YEAR DAY AND WATCH NIGHT

SELF-KNOWLEDGE: WATCH NIGHT SERMON

By Rev. Andrew Mutch

Text: "Who can understand his errors?" Psalm 19:12.

After a disaster to one of the United States torpedo boats, two bluejackets of the United States navy lay side by side in the hospital. Both of them were mortally wounded. And in his awful agony one poor fellow raved and blasphemed. But the other was made of other stuff, and he said: "Hold hard, shipmate! It will soon be over. We've got but little time to live. Let's be decent." Undoubtedly our hearts go out in charity towards the one whose pain had virtually driven him crazy. But we admire the quiet resolution and the noble spirit of the other.

I have related the incident because these brave words sound a note that is very appropriate to this time. We have come to the last hours of another year. And that should set us thinking. Shallow-minded persons may mock at the seriousness with which we watch the passing of the old year and mark the coming of the new. They may tell us our divisions of time are wholly arbitrary, and that there is nothing in reality in the thirty-first of December corresponding to what we speak of as the turning of a new corner, or the opening of a fresh chapter in our life. And it may be so. But we ought to be thankful for anything that will make a break in the even flow of our days, anything that will bid us cast a look back upon the road by which we have come, and forward on the way that lies ahead.

"The world is too much with us—
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

And we need something that will help us to remember what is no foolish delusion, that "our days are an hand breadth." "We've got but little time to live; let's be decent." That is the call that comes to us to-day.

"Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

Greatly begin! Though you have time
But for a line, be that sublime,
Not a failure, but low aim, is crime."

Now if New Year's Day is to be a day of hope, this must be a day of thought. If New Year's Day is to be a day of wishes, this must be a day of questions. If New Year's Day is to be a time of resolution, this must be a time of examination. I wonder how many of you have ever done that. I wonder if any of you ever sat down some New Year's Eve, before the clock had chimed the midnight hour, and instead of joining in any festivity and merry-making, find out how things were going with your soul. You have all read newspapers and books in abundance this year, but how often have you looked into the story which your own life is telling? You are an eager man of business, and this year has brought you rich experience and better knowledge, but do you know your own self any better?

That is the call that comes today. The truth is that if the opening of the New Year is to challenge us to nobler achievement in the next twelve months, it will come only through a careful stock-taking.

And yet "Who can understand his errors?"

It is not easy to read the story of our own hearts. And I want you to notice some of the things that keep us from a true self-knowledge.

I. And the first of these things is our full and busy life. You remember how the prophet did with Ahab in order to convict him of the blindness to his duty of which he had been guilty by letting Ben-hadad go free. The prophet disguised himself, and when the king came along, he cried out: "Thy servant went out into the midst of the battle. And behold, I was given charge of a prisoner, whom I was to guard with my life. But as I was busy here and there, he escaped." And that is the story of many a life today. Busy here and busy there, and other and greater interests are crushed out. Indeed one of the crying evils of today is the rush and fever of life. This is a busy age.

A Quaker lady once asked Robert Southey how he spent the day. And the man of many learnings told how he parcelled out all the hours of the twenty-four. And the Quaker lady said: "But friend Robert, when dost thou do thy thinking?" And so it is at this time. The ideal of the hour is to be strenuous in

season and out of season. The dogma for these days is that one must ever and always be doing things. And those who are "in it" are often swept off their feet by a congestion of occupations and engagements so that they have "no time almost to eat."

And all this, whatever gains it is bringing, is most certainly also spelling a great loss. Pascal had a famous saying that "half the calamities of the world come about because men are not willing sometimes to sit still in a room." And true it is that if a man does more acting than thinking, if he leaves no hour in his day, and no day in his week, for calm, brooding thought, inevitably there will come a crash.

When Sir Isaac Newton was asked to explain his success in solving tremendous mathematical problems, he replied: "By thinking into it." And I have read the story of a man of intense business enterprise and activity. He never let up. His friends could never get him to take a vacation. But by and by there came a breakdown, and he had a pretty long vacation. A friend was visiting one day, and he said, comparing his condition now and when he was driving his immense business: "Now I am growing. I was running my soul thin by my activity. But now I am growing in the knowledge of myself, and of some things that most intimately concern me." And so it is.

> "By all means use sometimes to be alone;
> Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear,
> Dare to look in thy closet, for 'tis thine own.
> And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

II. Then a second thing that hinders a true self-knowledge is a light view of sin.

Rossetti, the artist, told the story that one day an elderly man came into his studio. He had brought specimens of his paintings and drawings with him, and he begged Rossetti to give him a candid opinion about them. Rossetti looked at them, and at once saw that there was nothing of value in them whatever. He managed in a kindly way to let the man understand; and then the man drew out from under his coat another set of sketches and spread them out before Rossetti. The old man said that these were the work of a young student. Rossetti looked at them and saw at once that they displayed remarkable talent. He was delighted with them and declared that without a doubt

the young student would distinguish himself. And then the old man said: "Sir, I was that student."

And that is the moral tragedy of every life. The possibilities are one thing, the realities are another thing; the capabilities are one thing, the achievements are another thing. And I suppose that every one would agree that it is true to their own experience. And yet what does that fact mean to most people to-day. On one occasion at a meeting of Christian workers in Scotland, the chairman asked Professor Drummond, who was present but not "billed" to speak, to say a few words. He responded, but said, would do no more than state a fact and ask a question. The fact was this—that in recent revival movements he had observed that there were few indications of that deep conviction of sin which had been a marked feature of revivals in past days. And this was his question—Was God modifying the method of salvation?

And undoubtedly Drummond did state a fact, a fact that is perhaps still truer to-day than it was when he spoke of it.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of the "tragedy of misconduct that man presents." And he said, "Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right."

But you never hear such utterances to-day. Indeed the common attitude to-day is to treat sin as a very light affair.

Sir Oliver Lodge has said: "Men of culture are not bothering about their sins." And one eminent English preacher has made the statement that he "didn't see why God should feel so much aggrieved by Adam's peccadillo."

And so it is. Sin has become a light-hearted word. Indeed many had entirely banished it from their vocabulary. It is a disturbing word, and so many had dropped it and dressed up the ugly thing in soft, fine-sounding phrases. When a man or woman trod the evil path, they said of him, that he was "a little gay," or that he lived "rather a fast life," or that he had been "somewhat foolish." They said of her that she had "forgotten herself," or "made a mistake." It was as if they had called "a virulent cancer" a slightly troublesome abcess, or "tuberculosis" a trifling affection of the lungs.

I remember away back in 1906 when the British cabinet minister, Winston Churchill, was taken to task in the House of Commons for some things he had said in his election speeches.

The plain English of it was that he had told lies. But his reply was: "No, he had not told lies; what he had said were merely 'terminological inexactitudes.'" And that was the climate of the age. We had discovered "a gospel of cheerfulness." It consisted in saying to men, "Don't trouble about your sins." It rejoiced in the innate goodness of man, in his wonderful resourcefulness, in his capacity for exalted ideals, and in his ability to receive the Godhead.

And then there came along the war. There was a lion in a zoo. For years he had been in confinement. He was counted perfectly safe. The possibility of violence seemed remote. And then one day all these calculations were upset. The lion tore his keeper to pieces. It showed that the savage passions of the brute were still there. And that was the staggering revelation of the war. We had banished sin from our vocabulary. We had been comparing the savage times in days of old with our times, and thinking that the notion about the human heart being desperately wicked was exploded and out of date. But the atrocities and the inhumanities of the war revealed that beneath all the culture the old nature still lived and only slumbered. Civilization had caged and confined the savage passions of man, but they were not yet subdued. And so I feel that only the frivolous and the shallow-minded can regard sin to-day as anything less than a monstrous reality in life.

III. Then a third thing—and a deeper cause still—that prevents a true self-knowledge and a right understanding of our errors, is the gradual and silent growth of sin.

You are all familiar how we are aroused into attention when anything flashes suddenly upon us. But when a thing is gradual in its coming, and steals upon us without sound of trumpet, we are apt not to notice it at all. Think of the way our children grow. One day we see the family of a friend whom we have not seen for some years; and then we exclaim: "My, how that boy has grown! I should never have known him." And so it is. It seems but yesterday our boys and girls were infants, tottering unsteadily on their little legs, and stammering their first attempts at speech. And to-day they are fighting their battle with the world, and the mystery of life and sex has touched them, and they are launched into the boundless deep. And yet they are still children in their parents' eyes. It is hard for parents

to realize that their children have grown up—they have been with them all the time—and they have been tricked by what is gradual and silent.

And that is just how we are apt to be dulled by sin.

It is one of the business methods of Satan to get a grip on men gradually and silently. If the evil thing were to leap on us like a wild animal, we would rouse all our powers to resist it. But that is not how Satan does business. The most deadly evils do not leap on us. They creep on us. We are never startled by any noise of hammering when the chains of a bad habit are being forged. But we are tricked by its gradual growth.

There is an old bridge in the highlands of Scotland. It was built by General Wade at the time of Jacobite risings in order to reach the Highland clans more easily. It was a massive structure, rising high above the rocky cleft over which it stretched, and it was in use from its building until a few years ago when it was pronounced unsafe and closed for traffic. And this is why. A tiny birch-seed has ruined that bridge. One day a gust of wind had caught that seed and landed it in a small opening above the keystone. It sank into the mouldy lime, and there it germinated in the winter rain. It grew into a sapling, so small at first that a child's hand could have pulled it out. But that was not done. The people crossing it never thought. And it was allowed to grow into a tree. And now with its deep and strong roots, it has wrenched the solid masonry apart. And in a few years at the most, the arch will fall and the bridge be a complete ruin. All owing to a seed so small that it could be lifted by a gust of autumn wind, all owing to a sapling that people saw quite plainly, but they never thought of its growing into a tree.

And that is undoubtedly one of the deepest causes of self-ignorance and moral disaster. It is the slow and silent growth of sin.

Unlike that bridge destroyed by the tree, there is no sin too powerful to be got rid of, no matter how deep and strong are its roots. If our cry be, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"—the Gospel answers, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." He is able, able to save unto the uttermost.

BETWEEN THE YEARS

(Close of Year Sermon)

By Rev. William Rivers Taylor, D. D.

Text: "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." Eccl. 7:8.

That, you say, depends upon circumstances. Sometimes it is true, sometimes it is not. Many enterprises begin well and end in failure. Many lives begin in hope and end in despair. Many experiences are so sweet that to have their end puts out the light of life. That, says another, is the remark of a disappointed and embittered man.

The text and the passage in which it stands are undoubtedly tinged with the melancholy that pervades the book, and so are below the key to which the glorious songs of faith are set. But there are circumstances not at all incongruous—in fact they are quite normal—in which all that the author says here is entirely true—when death is better than birth, mourning than fasting, and the end than the beginning. When the death is that of a child of God and translates him from a world of sin and pain to one where no evil exists, death is better than birth. When "mourning" and "sorrow" open the gates of eternity and show the sacredness of life to people who have been wasting it in thoughtless and perhaps sinful revels, then mourning and sorrow are better than "feasting" and "laughter." When the end brings completion, triumph and rest, and reveals the hand of God, which the beginning concealed, then the end is better.

I. In a word, these sinister things are better only when they come at the time and in the way appointed by God and as the natural consummation of events that have gone before. For a man appointed to live and labor death is not better than life. To a man to whom God has appointed joy, and whose joy comes from right sources, sorrow is not better. To a man who is just beginning a duty, the end is not better. It is no man's superior intelligence, piety or faith to whine over the evils of this life and wish for death; to turn away from life's sweet and sacred joys, slander them by saying that sorrow is better; to stop work just after one has begun, or sigh and say, "I wish I were done." The text is not always true, but only sometimes.

We men and women are always coming to the ends of things. The day ends, the week ends, the month, the year. Work ends, rest ends. Laughter and tears, feasting and fasting, society and solitude, journeying and abiding, thought and vacancy, passion and calm, the dearest of affections and companionships all end. Every day is full of the ends of things begun in the yesterdays.

By and by we shall come to the end of life, land's end, water's edge, feet over the bottomless, bridgeless chasm. We shall speak the last word, take the last look at God's green earth and blue sky, around the room, into the faces we love. The last breath is drawn and expired, there is the last fluttering of the heart. We have done with life. Our course is finished. Our places know us no more. We are dead. The life which has been punctuated with commas has come to a full stop. The end has arrived.

Beyond the end of life is yet the end of the world, that stupendous consummation of the existing order to which both Scriptures and science point, when "the heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

II. But with us the end of one thing is the beginning of another. The end of night is the beginning of day. The end of labor is the beginning of rest. The end of disease is the beginning of health. Every moment as it flies past flings out to us a new experience. There are no vacancies in the life of even the most idle and listless. Something is always transpiring. From the end of one thing to the beginning of another we are rapidly and unceasingly pushed on.

All this would be quite trivial were it not for the momentous nature of two of the ends of which we have spoken, and in which all our changes culminate; namely, the end of life and the end of the world. If every end is the beginning of something else, of what is the end of life the beginning? What begins when life ends? The rotting of the body. The long rest in the grave. The slow return of ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Yes, but nothing more? Life is a mystery all the way through. Its beginning is a mystery. Its continuance is a mystery. But most of all, to us as yet, its end is a mystery.

Who knows what begins when life ends? No one knows very definitely. But this seems certain enough, another life be-

gins then of most vast and solemn potentialities in the way of personal development and achievement, of holiness and depravity, of misery and blessedness, and the beginning of that life that we can no more avoid than the beginning of this one. We are booked for the whole journey and we must go through.

III. To be well ended a thing must be well done. "All's well that ends well," runs the proverb, and so it is that God has so arranged and so controlled the universe that nothing can end well but what is well, all things considered. But this does not mean that when a happy turn averts the evil consequences that might have been expected from some piece of folly, or carelessness, or wickedness, the end is as well as though the person had done differently. It may be for others, but not for the person at fault, for time is a wonderful tester of all that men do. Everything that a man puts into his life that is not right and good, the teeth of time gnaws at, the acid of time dissolves. There is a mass of granite not far from here so rotten that a cane can be thrust into it, carbonated water flowing over it has searched out and dissolved the feldspar that was one of its constituents, and the solid granite, one of the best earthly symbols of earthly durability, has been disintergrated.

So every lie, every fraud, every violence done to another's rights, every failure to be faithful and thorough, every weak concession to our pride and love of ease, every moment of evil passion tolerated in the heart or expressed in acts introduces an element of weakness, not only into the general structure of our lives, which time will surely dissolve and eat out; and whether our home shall stand or not will depend upon the proportion that the false bears to the true.

IV. Our new beginnings are affected by our old endings. This is true in two ways. If a man is running a bad course, the end of that course is bad and is likely to be the beginning of another bad course. But it is true in another way. The manner in which we bring things to an end affects the beginning of things. We hear much about the importance of good beginnings, but not much about the importance of good endings. A good thing well begun and continued may be spoiled by a poor ending. There is a great knack in knowing how to end things well. for the lack of which many people suffer loss. They never know when they have finished a sentence. They can enter a room

creditably and make an agreeable call, but know not when or how to leave. Many a business man has failed more or less completely for lack of ability to close a transaction properly. Many seem never to settle, to finish anything. Their opinions, doubts, principles and undertakings are always fluttering in loose ends about them, embarrassing them and impeding them in every new beginning that they assay to make.

In the same way many a man starting out to live a better life fails because of the poor, ineffective way in which he has ended his old life. To make a success of his new life, a man must end his old one in a masterful fashion. He must break short and all the way through with the persons and things that are sources of temptation to him and hold him to his old life.

V. Once again the end of the year admonishes us of the passing of time and opportunities and of the approaching end of life. Beyond that great and solemn end lies that great new beginning. Have any of us chapters of resistence to God, of impenitence, of evil conduct that ought to end; any chapters of the opposite kind that ought to begin? If so, there is need that we all act promptly, firmly and patiently, for "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Then it can be said of our life, in the best sense of the words, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." And that end will be but another and glorious beginning.

TREASURES OF MEMORY

(Close of Year Sermon to Children)

By Rev. James Learmount

I suppose you all want to live a very long time. You would like to die only of old age. I would like to live a long time myself, but if I am to be as wretched as some old people that I have known, then I hope that I may not live so long. The way to have a beautiful old age is to live right and true and kindly lives from childhood. When children and young people have lived lives full of unkindness and sin they cannot forget this when they are old and have nothing else to do but think of the past. Therefore I want to advise you to store your minds with knowledge and to fill your lives with goodness from your childhood onward. Let the goodness crowd out the badness, then when you

are old your mind will still have its treasures of knowledge and its heaven of life to think about.

A great scientist has told us that the brain contains hundreds of millions of fibres, each one capable of receiving an impression, a thought. What a wonderful storehouse that brain might be made! What a palace! What a gallery of glorious pictures! Just fancy what a beautiful thing it must be to be old when you have in early life made the best thoughts of Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, and all the great ones your very own. And how restful and peaceful and happy must it be to look back on a life crowded with kindnesses. Books, places, things, people —love them all, and such love will, by-and-by, be an endless source of comfort and rest and peace.

I was reading the other day of an old man in London, who values as his best treasure an old photograph-frame that has lost its top rim. There is no picture in the frame, but he has it nailed up over his bed where he can always see it. That frame once contained the portrait of his wife, but during a fire in his house, the photograph got burnt and the frame has its top part burned away. It is a poor charred thing to look at, but it brings to the old man's heart the wife he loved and lost. He loves to have it near him because it rouses so many happy memories of loving, happy days that are gone.

You have almost come to the end of another year. You have all grown in knowledge; you have reached another standard or passed to a higher form during the year. Some of you are better, and some of you are worse in yourselves. Some of you have less temper, and some have more. I want you to think of the future, and to ask what you have done and said during this year that will be pleasant to look back upon when you are old. This year will all come back to us then with its song of joy or its burden of sorrowful memories. This year's tale is nearly told, and cannot be recalled, but all that has been wrong may be forgiven, if you are really sorry and ask God to forgive you.

But the future is ours. The year that is gone must not be wasted. We must let it be our teacher, and its failures must not be repeated. At school and in our reading we must be more earnest. A boy was employed to mind a lawyer's office, and he had a daily paper to amuse himself with. One day he laid the paper side and began to study French. Ultimately he became

a fluent reader and writer of the French language. A coachman who often had to wait a long time while his mistress made calls, determined to use those spare hours. He found a small volume of Virgil, but could not read it; so he purchased a Latin grammar, which he thoroughly mastered. One day the lady found him intently reading, and she asked him what book he had. "Virgil, my lady." "What, do you read Latin?" She mentioned this to her husband, who got David a teacher. In a few years David became a scholar, and afterwards was for many years a minister in Scotland. It is said of Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, that "he never wasted a few spare minutes from thinking that it was not worth while to set to work." That is the way to grow wise.

Then grow in goodness and kindness as well as in knowledge. When Thomas Carlyle was a boy only six years old, he had saved a few pennies, which he kept in an earthenware jar. One day when his parents were from home a poor old beggar-woman knocked at the door and asked for alms. His little heart was stirred; he went into the house, brought the earthenware jar, and emptied its contents into the woman's hand. Long years afterwards Carlyle used to tell about that kind deed of his childhood and say, "I never knew before what the joy of heaven was like." It is said that Thomas Carlyle was not a very happy man, and I am so glad that when he was a boy he did that act of kindness, because sometimes when he looked back to that deed he must have had real pleasure.

In the same way a life of unkindness must cause us great pain to look upon. Once a man did a very cruel deed to a very poor woman. Her little boy saw it. When the boy grew up he became an artist and he painted a picture of that cruel deed. He put the picture where the cruel man could see it. The man was tortured by the sight and tried to buy the picture, but he could not. It was, however, always a source of agony to him.

A father once said to his daughter: "Mary, my love, do you remember the text of this morning?" "No, father, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." Said her mother: "By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" "Oh yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantle, brown boots, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-rings, and such a

fan—O my!" You see her memory was all right, only she used it to remember worthless things.

"Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
'These things shall never die.'"

Crowd your lives with deeds that will be worth remembering and treasuring. Do nothing that you will have cause to regret. Some of you may have read Margaret Ogilvy. It is the life of Mr. Barrie's mother. In one part of the book, speaking of her, he says: "Everything that I could do for her I have done since I was a boy. I look back through the years, and I cannot see the smallest thing left undone." That was grand. That is the way to live always in every circumstance of life.

WATCH NIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

Watch Night Thought

In the closing hours of this Old Year, we put in a strong plea for a closer acquaintance, a more real intimacy, with Jesus Christ. Talk to him as to your dearest, closest friend. Feel every moment that he is not a mere thought, or doctrine, or history, or vision, but an actual, living Personality—a companion along the pathway of the years. A mere conception of Christ is as widely different from the every-day companionship of our Blessed Lord as a dream from a reality, as a mere thought concerning a loved one from the blissful experience of having that loved one folded in our embrace. This glorious privilege is the heritage of every child of God. It makes for the enrichment of the soul, the brightening of the life, the crowning of the year with benediction, the filling of our days with peace.—Rev. C. W. Welch, D. D.

A Watch Night Plea

One cannot be truly happy with the great matter of the soul's salvation still unsettled. Travelers on the River Amazon in South America sometimes hear a most mournful wail as they sail down that river between dense forests at nightfall. The Indian guides

tell them it comes from a bird, and the sound is so piteous and sad that they have given the bird a name which means "The Cry of a Lost Soul." Such a sad cry will some day come from those who, realizing that precious time has flown past misused, wake up to the fact that they have not prepared to meet God. This watch-night service is a new chance. It is a new chance for salvation and the joy that comes, and can come only, in the sense of acceptance of Christ and by Christ. Friend, if you want to have a happy New Year accept Christ to-night if you have not accepted him, and then try every day to serve him. The better you serve the happier you will be.

A veteran of the Civil War tells us that when Pickett's line made that charge at Gettysburg, which is destined to be long remembered, Brigadier-General Armisted had actually broken and passed the Federal line and thought the battle won, when he fell in the conflict.

The color-bearer saw him fall, and forgot for the moment his own high commission as he stooped to raise his fallen chief. But the dying soldier, with his thought still on the cause and not on himself, waved the color-bearer off, and sternly said: "Carry the colors forward! Carry the colors forward!"

The new year calls us; and we must leave the dead past, and press forward to those things which yet await us. Yet the call is attractive, and the vision allures.

Making Watch Night Wishes

It is said that the first lighthouse that stood on Minot's Ledge was built on huge iron pillars; but the mighty waves came between it and the rock, carried it away and dashed it to pieces like an eggshell. The builders then leveled the ledge, brought hardest granite, dovetailed and riveted every course to the rock below and the course above, till nothing could shake the tower that did not shake the rock. May this coming Happy New Year's Day find you all riveted to the Rock Christ Jesus, is the wish of one who loves you!

Let us to-night make such wishes for one another. And let us pray our wishes in.

A New Man in a New Year

Three years ago, as the last hours of the old year were moving out, a young man alone in his room was fighting the

battle of battles. Brought up in a Christian home, and himself a Christian in name, religion had been but a theory to him, and his life was stained with many sins that are sadly familiar to a startling number of young men. For a long while his mother had been kept from the knowledge of her boy's habits, but what all his associates knew could not continue hidden. When the revelation came, he faced a broken-hearted mother, and he could not but promise that he would change his life.

In September the promise was made, and with a bitter struggle he had refrained from gross outward sins, although the inner life was little changed. Now, on New Year's eve, Watch-Night, this terrible possibility was facing him; he must break his promise to his mother, for he could fight the fight no longer. One other way was open. Thoughts kept coming of the things he had heard concerning Christ's power to save. Fine-spun theories they had been to him before, but he was in a desperate case now, and—yes, he would try it. He uttered the first real prayer of his life, calling on Christ, if there was a Christ, to come and help. "I need something done, and it has to be done quick."

As he prayed and struggled in those closing hours of the Old Year the surrender came, and the miracle followed.—Sunday School Times.

The Log Book of the Year

Life is styled a voyage over the ocean of Time to the harbor haven of Eternity. The last daily account of the Log Book on Columbus' celebrated voyage reads, "Sailed all this day due west, which was our course." On the last day of the old year, how noble if we could truly write, "Sailed all the day due Heavenward, which was our course." Then at last, when all the years are passed, we shall reach the desired haven.

Are you adrift, floating aimlessly, or on a voyage of discovery seeking a new world?—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

If I Live Till Sundown

Once a soldier who lay dying on a battlefield heard the surgeon whisper, "I believe if this poor fellow lives till sundown tomorrow, he will get well." Hope sprang up in the soldier's heart as he repeated over the words of the surgeon. As the sun arose the next morning he realized he was growing weaker, but

exclaimed, "Oh, that I could live till sundown. Then I should look once more into my wife's deep, loving eyes and feel my children clamoring on my knees, imparting their warm kisses on my mouth. If I live till sundown, I shall see my blessed mother again, who is waiting for her big boy to come home; I shall rest my head at its old place on her knees and weep away the memory of this desolate night." As the soldier boy prayed, Jesus came and put his hand on the wounds and stayed their bleeding till the sun went down. When the surgeon came again, the dying soldier was coming back from death to life, and all his fondest hopes were more than realized when once more among the loved ones at home.

Will you not make this Watch Night service the turning point of your career? Wil you not think, as the dying soldier did, of the dear ones on earth whose hearts would be gladdened to know of your transformation? Think of those waiting for you at the gates immortal, of the ministering angels who have watched over you since childhood's hours. Remember the great Physician, who died to redeem you and who now bends over you and whispers as he puts his bleeding hand upon your troubled heart, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

At the Threshold of the Year

Christ stands at the threshold of the year saying, "Follow Me!" To follow him is to imitate him; thus we reach the full stature of a man. To follow him is to tread in footsteps that lead to the porches of Bethesda; up rickety stairways into the attics of the poor and down into the basement of sin and suffering. To follow Christ is to bend one's shoulders as he did to his appointed task, and to heed the behest of duty as the Voice of God.—Rev. David James Burrell, D. D.

The Passing Minutes

You have seen statues in public parks through which the water flows into great basins. A constant stream flows fast through mouth or hand while every part of the statue remains motionless, cold, dead. And too true it is that men and women with red blood pulsing through their veins seem just as cold and dead as the bronze statue, so far as concerns their using the fast-flowing stream of minutes, hours and days that is passing from

their grasp forever. This Watch Night service is a passing opportunity for some who are here.

Time Becoming More Precious

An eminent divine wrote upon the fly leaf of his Bible at the close of a watch night meeting:

"This day closes my sixtieth year. The day is far spent, but so long as I live and God gives me strength, I mean to work. Time is becoming more precious every day. Time is money; yea, more than money. I must hurry if I am to finish what work I have to do."

Thank God that for eminent and common people alike there is but one rule for consecrated time, which reads: Doing one's best each minute is the sum and substance of consecrated time.

NEW YEAR

THE LAMPS OF LIFE: NEW YEAR SERMON

By Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D. D.

Text: "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." Matt. 25:6.

I ask you to hang upon the wall in front of this organ that old canvas of a master painter's hand, that picture of the Jewish wedding ceremony. Here is the bride's dwelling upon the right; therein she waits for her lover. Here is the bridegroom's dwelling upon the left; and therein he makes preparation to go and possess his bride. And here in the center of the picture, in some shaded vale of palm-trees or terebinth, as the nightly shadows fall, there gather these groups of the friends of the bride who have come more than half way to accompany him, to meet him. And as the gloom of the night falls down, "they all nod and fall asleep." That is the literal translation of the context. By and by, as the passage of the hours come to the starlit gray almost of midnight drooping over earth's blackness, the stars hardly making any impression, no noise save the call of the night-bird, suddenly there is the gleam of his torch as he springs along his sinuous way, and some of his male friends shout the word, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" and they begin to stir themselves. Some of these maids were merely moved by kind, neighborly impulse, and you see them picking away at the wick. striking their burning torch to the dead things, and complaining that their lamps will not burn. Then this dialogue takes place that I have read in your hearing; and behold in the picture how they are ready to go along the path up the Judean hills to that ivy-twined dwelling where she waits, and they go in and the door is shut; and these others have gone to the village to buy that which they can not perhaps buy. Wonderful picture! Jesus painted it. Let it hang there all the evening.

Out of this picture two startling thoughts come to me—the aged Past, the youthful Future. That midnight cry is typical of that change of time which we call the ending and the beginning of a year. With that cry there comes to every one of our minds

the fact that some things are gone, and gone irreparably—namely, actual deeds; and some things remain which are available—namely, hopes and plans, and, possibly, opportunities. When Christ painted the picture he combined these two with the five wise and five foolish; the five lamps gone out—the past which is aged and dying; the five lamps which burn—the future which is hopeful and yet youthful. I stand here representing every one of you if I say there is combined in every human being the five wise and the five foolish—the lamps that are gone out and the lamps that will burn. Some things of my life are gone forver; some things are yet remaining possible. And I ask you to consider those two parts of the picture this evening.

I. First of all, then, there is a certain portion of time gone. The lamps are out. Three hundred and sixty-five mornings have burned into the ashes of the nightfall, and no man can light them again. The day is past. No one can recall it. I want to buy a Monday. Will any man tell me what shopkeeper in all Boston can sell me a Monday? I want to buy a Friday. Who will tell me from Charlestown to Dorchester, over all these chimney-stacks that shall smoke to-morrow, what manufactory of this manufacturing center makes weeks? Where, if I have the gold of Montana, can I buy a month? I may not need it, but I have a sense that I may want it; where can I buy it? No, there is not a shopkeeper that can sell me an old, second-hand month. I may go where I please and beg of my friends—no one can give me time. It is swept away; it is irrevocable; the lamps are gone out.

Life! Have you ever observed from summer hilltop, looking down on the meadow where the timothy seed stood tall and where the bushes were tender and supple in the early June, a stillness like death in the shimmering air, until suddenly there came over the mountains a wind that touched them, and they began to bend in the passage of this wave? Now the wave is gone; now the grasses tremble a little, the boughs of the trees still throb, though you can feel, if you wet your finger, that the wind has passed; and that communicated throb grows fainter and fainter on the boughs and grasses, and after a little the same death-like stillness, the same silent looking up of every spire or motionless bough which was touched for a moment and had its little swing of life and then was left. So out of the clouds, out

of the nostrils of God, there comes this breath that moves our heart; but our pulse grows fainter and fainter from childhood to age. The pulse of the child is one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty; the pulse of youth, ninety or one hundred; of a man, seventy-five or eighty; the pulse of the old man, perhaps sixty. Put your finger on it and search, if it be some pulse that is dear to you, and it grows fainter and feebler until it stops. That is life.

1. Time! Why, time runs like water out of the jug on which old Time used to be seated in the almanac picture. There should always be a January after a December, a February after a January, and every February has its March, and every March its April. Nay, your brother had his January; but suddenly, with a shock, there was never another February. Why had he all the previous months and February fell out? Your dear friend had his March and April, and suddenly there was a shock, and time ceased. All the world could not have produced for that friend a June, July, or August. O Time, thou dost not run like the water in the farmer's almanac picture, January after February. What does it mean, this passage of life? I challenge it to-day, this burning lamp. I want to know what time is worth, what it is for?

"Well," some one says, "time is money." Then let us take that definition. Time is money. Is that all? I remember when I was a student how it first came to me when they told me that I should receive forty-five cents an hour for teaching; and, as I went down from the college and got my forty-five cents an hour for teaching, I first began to appreciate that time was money. I have stood in Wall Street when it was made, when a thousand dollars was worth three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year. Very well; have you made money this year? You who have lost ten thousand dollars, would you like to see it written in the books of God: "Time is money, and your life is by that much a failure?" You who have gained nothing in the past year, but have labored hard and lost at every point, you stand to-day and say: "Though I have tried to be a faithful friend, a good husband, and an upright and true father to my babes, yet everything goes against me. I can hardly pay my bills. And right over across from my little cottage there are the velvet lawns of the rich man, who this year, in the last rise of a certain stock,

gained fifty thousand dollars; and it is written in the books of God, Time is money; and he has lived to some purpose in time, but I have lived to failure in time!" No, no; we reject that.

Some one says, "Time is to be happy in." Ah, what an irony time is, then, to some of you! "A year has been wasted, for I have hardly been out of my door with any satisfaction. A year has gone for nought, for my nerves have been crying. I have been made unhappy by bereavements and disasters, and all the year has been rounded out in pain. Three hundred and sixty-five days have gone, days that were made to be happy in, and I have been unhappy all the way through." Would you like to read that in the books of God? It is not true. Nay, it is not true; for if that were so, then we are the unhappy victims of fate.

What is time for? Read it in there: "Therefore, now is the accepted time and the day of salvation." "Be ye holy, even as God is holy, and pass the time of your sojourning here in fear of the Lord." Time! it is the gateway of eternity. Time! it is sea-room in which to get the old ship out of the harbor and started across the waste. Time! it is the roomage for the growth of man. Time! it is the opportunity for the unfolding of character. Time! it is probation. According as we live here we shall live up yonder. It is self-development, service of God, service of man; it is the making of the immortal and fitting him for his eternal state. "Choose ye"—when? "this day," a particle of time—"whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

At midnight there was a cry made, Go ye out to meet him. Then they who had their lamps trimmed and burning, who had made some good use of time, went in, and they who were unprepared were shut out. What does that teach but that this earthly life of ours is a probation?

2. Once more as to its value. Time is the opportunity to do good deeds. I catch up a few of these lamps, and, alas! how many of them have burned out! Men are familiar with this phase of things. One said to me the other day; "I had a chance, eight years ago this January, to go into a scheme which would have made me rich, and I have let it slip, and have never seen that chance return." We are all familiar with that. Ah, but that is not my business to preach. Time, an opportunity to do

good—when was it? The bridegroom did not come at ten o'clock, at eleven, at half-past eleven, at a quarter to twelve. He came at midnight. There is just that golden moment to do a kindly deed. A few years ago two young men, who had been like David and Jonathan from their boyhood days to their college days, and from that time until they were lawyers together in a certain city, went down to the dock of the White Star steamer. One of them was to go a long journey around the world. They were utterly unlike in one thing only; one was devoutly pious, and the other, though not a skeptic, had adjourned this question. All along down on the train the Christian man said: "I will speak to him when we get down to Fifth Avenue hotel." He did not. When they stood on the dock, "I will speak a word when we are going down the gangplank." He did not. "I will spring up on the rail of the pier, just as the ship is swinging off, and speak then." He did not. The great ship turned her head out into the stream, and the two parted, and he had not said his word of Christian warning. Only a year and a half ago, half way around the globe that friend lost out the connecting link and September did not come after August for him. And now, in his beautiful library, that living man sits and looks up at his dead friend's picture, and talks to him, and says: "O Jonathan, my friend, I ask you to be a Christian! I pray you to be a Christian!" But the pictured lips upon the wall make no reply. The lamp burned till midnight and went out. If you have a word of warning to say to your friend, you had better say it now. You wasted many an opportunity last year, and now they are gone, they do not come back again.

Time was when you might have written a letter, just one letter; and oh, how many letters you have written since, but they could not kindle the lamp of love! There was a time when I might have written a letter that would have explained everything, I could have spoken a word that would have made all right. I did not do it. Now there is a broken home, a sundered friendship, wretchedness in the heart.

Time was when you had money, sir; you could have done wonders then. You let the time pass. To-day you are but a simple employee; you can hardly make December and January match, as the days come around with bills. You will never see the chance to do what you could have done when you were rich.

And thou, rich man, to whom I may speak, take the warning; now is the time, while you have the money. Time was when you had the influence. You could have set this young man in his place of power. To-day you have lost your influence in the market because you have lost your bank account. They do not consider you of much weight there now. You have lost your power. Oh, you who have influence in the market-place, use it now for good. Time was when you could have built the church; you have never seen the time since. You might have built the library; you never saw the time since. Time was when you could have said, "Father, forgive me"; but the lamp has burned out. Your father's ear is as cold as the latch of the door in the face of this night wind, and as unheeding. I am sorry to remind you of these things, but I must speak plainly. Father is gone, sir. You could have said it: "Father, I am sorry." You did not say it; you let it pass. You were piqued, angry, selfish, or you were asleep or timid, or you were indifferent. You said, "Next week I will say it." Alas! Next week came, and the torch you thought was burning was gone out. Ah, if there is a quarrel between any man and his friend, while the lamp holds out to burn let him go and make it right. I will not have a quarrel with any man in this world. I send it by the pen of this writer, if any one has aught against me, let him come to me and I will seek to make it right. Let us come and square accounts between ourselves this year, dealing justly with all men.

3. I take up these lamps that will not burn. Here is one, a wasted lamp. What is it?

(a) The lamp of a pious childhood's home. You may even have a better home now, but the lamp of the old home has gone out. All that surrounding of care and mercy which was with you five, ten, fifteen years ago, can never again come back. I sometimes think I will never forget the sound of my father's voice. I often do. The home that we had is gone. My dear young lad, and you, my young miss, if the torch of home is yet burning, heed its kindly rays, for there are some of us who would give all the world if some one would now talk to us as father talked, shielding us, caring for us, protecting us. We are obliged to go the rest of the way alone. Burned out!

(b) I take this lamp. What is it? That dear old friend! I never had a better friend than he. I shall never hear his voice

again, he lives so far away or has gone to the eternities. I would like to remember what he has said. It has gone; much of it is gone. Oh, friends of my boyhood, your graces come to appeal to me! You boys and girls, if you have a friend in the world, kindly, loyal, and true, hear what this friend says. Those old teachers—there is no teacher like the old teacher. I would like to see the face of that teacher in the old academy that stimulated me with the question, "Aren't you going to college?" I had never dreamed of it. Twelve years old, and it never had come into my head! I would like to see the teacher who opened the counsels of the school chamber. Dear old friends, come back to me! No, he can not. Burned out! Gone! You who have a good teacher heed what he says.

(c) What else is burned out? That freshness with which we first looked at life. Do you remember how the child was delighted with flowers in times of infantile inquiry? But now that the man has come to be a florist and asks so much a dozen for roses, his esthetic interest and delight have burned out. Ask of these musicians who sit behind me, some of them teachers, if they can ever catch again that old youthful zest of the piano or the organ which they had when they first began to play with the eight notes? Never again. Music is now with the musician a grind for bread; it may be; but it is now and then that the heart is touched again with the keys. The enthusiasm is gone. I heard a man say the other day: "Niagara has lost its interest to me. *I* pass it so often in my trips I hardly look out of the windows now." This is the application I would make. Oh, what a book this was when we first began to read it and commit it to memory! Backslider, I am sorry for you that the lamp has burned out and the dust is on your Bible. It has no warmth of glory for you. I tell you of that first love of yours, when tears ran down your cheeks to think of its exceeding great and precious promises, when you looked at the cross and Christ seemed to speak to you; and to-day all the story of religion and the Bible and the church is like a lamp burned out to you.

(d) Once more a lamp burned out—the lamp of fear. When we were lads at home my brother will remember how father used to loan us the lantern to go out at night and lock the stable door. I remember, too, how, when he came for us among the hills after singing school, that there was the lantern cuddled

down under the robes. We children were afraid of the dogs and wolves and the ghosts along the way. Father was afraid of the snowfall or a tree that might be across the path, and the lantern was our protection. Maybe there was no ghost and no wolf. Maybe it was the first starting a nail in the casement of our chamber window which made us draw the bedclothes over our heads; but the light at the head of the stairs—oh, thank him in memory that he was kind enough to afford that candle—very kind! and the light was the defense of the boy. Man grows up to dismiss fear and we put it to one side. Not long ago I walked through Mott Street and Crosby Street at midnight, and I was a fool to do it. I once walked through St. Giles in London long after midnight. I once walked through the Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris, after midnight, like a fool. It is a dreadful thing to have fear go out. There are some things, thank God! I am afraid of yet. I am afraid of death. I am afraid of the judgment. Poor girl! a little while ago mother used to put the candle in the old splint-bottom chair for the dear little pink-and-white creature to go to sleep by at night under the attic roof, far away; but now she is not afraid of midnight in the streets of the city in which she lives; not afraid of "Holloa there!" from any passing stranger; not afraid of the potter's field.

The unscrupulous millionaire, speculator, merchant, was once afraid; not now afraid of a lie, not now afraid of the cry and shriek of the victim, the upbraidings of the orphan and widow. Yet the time was when that old Gradgrind, who has pushed so many to the wall, crept to the head of the stairs in his blue-stockinged feet and said: "Mother, come up. I have done wrong to-day; I have told a lie; I don't dare go to sleep for fear I should die to-night." And the dear old mother fed the lamp of fear in his heart and picked the flame. Are you now afraid of anything? How sad if you are not!

II. Five lamps are burning. What are they? Are they five opportunities to do good? Yes, I dare profess to you that the opportunities to do good which God will give you, if you do not live beyond nine o'clock to-night, are greater than all the opportunities to do evil that you have ever had in your life. Five lamps are burning, and in that time you may please God more than you ever displeased him.

1. What are these lamps? Let me strike a match and touch

the first one—the lamp of Repentance. Say it now: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Light it yourself. It will burn.

2. Lamp of Faith. "Faith in whom? I have lost all faith in myself." That is right. Faith in Christ. Touch; it will burn.

3. What other lamp? Lamp of Hope. Though you may not live beyond nine o'clock to-night, there is a possibility, if you hope on, that all the past may be illuminated.

4. What other lamp? Lamp of Love. I would to God I could light that for you out of my own heart. There is no one here, however unbefriended, but some one loves him; if not in this world, in that world; if not a friend on earth or there either, God loves you.

5. Lamp of the Will. Try it, touch it, it will burn. Wonderful light! Oh, let us be careful of it, for that is the most difficult to kindle. I get between you and the wind. I pick the wick. I ask all the church to stand between you and the winds of this winter night, that they may not blow out the flame. Everything depends upon this lamp. Nobody can light it for you. It is the lamp of the human will. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." If these five lamps flame and burn in you and for you, they shall light a plain and successful road for you through the year that now begins, through all the earthly years that shall follow—a path of the just, that shineth "more and more unto the perfect day."

THE ABIDING COMPANIONSHIP: NEW YEAR SERMON

By Rev. John Henry Jowett, D. D.

Text: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Ex. 33:14.

The other morning I went for a walk up the valley of the Tees. My path left the home, passed under the shadow of the County School, crossed the recreation grounds, wound in and out among the wide-spreading meadows, now and again coming within sight and sound of the swift, eager river, and now veering round and threading the crowded street of the busy market town, and now narrowing to the little track that led to a new-made grave. And through all the varying way this evangel possessed my mind: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." And then I realized that my walk had been

parabolic, and that in all its shifting changes life itself had been portrayed. "My presence shall go with thee," in the serious affairs of the home, in the pregnant place of education, in the relaxations of amusement and sport, in the broad, quiet spaces of Nature's strength and beauty, in the stress and speed of business, and along the narrow road that leads to the open grave. The changing road; the unchanging Presence! The shifting environments: "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother!" "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Well, here we are, facing the unknown road of the New Year. Where is the road going to lead? We do not know; we are alike in the common ignorance; culture and wealth convey no favor; all distinctions are here wiped out; we are all upon an unknown road, and for everybody the next step is in the mist! The knowledge of the future path matters nothing; the perception of the present Companionship matters everything! And so our motto entwines the gracious offer of a Companion for the unknown and changing road. Let me remind you of some of life's loneliness which this wonderful Companionship will destroy.

I. There is the loneliness of unshared sorrow. Is there anything more solitary than sorrow that can find no friendly ear? Sorrow which has an audience can frequently find relief in telling and retelling its own story. But when sorrow has no companionable presence with which to commune, the grief becomes a withering and desolating ministry. "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old." And there are multitudes of people who know no friendly human ear into which they can pour the story of their woes. What then? Is the desolation hopeless? "My presence shall go with thee." The story can be whispered into the ear of the Highest. The Companionship is from above.

II. There is a loneliness of unshared triumph. I asked a little while ago if there is anything more lonely than sorrow that can find no friendly ear. I am bound to say that I sometimes think that lonely triumph is as desolate as unshared grief. My memory recalls with bright vividness one of the boys in the school where I received my earliest training. He was an orphan-boy, but more than that, he was perfectly friendless. Those who were nearest to him were all dead, and the entire interest of his

guardian exhausted itself in paying the school-fees as they became due. One day his loneliness broke upon me with appalling reality, when in the class-lists he appeared as the premier boy in the school. His triumph was most distinguished and brilliant, but he had no one to share it! No father, no mother, no kinsman, no friend! I felt that in his success he was more desolate than in his defeats! His bereavement seemed to culminate in his triumphs! Let me illustrate still further. I had a friend who in his natured life published a book on which he had bestowed the hard labors of many years. Some time before its publication his wife died, and he was left alone. The book received an enthusiastic welcome, and now enjoys high eminence in its own department of learning. I spoke to my friend of his well-deserved reward, and of the triumph of his labors. His face immediately clouded, and he quietly said, "Ah, if only she were here to share it." I say, his loneliness culminated there, and his sharpest pang was experienced in his sunniest hour. And it is not otherwise with the moral triumphs of the soul. When I sin and falter, I feel I need a Companion to whom I can tell the story of my defeat; but when I have some secret triumph I want a Companion to share the glow and glory of the conquest, or the glow and glory fade. Even when we conquer secret sin the heart calls for a Companion in the joy! And here he is! My presence shall go with thee!"

III. And there is the loneliness of temptation. Our friends can accompany us so far along the troubled way, and by God's good grace they can partially minister to our progress by rearranging our environments, and removing many of the snares and pitfalls from our path. But in this serious business of temptation it is little that friend can do for friend. The great battle is waged behind a door they cannot enter. The real fight, the death-clutch is not in some public arena, with friends and spectators gathered around; it takes place in awful and desolate loneliness! In the secret place of every temptation no earthly friend can be near. A man might possibly wrestle with wild beasts, if the theatre were in publicity, and amid the plaudits of assembled crowds. But to contend with beasts in secret, to slay them behind the closed and muffled door, is desperate and lonely work. But we need not be alone! One Presence can pass the door that leads to the secret place. "My presence shall go with

thee," not as an interested or applauding spectator, but as Fellow-worker, Fellow-fighter, Redeemer and Friend. The loneliness of the wilderness is peopled by the ubiquitous presence of the Lord.

IV. And there is the loneliness of death. It is pathetic, deeply pathetic, how we have to stand idly by at the last moment—doctor, nurse, husband, wife, child—all to stand idly by, I say, when the lonely voyager launches forth into the unknown sea! "It is the loneliness of death that is so terrible. If we and those whom we love passed over simultaneously, we should think no more of it than changing our homes from one place to another. But every voyager goes alone!" Alone? Nay, there is a fellow-voyager! "My presence shall go with thee." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Now, my brethren, if only we firmly believed, and clearly realized this gracious Presence, what would be the ministry?

1. Well, we should work without sorrow. We should step out without dread. We should waste no energy in fruitless fear and sapping care.

2. We should face the new year not daunted by our ignorance. The great Companion may still think it good to deny us the light of comprehension; but then, though we may not comprehend the nature of the entire way, he will see to it that we have light at the next turning of the road.

3. And do not let us be afraid of our weakness. You feel about as little like carrying the possible load of this new year as a grasshopper! Never mind! Perhaps that is how we ought to feel. You must leave something for the great Companion to do! Do not let us try to carry our God and our burden too! The real combatants are not our weakness versus the burdens and difficulties of the year, but all these things versus our Almighty Friend!

4. "And I will give thee rest." Aye, but we must lean upon him and allow him to carry our load. An aged, weary woman, carrying a heavy basket, got into the train with me the other day, and when she was seated she still kept the heavy burden upon her arm! "Lay your burden down, mum," said the kindly voice of a working man. "Lay your burden down, mum; the train will carry both it and you." Aye, that's it! "Lay your

burden down!" The Lord will carry both it and you! "I will give thee rest"; not by the absence of warfare, but by the happy assurance of victory; not by the absence of the hill, but by the absence of the spirit of fainting. "I will give thee rest."

And so I commend you, and all who are near to you, to the kindly care and fellowship of this great Companion. May you each and all have a happy new year, spent, every moment of it, in the light of his most gracious presence.

GRANDLY BEGIN: NEW YEAR SERMON

By Rev. James I. Vance, D. D.

Text: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3:2.

The old year is behind us. Its record is made. We cannot change it. Doubtless there is much in it we would like to change, some things we have done that we are ashamed of, some left undone which we regret, but the page is turned, the year is gone, and its record stands for good or bad, for weal or woe, to shame or blame or praise us, as the case may be. The new year is before us. Its dawn has just come up out of the radiant east. Its record is to be made. It is within our power to determine what it shall be. We are at the top line of the new page. What sort of a start shall we make? Here is my message. Grandly begin!

I. A straight start. Start straight. That much, at least, we can do, and that much we must do if we are ever to do better than we have been doing, and every man ought to do better than he has been doing, even if he has been doing his best. The kings of the world in every line of business are those who are everlastingly trying to beat their best. This is what I mean by my subject. Start out on the new year, not to do well enough, or as well as others, but to beat your best. Grandly begin!

I am familiar with the uncomplimentary remarks sometimes made about new year resolutions. Some say they do not amount to much—that they are soon broken, and that those who break them are like the bedeviled wretch in Scripture concerning whom it was said, "The last state of that man was worse than the first." Somebody will doubtless make fun of you, but critics of things that are right are not to be taken too seriously. Such critics are usually more heavily stocked with noise than sense.

There is a bigger and better crowd cheering a new year's resolution. "We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses." Therefore, start right. I hail the new year's resolve. Some have been saved that way. Many have failed. But if just one has kept on, nerved to nobler things by the high resolve made at the year's threshold, the custom is redeemed.

It is a great thing to have an hour when the best stirs you, to come to a summit on life's long, rough road, when you catch sight of a landscape or hear a snatch of a song or a bar of music, or see a look in the face of a friend, that sends all the good in your surging to the front until you say: "I will be a man! I will shake off shabby habits, crucify lusts, cleanse my heart of filth, snap the shackles, and be free." That is where you were at your best. I am sorry for the man who never had such an hour, who never climbs a peak, who never feels an ecstasy, who never has a thrill, who never scents the fragrance blowing in from flowers which blossom in Elysian fields, who is always mediocre, and who trudges on with his head down, his pulses dull and his senses stale.

What if the man who grandly begins does lamely finish? What if he does invite that reproach of going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick? His heart was not wrong. No stagger in the direction of anything right is ever lost! No good deed was ever wasted. No high motive was ever penalized. The recording angel writes down not only every good deed, but also every noble impulse, high thought, brave resolve, and it is all on the credit side. Nothing good or beautiful ever perishes. The fragrance of every flower that ever bloomed, the glint of every sunbeam that ever gilded the day with gold, the sanctity of every sob of pity that ever broke over a desolate heart, the challenge of every song of courage that ever saluted a battle line, the breath of every prayer that ever stormed Heaven, is somewhere, for the good never dies. Therefore, grandly begin!

II. A lame finish. But it is not necessary to make a lame finish. The man who argues that a fair start must have a foul finish uses logic that is all to the bad. The truth is, a grand beginning contributes to a grand continuing. After one starts right, it is easier to keep going right. A car gathers momentum as it moves, so that less power is needed to keep going than was required to start If you know anything about automobiles you

know that most cars have to be started in low gear. After the start is made, you can change to a speed where less power is needed to move the car, because a car in motion helps to move itself. It is the same with life. A life in motion helps itself. If the start is wrong, it is easier to go wrong; if right, it is easier to go right. Therefore, a straight start does not involve a lame finish.

Besides, help is to be had. There are divine resources for the man who tries to live right. The God who starts us stays with us. The God who saves us is able to keep us saved. A soul in action is not deserted by the Saviour. Therefore, move out. God means us to be steadily and permanently what we are in our best moods, not what we are at the worst, at low tide, when we are surly and sour and dull and heedless, but what we are there on the summit, where we see green fields and hear the song of birds, and look into the faces of friends, and feel Heaven astir in the air about us. The man you are as you grandly begin is the man God wants you to be always.

And so it is possible to keep step right through the year with the start. Grandly begin with the determination of grandly continuing. Entertain no mental reservation of reforming for a fortnight. Burn the bridges behind you. "Whosoever putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven." These back-lookers are in a bad business. They soon become backsliders. Start right, and keep right on, for you can.

III. The big motive. At the same time, let us not forget that the motive is the big thing in life. It is not what you do, but why you do it, that counts. A girl who occupies a hall bedroom and works for five dollars a week, but has humanity in her heart and in her prayers, and who, out of her meager earnings gives something to send the Gospel around the world, is living a bigger life than the millionaire who hardens himself against the need about him, and who squanders his princely gains in the empty pursuit of selfish pleasures. The girl in the hall room is a cosmopolitan, and the man with the clutch of mammon at his heart is a mere provincial. It is not how long you live, but how you live, that counts.

It is not how high you climb, but how hard you struggle. People travel the road of life with different handicaps must be

taken into account in estimating one's record. God certainly takes it into account. He says: "To him that overcometh," not "To him that maketh a mile a minute, that crosseth a goal first, that maketh a new speed record," but "To him that overcometh, is the crown."

It is not how many victories you win, but how hard, how courageously, how desperately, you fight your battles. Yonder on the battlefield are dead soldiers. The colors they followed wavered and went back. The world calls it defeat. But there is no such a thing as defeat for a soldier whose courage is steadfast, whose honor is white, and who dies fighting for his cause.

It is not what success you have gained in life, how much money you have made, how many honors you have captured, but have you played the game clean? Since motive is the big thing,

> "Grandly begin, though thou hast time,
> For but a line, be that sublime,
> Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

IV. Secret of a straight start. The text gives us the secret of a grand start. "Set your affection on things above." Aim high. Have a loftly ambition. Cherish noble aspirations. Think big thoughts. Set your heart on great treasures, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. People follow their hearts. They become their thoughts. What one is thinking about, he is getting to be. What he is loving, he is going after. If one is to live a clean life, he must think clean thoughts. If he is to climb high, he must set his affection on things above.

My text takes it for granted that one can control his mind and heart. He is told to set his affections himself, not to beg God to do it for him, not to seek a mourner's bench and request his brothers and sisters to pray that his affections may be set. It is something he can do for himself. You can allow yourself to be interested in good or bad, fair or foul, in people who lift you up or drag you down. You have will power. You can control your optic nerve. You can allow your eyes to gaze on sights which fan into flame the fires of hell that slumber in your flesh, or on visions that take you into the company of the angels. "It's your game," says a card that came to my desk this Christmas; "Play it like a gentleman."

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Which shall it be, above or on the earth? Where are your interests? What are you thinking about? Where are your pleasures located—in your brains or heels, in your head or feet? Where you locate your affection you take up your residence, and where you reside powerfully affects what you become. To-day for a grand beginning, set your affection on things above.

If you have a habit that is dragging you down to hell, a grand beginning means breaking with that habit. Are you the victim of a drug, an illicit love, drink, a passion for cards, of impurity, profanity, of anything that has a pull downward? The thing to do is to let go. You imagine the habit has hold of you. How did it ever get hold of you? You took hold of it. The trouble is, you have ben holding on so long that your fingers have stiffened, your hand is cramped. But now let go, even if you have to break a bone to loosen your grip and be emancipated.

Are you playing with fire? Many are. They like the game. As yet there are no confirmed habits. They are merely tasting forbidden sweets to vary life's dull monotony and get some new sensations. They are gambling a bit, drinking a bit, swearing a bit, seeing the part of the town that is up when all decent-living folks are abed—just nibbling at the naughtly side of life. Poor little fools! Don't they know the devil's bait when they see it? This is the way all ruin started. There is not a soul in hell but began by just playing with fire. A grand beginning means to quit.

Are you trifling with your life work, allowing pleasure to interfere shirking every task that calls for toil, trying to win by playing the game of bluff, depending on somebody's pull to get you over the grade, shrinking from sacrifice, unwilling to pay the price? A grand beginning means taking off your coat and rolling up your sleeves and getting down on your marrowbones.

Are you trifling with God, putting him off? Has he startled you with some incident in the experience of a friend or neighbor until you said, "I must change my course," but you did not change? Has some experience come into your own life that made you stop and think, something that for a day clipped your wings, lamed you, reduced your income, singed you with the flames, until you said: "I must change my life," but you did

not change? You are playing with forked lightning. Suddenly retribution will come, and will not tarry. A grand beginning for you is to set your affection on Jesus Christ, to accept him and confess him as your Saviour. He is the beginning and the ending, and it is those who start in him that run well, and win the crown.

WHEN THE DAYS TALKED TOGETHER

(New Year Sermon to Children)

By Rev. George N. Edwards

Text: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Ps. 19:2.

Did you ever hear of the days talking together? They do. You will find a place in the Bible where it mentions it. A line of the nineteenth Psalm says, "Day unto day uttereth speech." But you never heard them talk? I don't wonder for "their voice is not heard." They use a kind of sign language. But you can hear murmurings of the seconds, and the whisperings of the minutes, and now and then the hours speak real loud. Listen. Tick-tock, tick-tock four times a second.

A clock is a kind of animated sign-post to tell us where To-day is. But Yesterday is hard to find though you can see his tracks everywhere. To-morrow is never seen, but is said to live just over the hills to the westward. People have always been going that way to meet him. I'll tell you a secret. To-morrow will never be found because he has not been born yet. To-morrow seems to have a queer way of reaching people's hearts. They are always saving things for him, for they feel sure he will come. They are always planning for To-morrow whom they never see, and leaving a great many things for To-morrow which ought to be done To-day.

There is one time in the year when Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow all get together for a little talk. It is on New Year's Eve, just about the time when the clock strikes twelve; and some time when your five senses are all asleep you can hear and see them with your sixth sense? Did you know that you had a sixth sense? It is with this that you see things invisible, like goodness and love in other people or in God.

On New Year's Eve in the wee small hours, Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow meet, and when I saw them I discovered that Yesterday was an old man with long, grey hair, and he bent over a long roll of paper on which he wrote with an iron pen. To-day stood alert with eyes wide open and carried a watch in one hand, and beat time with the other. To-morrow was a little child, and his eyes were closed and in his hand he carried a rose-bud. And all the world was asleep.

Yesterday said, "I am Lord of the Past. All men that have ever lived have come under my sway. Every deed they have done, every word they have spoken is recorded in my book. Men may forget me, but they cannot escape me, for I know all their secrets. Their best and their worst are all recorded here."

"No," said To-day, "you do not know what To-day can bring forth. I present a new chance every minute to everybody. With you are the dead, but with me are the living. I am Lord of the Present. Every moment I beat time with the heart beats of all that live. I can see clearly, and where I am it is always light. Men are always glad to see To-day."

"Yes, but gladder still because they hope for me," cried little To-morrow. "What they regret because it was done badly yesterday, what they cannot finish to-day, they still hope to make good to-morrow. It is that, that keeps them alive with hope. I renew the race with my coming. I carry secrets that even Yesterday does not know. To-day is measured by moments. No man can measure me, and yet I am always young. I am the true secret known only to God."

Then Yesterday lifted his eyes and behold they were sightless. "I bring man," said he, "the gift of forgiveness. He could not enjoy the present if he could not forget much of the past. I give him also a few leaves of memory, that out of my wisdom he may be wise to avoid the pitfalls where he has once fallen."

"And I," said To-day, "bring man the gift of opportunity. He lives with me, and all the joy or sorrow that he has, he received of me. In my presence he decides every question, and I alone bring him knowledge. Even when he looks forward or backward I am the eyes through which he looks. If he can forget thee, old man, he will be at peace."

"And I," said To-morrow, "bring him hope, so that he can endure you To-day when you are not good to him. Though he

cannot see me yet I touch his hands and he knows I am near, and he is willing to wait for me. I do not live with him as you do, but for my sake he lifts up his eyes and looks out of the windows of his life and sees in the sunset a promise of another morning. When his eyes are on the far horizon he sees the boundary of my world. Every bud I send him, every spring that comes, every child that is born speaks for me to him of the life that is to come. I am stainless, therefore I inspire in him a love of purity."

Then came silence and the vision passed away, but I knew in the night watches that all the days had brought perishable and priceless gifts. Yesterday brings both memory and forgetfulness, To-day brings life and opportunity, To-morrow crowns this day with hope and links my life to eternity.

THE VANISHING ROAD

By Rev. David Wills, D. D.

Text: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Joshua 3:4.

"The vanishing road has gained a meaning for us beyond its use as the avenue of mortal wayfaring. Never more than when we tread some far-spreading solitude and mark the road stretching on and on into infinite space or the eye lose it in some wistful curve behind the fateful foliage of lofty storm-stirred trees, are we impressed by something Nature seems to have to tell us, that something of solemn, lovely import behind its visible face. If we could follow that vanishing road to its far mysterious end! Should we find that meaning there? Should we come at last to the radiant door and know at last the purpose of all our travel? Meanwhile the road beckons us on and we walk we know why or whither." So Richard Le Gallienne pictures and ponders, draws and dreams.

I. The vanishing road! "Ye have not passed this way hitherto." For us, the New Year is an unbeaten path. Every day of the three hundred and sixty-five will introduce new vision and experience and will mark an unguessed storm or an unheralded sunshine. "David but yesterday a shepherd boy with his harp and to-day dwelling in the king's palace; Byron yesterday unknown waking to-morrow to find himself famous. Thus man journeys from prosperity to adversity or from defeat

to victory. Yet all must move along this mystical way, withdrawals are unallowed, and only death can deplete the ranks of the world-army marshalled and marching out against the fortunes and the misfortunes of the unseen and the unknown."

II. But the vanishing road is no Via Dolorosa. The fear of the future is not a divinely implanted emotion. "Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness." So let us front the New Year with a smiling face—Happy New Year!

Enoch walked with God, and to such a man no road is rough and no journey joyless. "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" Faith brightens and strengthens Faint-heart. Ruskin reveals the secret of a happy pilgrimage: "I resolved that I would believe in Christ, and take him for my Master in whatever I did; that assuredly to disbelieve the Bible was quite as difficult as to believe it, that there were mysteries either way, and that the best mystery was that which gave me Christ for a master. And when I had done this, I felt a peace and spirit in me I had never known before, at least to the same extent; and everything has seemed to go right with me ever since, all discouragements and difficulties vanishing even in the smallest things."

Here are two other artists—not of canvas, but of character, the one lived in the presence and the other in the absence of God. Alfred Tennyson said to his niece, "God is with us now on this down as we two are walking together just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus; we cannot see him, but he, the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the apostles about the actual and real presence of God and his Christ with all who yearn for it." It was suggested that this would be an awful thought to most people, but Tennyson replied, "Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear. I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that he is by my side now just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart. 'For with Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light.'"

"Without God, without Hope" is the law of the Vanishing Road.

III. Deity and Duty are allied thoughts and associated realities; let us then go along the Untrodden Path in obedience to the Commandment, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Edward Everett Hale has written out this fable which the Crusaders of St. Louis learned in the East. On going from the king's residence to the lodgings of the Ambassadors, Father Yves met a very old woman in the street, having in her right hand a porringer full of fire and in her left a phial of water. The Father asked, "Woman, what art thou going to do with the fire and water which thou art carrying?" She answered that with the flame she wished to burn Paradise, and with the water to drown hell. The friar asked why she uttered such words. "Because," she replied, "I wish not that any one should do good for the reward of Paradise or avoid evil for the fear of hell."

Whatever may be said of her moral philosophy, this woman is to be applauded for making Duty the paramount issue of life. Any other view brings sorrow and sadness. The daily duty of to-day is the daily manna of the older dispensation. The soul as well as the body feeds on what it does, and is strengthened by faithful performance of its task.

The great Daniel Webster regarded as the mightiest thought that ever occupied his mind, the happiness of duty.

Our sorrows are summed up in omitted duties. "They believe not on me." "Ye gave me no meat." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema."

Along the Vanishing Road the daily task is to go with us. At every step we are called to work, to think, to toil and to trust. But let us not shirk, let us not despise or even distrust the "rut, the plod, and the grind." The Way of the Cross is the Best Way. In "The Common Lot" the wife advises well her husband, "We are all trying to leave the common work to be done by others. We think it a disgrace to stay in the ranks—which is to live humbly and labor. Don't let us struggle that way any longer, dear. It is wrong—it is a curse. It will never give us happiness —never."

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it; that is right and that pays in richest blessing.

IV. A Happy New Year? Then observe the law of the Vanishing Road—Service. No man liveth unto himself. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the

things of others. Helpfulness and Happiness are cause and effect. We bear our own burdens by carrying one another's burdens. "She made things easier" was the splendid thing said of an obscure woman. Such a career, however, was not only a lubricant for the neighborhood; it eliminated the friction from her own life. Love, and you shall prove that "your days may be as the days of heaven upon the earth." Heaven is never too large to find a place in a loving heart.

Carlyle in his lecture on Wilhelm Meister writes: "No man has a right to ask for a recipe for happiness. All kinds of men who have done great things, priests, prophets, sages, have had in them something higher than the love of happiness to guide them. If I am asked what that something higher is, I cannot at once make answer. There is no name I can give for it but Pity. The higher thing was once named 'The Cross of Christ.'"

But we cannot idealize Pity and we cannot worship at the Cross without finding happiness! Unexpected and unsought joy is found in following him who went about doing good.

"Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

"For life is the mirror of King and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

DAILY: NEW YEAR SERMON

By Rev. M. B. Lamodin

Text: "A daily rate for every day." 2 Kings 25:30.

True religion is an every day affair, not something limited to special occasions and set times. As on the Sabbath, for instance, when one wends his way to church, apparently very pious and devout in outward countenance and carriage. Then back again on Monday in the swirl of business, politics, pleasure; where "the world, the flesh and the devil" crack the slave-driver's whip over him all the week through, with hardly a

moment left for Bible reading, prayer, and serious reflection. A religion that is the genuine article will be capitalized seven days in the week, 365 days in the year.

And it may be worth while to notice the insistent emphasis that the Bible puts on the term "daily," as it relates to the duties and obligations of the professed servant of God.

I. Daily prayer. "Be merciful unto me, O Lord; for I cry unto Thee daily." Psalm 86:3. We cannot live the Christian life aright, it is doubtful if we can live it at all, without this daily habit of prayer. For "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air." That busy man of affairs, the prime minister of the Medo-Persian empire, Daniel, felt the imperative importance of it, as he daily climbed the palace stairs to his chamber of prayer. The neglect of daily prayer is the hidden secret of many a sad trip into sin and fatal fall from grace.

II. Daily pardon. This fundamental truth stood at the very fore in the ceremonial teaching of the ancient Tabernacle and Temple service. "And thou shalt offer every day a bullock for a sin offering." Exodus 29:36. Not simply once a year, upon the Great Day of Atonement, but day by day was the smoke of a burning sacrifice for sin to ascend unto God. Daily are our spiritual garments defiled with the dust, the ashes and the grime of this sinful world, in our pilgrimage to Heaven. Daily, then, do we need the cleasing blood of "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

III. Daily food. "Give us this day our daily bread." Matt. 6:11. And this needed bread is no less spiritual than material, for "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." While we daily attend to the wants of the body, we must not be indifferent to the more important needs of the soul. Otherwise our spiritual nature will grow anaemic and dyspeptic. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

IV. Daily gratitude. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits." Psalm 68:19. No need to wait until the annual Thanksgiving Day to lump the thought of God's goodness towards us in one formal expression of gratitude. Every day should be Thanksgiving Day; and daily should the child of God be a walking doxology of praise, with the heart

question daily upon his lips, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Count your mercies, and let the spirit of gratitude fragrance your daily life.

V. Daily vigilance. "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Heb. 3:12, 13. Daily watchfulness against our soul enemies is demanded. For not only does our adversary, the devil, walk about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; but he also assumes the disguise of "an agel of light" in order to deceive and destroy. Be vigilant. Off guard we are in danger.

VI. Daily cross-bearing. "And he said unto them, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me." Luke 9:23. Not left to some notable day, when you are focused in the limelight of public observation, and to receive the popular applause for some heroic and self-denying act. But do it daily, in the thousand and one things, whether big or little, seen or unseen, that make up the sum total of your every day life. It is not the spectacular "stunt" before the grandstand and the bleachers that brings the divine acclaim, but the daily martyrdom, of which the world knows nothing and cares less. Christ knows; that is enough.

VII. Daily sanctification. "I die daily." I Cor. 15:31. Figuratively set forth in the sacrifice of "the whole burnt offering." "After this manner ye shall offer daily, throughout the seven days." Numbers 28:24. In the whole burnt offering, as distinguished from the sin offering, the entire sacrifice was consumed. This typified the complete consecration of the person, body, mind and soul, to God. "A sacrifice well-pleasing to him." Daily dying unto sin; daily living unto holiness. Day by day made more fit for the Master's use. Day by day better prepared for Heaven.

VIII. Daily strength. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33:25. You are not to be stocked up with strength in the bulk, to carry you through a long period of time, or a long stretch of journey. As the need, the supply. Strength day by day to plod the King's Highway to Zion; to fight the good fight of faith; to suffer loss and pain for Christ's sake; to perform the work to the which he has called you. "My God shall

supply all your need, according to his riches in grace by Christ Jesus."

IX. Daily use of the Bible. "These were more noble than those in Thessaalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." Acts 17:11. A good example and a fine incentive are set for us by these Berean converts. "Search the Scriptures" should be a daily motto; and to search it like those who dig into it "as for hid treasure." That man gets more wealth out of his gold mine who works it diligently every day, from Monday morning until Saturday night, than the one who merely scratches its surface one day in the week. The rich treasure veins of promise and invitation, warning and instruction, stimulus and hope, are in profuse abundance in the mine of Inspired Truth. And all ours for the daily digging.

X. Daily ingathering of believers. "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Acts 2:47. "And so were the churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily." Acts 16:5. These early Christians did not limit God's convicting and converting power in the salvation of sinners, as we moderns frequently do, to some special season or time of the year, and to stagnate in apathy and indifference for the rest of the twelve months, until the annual period arrives for starting another "Big Meeting."

That Apostolic Church was a veritable "Soul Winners' Society," that believed in daily going out after lost sinners with the sweet invitation, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Back to the apostolic method! would not be a bad slogan for the churches.

As we face the New Year, knowing not what it holds in store for each of us, nor whether we shall see its close, we could not do a better thing than to incorporate this daily type of religion into our profession and practice. "For the sanctification of the daily life means the sanctification of the whole life." And it is the only safeguard and guarantee against an unconscious drift into formalism of creed, with a glacier-like slide into worldliness of life, terminating in a final plunge into blank apostasy.

He who lives his daily life for God will live it forever above with God.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

(Talk to Children)

By Rev. James Learmount

A Happy New Year to you all! Realizing as I do that the future lies with the boys and girls of the present, and knowing what I mean by that wish in my own heart, I utter my greetings as a prayer. A new year is a new chance to help you to live good lives. All new things are interesting, and a new year not the least interesting among new things. It is a new chance and a new invitation to make a new start to do all things in a new and living way, with the help of God. For these reasons we say:

"Welcome, sweet baby year!
He does not speak, but smiling stands,
Untold treasures within his hands,
O, welcome, welcome, baby year!
But what do you bring for us, you dear?
We want glad hearts and contented minds,
What the richest monarch rarely finds;
Willing hands and ready feet,
Kindly words and tempers sweet;
Twelve month of happiness, work, and love,
Like a wee, wee bit of heaven above."

What a wonderful power that is we have. We say, "I will," or "I won't"—it is what we sometimes call the power to put our foot down and take a stand. Did you ever think how that power distinguishes us from the beasts of the field and places us at the head of all created things?

At this time many of us—I hope all of us—are using this power, and are making good resolutions as to what we are going to do and how we are going to do it in the year upon which we have just entered. Charles Lamb says that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Yer's Day.

At the beginning of the South African War we heard a good deal about the splendid shooting of the Boers on the battlefield —they took splendid aim, they meant to do something with every shot they fired. It has also been said of our English soldiers that they "made good practice." Both sides tried to do their

best. When we make good resolutions we do the same thing, we take aim—we mean to do something. You cannot do anything in life that is worth doing without taking aim; no, you cannot even play at a game of marbles successfully without it. Therefore, lest you should forget, I want you to make some good resolutions at once, I want you to carry them out at once—every day. "Well begun is half done."

Resolve I. "I will do no mean thing." In my earliest days I remember a copybook full of headings with straight lines. I did not find them to be so easy to make as they looked. I have found it hard through life always to make straight lines—to be honorable, and live above meannness and deceit. Yet it gets easier by practice; and to do a thing that conscience does not approve—a mean or base thing—becomes harder and harder. No shabby tricks to brothers and sisters and schoolmates this year, please. That is to be one of our marching orders.

"Curved is the line of Beauty,
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk in the last, and thou shalt see
The other ever follows thee."

Dr. Weldon, when any of the boys were leaving Harrow, used to say something like this to them: "Whether you are very clever or very popular does not matter much, but if it is known by those about you that you would not, for any consideration in the world, depart by a hair's-breadth from the strict line of honor, then there is nothing too hard for you in life." And of the boy or girl who will not do a base, unkind, mean, disgraceful thing, the same is true.

Resolve II. "I will love and serve Jesus." This is the highest and noblest resolve you will ever make. It is impossible to be mean and sinful so long as you really love Jesus. When that famous sailor, John Hawkins, set out from Plymouth in 1564, with four ships to the coast of Guinea, he issued orders to his men, and the first order was "to serve God daily." You can only serve God if you love him. It is said that when the late M. Gustave Dorè was busy painting the face of Jesus in one of his pictures, a lady friend visited his studio, and her attention was immediately riveted upon the face. As she stood there the artist from one corner of the room watched closely the eager face of

his lady friend. Suddenly turning around and facing the artist, she said: "M. Dorè, why do you look at me so anxiously?" "I wanted to watch the impression that face produced upon you—and I think you like it." "Yes, I do," she replied; "and do you know that I was thinking that you could not paint such a face of Christ unless you loved him." "Unless I loved him!" said Dorè. "Well, I trust I do, and that most sincerely—but as I love him more I shall paint him better." Yes, that is true; the more we love the better we serve. The old proverb is quite true: "He who has love in his heart has spurs in his side."

I want you to make these two resolves every morning before you say your prayers; then in your prayers ask God's help and blessing upon your efforts. Some years ago the first item in Punch Alamanac was this: "January 1. Good resolution-breaking begins." I hope it will not be so with you. Even if you do fail and break your good resolutions, begin again. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

NEW YEAR ILLUSTRATIONS

A New Year Presence

But let us not fail to recall that one great source of joy and peace and assurance is Christ's promise to be with us all the way. There is to be a New Year Presence—"Lo, I am with you alway."

I am reminded of an incident which is said to have happened one one of the battle fronts of the Great War. This incident shows the courage and sympathy of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy. In the midst of shell fire a lieutenant who had fallen, mortally wounded, called a soldier, gave him a few keepsakes to convey to his family, and then ordered him to fly. But the soldier tried to carry the lieutenant to a place of safety. Some gunners called to him through the infernal fire, "Save yourself! Save yourself!" But still he remained. In the distance a motor horn could be heard, and the whisper went round that the king had left the field. The soldier still struggled with the officer's body, but the lieutenant died in his arms. Flinging himself on the corpse, the young fellow exclaimed with tears: "Even the King has gone away!" Then a hand touched his shoulder. He shook himself, rose and stood at attention. "My dear boy,"

said the King, "the car has gone, but the King is still with you." And there they remained till the end of the day. The King is still with us! He promises to continue with us through this year and all the years.

I have read of a little boy who was sent on an errand. He was not a big boy, but a really little boy. About to start, he paused uncertainly in the doorway, "Mother," he said in troubled tones, "it's so far, and it's a new road to me; I—I'm not 'zactly afraid, but—couldn't you go a little way with me?" She caught the anxiousness of the childish appeal, and said quietly, "Mother'll go all the way with you, son." And so, his little brown hand in mother's, he walked the new way unafraid. As we stand at the beginning of the new, the unknown way, there is One ho stands at our side, and he says, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."

Making Beautiful Years

I have read of a a young girl who in tacking up a new wall calendar, bearing the unfamiliar figures of the New Year upon it, said, with a prophetic tone of assurance in her voice, "It is going to be a beautiful year." A friend standing by heard the girl's prediction concerning the nature of the coming year, and, being curious to know what was in her mind, she asked, "How do you know it is going to be a beautiful year? A year is a long time." "Well," she said, "a day isn't a long time, and I know it is going to be beautiful because I am going to take a day at a time to make it so. Years are only days, when you come right down to it, and I am going to see that every single one of these three hundred and sixty-five days gets at least one beautiful thing into it."

Of course, the girl prophesied out of the plan and purpose of her heart, which constitute the source and philosophy of each good day and year, and, likewise the secret of every beautiful life. Moreover, the incident serves to suggest the fact that each human life can be made beautiful, no matter what its environment may be. It also includes the very essence of David's prayer for means and methods by which to achieve the goal: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"Cornering" New Year Time

Men have cornered the stock market. They have cornered the wheat market. They probably have done wrong in doing so. But it is a good thing for each man to do, to decide in these opening days of the year to corner the time market. An apostle once commanded, "Redeem the time." That means purchase it, buy it up. But we are to buy it up in order to set it free for service and in service.

We may redeem the time, for one thing, in gaining useful knowledge.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Is not this suggestive of a valuable new year lesson? Corner your new year time. Chilo, one of the seven sages, was asked to say what is the hardest thing for a man to do. He replied: "To use and employ a man's time well."

Upon the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church at Washington lies the Bible from which John Wesley read his text to crowds and mobs, and in later years to more orderly congregations. It was printed in 1655, and is still in a good state of preservation. Upon the fly-leaf, in Mr. Wesley's handwriting, are the words, "Live to-day." Suggestive words: good New Year motto.

Saved "From Under" This Year

A man went swimming with some friends, after whom he plunged in without measuring the current. They got across, while he exhausted his strength in trying to stem the current; and when they came to his rescue he was about to sink. They each put a hand under him, and thus carried him safely ashore. Many people must be saved spiritually in that way—"from under." Jesus gets under souls utterly lost and saves from under. As we sometimes sing, "He Lifted Me." By the lever of this New Year he will lift into newness of life any struggling soul that will let go of sin, including the last rag of self-righteousness, and thus allow himself to be saved from under, which

means the last desperate chance. The call of this New Year will be the last appeal to many, while for others it will offer the last desperate chance for a new life.

Keeping On Year After Year

Workmen in bronze factories, as they labor upon the panels of massive doors, clean the surfaces, trim the edges, fill in the cavities, touch and retouch the outlines, shape and smooth and polish one part after another, and then go back and do the same thing over again. A visitor once said to one of the men, "I shouldn't think you would know when you were through with this work." "We are never through," was the workmen's reply, "so long as they will let us keep at it. We stop when they take the panels away. That's all the finishing there is to it." One of the hardest lessons to learn, is that we must go over our character year after year, cleaning, trimming, shaping, smoothing, polishing, touching and retouching. But what a holy joy it will be, if when He comes to take these characters away, they are "complete in him!"—I. Q. M.

A Transparent Slate

I once read a beautiful meaning to the text, "Leaving us an example that we should follow his steps" (1 Peter 11:21). "Let us," said the author, "write our lives over the life of Jesus." That gives the idea of a transparent slate, which even a wee child can trace out. So the Great Master comes to us and says, "Write your life over mine carefully and faithfully." Let us do it more carefully and more faithfully during this new year.

Make it Better

An old painter, of Sienna, after standing for a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, turned away, saying, "May God forgive me that I do not do it better!" May this prayer also be upon our lips, as with a glance backward we step out upon the threshold of this new year.

Last Year's Weak Points

A general, who had led his army a long and tedious journey through a wilderness, was about to encamp them for the night, when he received word that the enemy was planning to attack

him at a certain point. "Double guard that point to-night," was his order. If you want this year to be the best of your life, double guard all last year's weak points.

Don't Forget the Compass

A ship was wrecked. As the sailors were making their escape in small boats, suddenly two of them sprang overboard, swam back and entered the ship. They soon reappeared with something in their hands, and swam at great risk to their boats. They had forgotten to take their compass. As you set sail, Christian, into the great, unknown sea of the New Year, forget not to take with you God's compass, which contains sure and explicit directions, for it is his compass alone that will guide you to the safest harbors and the strongest fortified ports.

New Year Teaches the Value of Time

A London financier lost a fortune through missing a train by a fraction of a minute.

A Nebraska man lost a bride from the same cause. The young woman declared that she would rather remain single than be worried all her life by a man so slow as to be late at his own wedding.

Many another, through slight carelessness in keeping an appointment, has seen the opportunity of a lifetime slip away.

As cents are to dollars, so are minutes to hours, and the saving of both is a necessity for the attainment of success.

Let the New Year Day remind us and teach us the value of time.—H.

Having Christ in the New Year

While spending the day with a company of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills, a young woman picked up a bit of sweetbriar and stuck it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbriar was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about, the air seemed laden with the sweet smell. As the party went home on the boat the odor was still present, and she thought some one must have a bouquet of sweetbriar, never dreaming

that it was she who had it. When she went to her room that night, there was the sweetbriar tucked away in her dress, where she had carried it unconsciously all day. "How good it would be," she said to herself, as she closed her eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast, that every one I meet should seem lovely!"

Every beautiful life, because of its nature and essence, as in the case of the sweetbriar, possesses the inherent quality of sweetness, which is not sensed by the olfactory nerve, but by the discerning instinct of the soul, saved or unsaved. We may not be conscious of any beauty or life or fragrance of spirit in ourselves, but an experience of fellowship with Christ, to the effect that our life is hid with him in God, will keep us in conscious possession of the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and all the other good things promised in the gospel.

Let us take Christ with us into the New Year.

Our Treasury of Time

Benjamin Franklin was a printer, having no time for reading or study except such as he could command before and after each day's work was done, and such as he could save from the hours allotted to meals. He said, "Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things."

He could say with Cicero, "Even my leisure hours have their occupation." Cicero thought that many around him wasted time enough upon amusements to make them learned and influential, were it improved; and he said, "What others give to public shows and entertainments, to festivity, to amusements. nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy.—W. M. Thayer.

New Year Duty

Tolstoy asked a Russian peasant what he would do if he were told that to-morrow would be the Day of Judgment.

"I would plow," said the peasant—and it was the best answer in the world.

In Colonial times there was a "Dark Day." It seemed as if

the sun had forgotten to rise. People rushed to the churches to pray, for they believed the Last Day had come.

The Connecticut Legislature was in session. One trembling legislator moved an adjournment so that the members might prepare for the final smash.

"I move," said one whose name I forget, "that candles be brought so that we may go on with our work. If it is not the Day of Judgment we have no reason to adjourn. If it is the Day of Judgment, let it find us doing our duty."

Let the New Year find us doing our duty.—H.

New Year Motto

"They have a custom in certain parts of Africa," says a missionary, "of asking every chief for his losako or life motto. I met one day an old chief who asked for my losako. I repeated in the African language, 'Love the Lord with all thy heart,' then asked for his losako. The old chief slowly and reverently repeated, 'When you pass through the jungle be very careful to break a twig, that the next man can find his way.'"

New Year Wisdom From Old Year Failures

Some famous engine builders in this country were once asked if they ever had an explosion of one of their engines. They replied, "No, we have not. We wish we could, if no one were hurt. For we should like to know where the weakest part is." In great chain factories power machines are especially designed to make chains fail, so that the makers may know how and why and where the chain's weakest portions are. It is sometimes in the Christian life a distinct advantage to have learned by a failure. At least we may learn new year's wisdom from old year failures; we may get new year help from old year mistakes.

Saved by a Resolution

I remember reading that the late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull made it a rule of his life never to walk between the rails on a railway track. Once he was walking where there were a great many tracks, when suddenly he saw two trains rushing upon him from opposite directions. There was not a moment to think. He fell back on his previous resolution and stood still. His life was saved. The trains whizzed by on either side. He was, according

to his formerly-made resolution, between the tracks and not between the rails. The earlier resolution it was that saved him, when caught in a sudden peril. Just so, many a soul has been saved in the midst of a sudden and terrible onslaught of temptation—just by some fixed resolution that was formed in an hour of calm or of spiritual exaltation. People do talk jestingly of making new resolutions of good at the beginning of the year. But they jest with a sacred thing—a great pledged privilege which is in the very constitution of the year God has vouchsafed his children.—H.

Happiness in Self-Forgetfulness

Courtship is probably the time of young people's greatest happiness, and the reason is because each forgets "self" and thinks of "the other." The duet is perfect. It is harder, however, to be self-forgetful when one is singing a solo, and all others are cold and indifferent. Yet happiness is found even there. Thought for self is a canker that ruins joy. If you want to pile up trouble for yourself, get into the habit of thinking always about Number One. Here's a hint on how to have a happy New Year.—H.

New Year Harp Strings

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then one day a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eyes saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad and happy days?

"Oh, could the tender Christ but brush away
And o'er the slumbering tones His fingers sweep,

A world would pause to catch the echoing chord
Of music, wakened 'neath the touch of God."

At the beginning of this new year open your heart to Christ. Let him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with his skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the year. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Grow Some New Wood

When Longfellow was well along in years he was asked how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully. His reply was to point to a blooming apple-tree near by and say: "That apple-tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple-tree I try to grow a little new wood each year." Try it yourself as the New Year begins.

A Golden Gate of Opportunity

We are standing at the beautiful gate of the New Year. It is a door of opportunity. The shortness of life is to many a spur to intelligent and enthusiastic effort. It calls for conservation of strength. To others it is the excuse for dilatoriness and procrastination. During the war a soldier was tendered by the librarian of the camp a book and urged to learn to read it. He replied that he expetced to be killed anyhow and "didn't want nothin' on his mind." This was an exceptional fellow, for most all of the men wanted to be at their best even when making a sacrifice for liberty. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The divine tutorship is needed. Christ conserved his hours and finished his work. He is our example.

Steadied for the Year

One time Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce were walking together and speaking of the death of a mutual friend. "Bishop," said Carlyle suddenly, "have you a creed?" "Yes," was the answer to the other, "and the older I grow, the firmer that creed becomes under my feet. There is only one thing that staggers me." "What is that?" said Carlyle. "The slow progress that

creed seems to make in the world." Carlyle remained silent for a moment, and then said, slowly and seriously, "Ah, but if you have a creed, you can afford to wait."

The Mounting Spiral

It is marvelous to see an aeroplane mount the sky in one of the field trials, when the prize is offered to the aviator who can mount highest in the shortest time.

The aeroplanes start like birds, running along the ground and rushing upward into the sky, in long spiral sweeps, around and up. They are never far away or out of sight—just circling and rising above the field all the while, until they are mere specks, immeasurably aloft. The one that wins will probably be the one that rises highest without making too wide a sweep.

The mounting spiral is the ideal way of reaching the heights in other things as well as in aviation. One who insists that it "keeps one down" to travel in a small routine circle forgets that this circular movement can be linked with rising steadily. A round of cares can become a round of winged thoughts too. Greatness has always mounted by doing its daily tasks well and going upward at the same time.

So the thing to do is to get the mounting spiral into one's daily living. At first, of course, it isn't easy. Every aviator has to learn patiently, they say. But it can be mastered, and then comes the freedom of the sky.

Here is a thought for the New Year. Do your daily tasks well and mount upward at the same time. Get the mounting spiral into the daily living.—H.

Let Go. Let God

The story is told of a sculptor who worked on a piece of beautiful marble but only marred and spoiled it. He became discouraged and abandoned his work. Finally, the mutilated block of marble was rolled into the back yard, where it remained unnoticed for a long time, exposed to the weather and half-hidden by weeds and rubbish. But one day the famous Michael Angelo observed the marble and saw its possibilities. The result was the justly-admired statue of Young David, the Shepherd-lad, with sling in hand and stone in sling in the act of hurling the missile which laid Goliath low. But this beautiful statue was carved out of a block of marble that had been marred

and thrown aside as useless. Who will say that the great Master Artist of the Universe, the Divine Sculptor of human character, can not take our broken and imperfect selves and fashion them into something noble and beautiful if we will let him?

Now the practical question for each one of us is: Will we let him? Will you permit God to use this coming year as he thinks best? Will you put yourself completely at the service of the King, to do the King's business? Will you abandon worldliness and half-heartedness and be out-and-out loyal to him who has bought you with the price of his own blood?

The Year's Blessings

There is a beautiful device by which the Japanese are accustomed to express their wishes for their friends. It is the figure of a drum in which some birds have built their nest.

The story told of it is that once there lived a good king, so anxiously concerned for the welfare of his people that at the palace gate he set a drum, and whoever had any wrong to be redressed or any want, should beat the drum, and at once, by day or night, the king would grant the suppliant an audience and relief. But throughout the land there were such prosperity and contentment that none needed to appeal for anything, and the birds built their nest within the drum, and filled it with the music of their song.

Let us sound the drum of gratitude for the blessings of the year.—H.

Grow This Year

A secret for New Year happiness may be found in cultivating the ambition to grow larger this year. In an old fable there was a magic skin, the wearing of which would get a person everything he wished. But each wish that was granted shrank the skin; and by and by, when the wearer got what he wished, the skin squeezed his breath out. The fable is true. The magic skin is false ambition. Every time the false ambition is attained, the person shrinks. On the other hand, every time we promote a true ambition there is an expanding of the whole nature and an enriching of the whole being. There is happiness in it. Let us grow larger this year. Let us plan and resolve to do so.—H.

EPIPHANY (MISSIONS)

THE TRIUMPHS OF MISSIONS

By Rev. James T. Ford

Text: "Then shalt thou see and be radiant and thy heart shall thrill and be enlarged." Isa. 60: 5. (R. V.)

At Kittering, England, there was unveiled a bronze tablet in memory of William Carey which marked the date of modern missions, 1792. A little more than a hundred years ago this grandest movement of the ages began. On the tablet were engraved the two injunctions from Carey's sermon at Nottingham "Expect great things from God; and plan great things for God." From that hour the church has been growing up to that motto, and God has increasingly been granting wonderful results. Now the Church is putting on its strength and is going forth to conquer, and conquer as never before. Let us look swiftly at some of her triumphs.

You have noticed when viewing a great procession a straggling following of street gamins, drawn by the flying banners, the music, and the general enthusiasm. Well it is just so with this missionary triumphal procession. Along with millions of all nations blessed and saved and educated and healed and lifted up and ennobled are the street followers of trade and commerce, seeking for financial advantage. If the Esquimaux of Greenland and Labrador and Alaska vary their monotonous dish of fish and blubber with tinned meets from Chicago and Kansas City; if the natives of Equatoria insist on buying cotton sheeting that is stamped "America," and will take no other, our merchants and manufacturers instead of praising the consul or commercial traveler may thank the American missionary. Wherever he has gone the modern missionary has stood for progress and civilization. He has marched in the very van of history. The missionaries have proved themselves the pioneers of modern civilization.

But all these results that men lay such store by, are only the ragtag of the triumphal procession which is wending its way out of moral darkness into the splendid light of the cross, and is marching up and onward, a vast host of redeemed souls. Behold

now the immediate results of missions the vanguard of the procession, see them coming! 2600 men and women who were admitted to the church on missionary fields on one Sunday of last year. See them! more than two and one-half regiments of one thousand each; enough to fill a great church; these are followed by another host of 2600 admitted to church membership on mission fields on the next Sunday, and another and another host each twenty-six hundred strong for each of the fifty-two Sundays of the year. What a spectacle! All nations, all languages, all colors, all garbs! A wonderful sight for angels as well as men. Then behind these see the great rulers of the world. There is the King of England in the act of giving a Bible to an African king. Queen Victoria gave a Bible years ago to an African king, the father of this king. There is President Taft making speeches in favor of missions and declaring that every mission station is a nucleus of civilization in the midst of moral and civil darkness. There is Theodore Roosevelt preaching at Nairobi, East Africa, and telling the people, "I believe in helping the missionary of whatever creed who is working sincerely and disinterestedly with practical good sense," and going to Kaijabi and laying the corner stone of a mission church and of a school building and declaring that, "the work of the missionary in education is most important."

But see these young people, young men and women, thousands of them. Who are they? These are "Student Volunteers," young people who stand ready to go to the foreign field when they have completed their education and are called. What a triumph of missions! They have laid aside all that the world holds alluring and are the world's conquerors. But here comes another band of several thousand, who are they? Those are young people who have actually gone from the ranks of the Student Volunteers from the time the Student Volunteer movement began, and they are numbered by the thousand—many thousands. What a triumph! Regiments of young men and women casting home and friends and self behind them for Christ and humanity. Now can you imagine any consecration or self-sacrifice or heroism greater than that made by these thousands of young people? Oh, this is a splendid triumph of missions. These have quietly subscribed their names and unostentatiously taken their places under the banner of the cross. They have heard the voice of the great leader, their crucified Saviour, saying: "Go ye into all the

world and preach the gospel to every creature," and they have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision.

But who are these that follow them? Notice them! They are the parents of these young missionaries who have dedicated these their children to the Lord. Who can tell the pain of the sundering of the natural ties of mother love and father love?

Hear the story which the late Dr. Chamberlain of India told of the sacrifice made by his parents, and remember it is equally true of thousands of fathers and mothers to-day, and then count this spirit as one of the triumphs of missions. He says: "For months there was hardly a waking hour when the subject was not present with me, as to my duty to my parents and to the heathen, and most earnestly did I pray over it, and finally I came to the conclusion that if my father felt that after all my plans and preparation he could willingly give me up, I would decide to be myself a missionary. His father was sick at the time and lying on his bed. The young man told him his heart's desire. When he had finished he said: 'Now, father, what do you think about it? I know my filial duty stands in the forefront, and I must not weigh that too lightly, but do you think you could willingly give me up? I have passed my examination and entered college. Shall I make my course look toward being a scientific farmer, and make a home for you and mother, or shall I begin to prepare to be a missionary?' Gazing at me lovingly and earnestly, he replied: 'My son, for months I have known that you were thinking over this subject, and many a night I have lain awake long hours in prayer that if God showed it to you to be a missionary, he would give me grace to say Yes, and he has given me the victory. No heathen shall face me in the judgment and tell me that I prevented a son of mine from going and telling them of Jesus Christ as their Saviour from sin. Go, and your father's blessing will go with you, and we will trust God to take care of your mother and me.'" This I say is but one instance of the sacrifice and self-denial made and now making by thousands of parents in the church to-day. Behold in all such Christian homes a wonderful triumph of missions in the parental heart. The promise to the church is being verified, "Then shalt thou see and be radiant and thy heart shall thrill and be enlarged."

But see these seventeen or eighteen regiments of veteran missionaries! Among them are some of the greatest heroes of the world.

During the fierce Boxer uprising in China when missionaries and their converts were being murdered with awful outrages at one of the port cities a British admiral offered to safeguard all the missionaries and their wives by taking them on his battleship. But he could not take the defenceless converts, who would then be left like lambs to the fury of the wolves. After prayer and deliberation the missionaries decided to remain by the defenceless flock. "Gentlemen," said the admiral, "your courage is magnificent. Men have received the Victoria Cross for less heroism than yours." Some years ago five of our missionaries were murdered at Lien Chou, Southern China. Chapels, hospitals, and schools were destroyed by a blood-thirsty mob. When the news reached Princeton University that one from their number was among the slain, immediately several men offered to take the place of the murdered graduate, Mr. Peal; and a year later a new band of devoted men and women was sent to reopen the station.

Now I want to give you an instance of an altogether different kind of triumph, but a mighty triumph all the same. It is told by Rev. S. E. Stokes, Jr. He is a missionary in India. The plague had come near his district. He says: "It seemed as if something might be accomplished if I were to go into one of the infected villages and there try to help the people. So I took a blanket, a water vessel, a few medicines, and my New Testament." He went to a great banyan tree and lay down waiting for the head man of the village to visit and invite him. He came, inquired the reason of the visit and gave permission to go only among the sick of the lowest class and doctor them. This he did, always returning at evening to his blanket and place under the banyan tree. One evening one of the head men came and shouted to him to come over to his booth. He says: "I obeyed. When I arrived at the place where he stood he looked contemptuously at me and ordered me to follow him. Wondering what this change of manner could mean I obeyed him. When I arrived at his booth a large number of men assembled and some began to laugh boisterously, and some to sneer. This seemed very strange, for Hindoos, as a rule, are most courteous. Some one called out, 'Get him something to eat.' Others said, 'No, let him eat with the sweepers.' At last they brought a filthy old brass dish and, throwing it at my feet, ordered me to wash it. Much puzzled I obeyed, and when I returned it they threw stale food in the plate and ordered me to eat. I did

so while they stood about and stared at me. They kept up this treatment for three days and seemed to enjoy nothing so much as insulting and ordering me about. The thought that Jesus had been misunderstood and set at naught and spat upon always held me back, and filled me with a desire to imitate his gentleness and patience." Finally when they found out that Mr. Stokes bore them no resentment, but was patient and loving, the head man explained the reason for their conduct. It was simply to test him, and then this head man, laying his turban at the feet of the missionary, said: "Mahara (meaning Great Teacher), now we know you are truly a teacher come from God." From that moment the whole village sat at his feet and could not do enough for him. I pray you to believe this instance of self-effacement is only one of many.

See this hut made of woven stocks. In this hut (recently restored) Dr. Livingstone died. Stanley begged of him to go home, for, said he, "All England is waiting to honor you." "No, no," answered Livingstone, "to be knighted, as you say, by the Queen, welcomed by thousands of admirers—yes, but impossible. I must finish my task;" and there in the wilds of Africa the missionary stayed and continued his work till one morning his men found him dead on his knees in the attitude of prayer, with his open Bible before him.

But there is another class of triumphs of missions in the hearts and lives of converts from heathenism. A correspondent of the London Daily Mail writes this account: "One day I stood outside the compound of Mr. Tuly, the agent of the British and Foreign Society of Mukden, and looked at a pleasant-faced elderly Chinese Bible-woman talking with and selling books to a crowd of natives around her. The woman's story was an exciting one. Some years ago there was an anti-foreign movement in Northern China. The Boxers at Mukden determined to make an end of Christianity. They broke up the mission homes with the most ghastly accompaniments of torture and shame. They especially resolved to lay hold of this Bible woman, for she had been so active and successful that all knew of her. At last they caught her, with two nieces. The three women were thrown into a springless Chinese cart, and surrounded by a howling mob were led toward the center of Mukden, where they were to be outraged, tortured and killed. The two nieces were crying bitterly, and the old

woman turned to one of them and spoke very earnestly, "Why should we cry," she said. "Let us pray! God will help us!" She herself prayed, and soon her nieces joined her. Their tears ceased. There was not a tremble or a tear from them. Soon an uneasy sense of awe came over the Boxers. Why were not these women afraid? One man suggested that some spirits were guarding them, and another spoke fearfully of the dangers that would fall on those that offended the spirits, while others shouted for vengeance. As the cart moved under the shadow of the city walls a Chinese gentleman well known in the locality rode by in state. He cast his eye over the women. "What fools you Boxers are," he said, "to kill those women when they might be sold for gold or silver. I will buy them of you." The Boxers already uneasy saw a way out of their difficulty. The women, bound as they were, were tossed into the gentleman's cart and driven out into the country. At a safe distance he unbound them and said, "Now you can go where you please."

I could tell you a story of a young man among the Mohammedans of India, who for the sake of Christ fled from home because his father threatened to shoot him and did actually follow him to the mission compound to carry out his threat, but seeing the manner of the lives of the misionaries at last relented and himself became a Christian through his son's heroic life.

These are but a few instances, but the pages of missionary literature are full of such, and the real history of the Christian Church in foreign lands gives thousands upon thousands of instances of consecration and heroism unto the death or a trial worse than death by the heathen converts.

THE WORLD HABIT

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D. D.

Text: "The field is the world." Matt. 13: 38.

The Bible is a world book. God is the God of all the people in the world. Jesus is the Redeemer of the whole world. It is impossible for us to think of him as shutting up his salvation to a particular race or to a corner of the globe. Nothing short of world-wide love and world-wide conquest satisfies the Son of God.

The Bible is alive with references to the world as the field of redemption and action. When we stop to think that the writers

were for the most part members of an exclusive nationality and were considered a people set apart from other nations, it is astonishing how wide their vision was of God's thought. This, of course, was due to the power and illumination of the Spirit of God, which would not permit the writers of the New Testament, especially, to have a narrow view of the mercy of a Heavenly Father of all mankind.

The sentences that speak of this world-wide view are a part of almost every part of the New Testament: As follows:

"Ye are the light of the world." "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world." "He was in the world and the world was made by him." "For God so loved the world." "The Bread of God is he that giveth life to the world." "That the world through him might be saved." "He is the Christ, the Saviour of the world." "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." "Your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world." "God in Christ reconciling the world to himself." "Do ye not know that saints shall judge the world?"

I. It is this world habit, taught by Christ and his disciples, that our age is impressing on our thought as no age has done since the Bible writers first caught the vision of the world as the "field" of conquest for God. At no time in all history have we had the truth so emphasized that it is the whole world in the care of a Divine Historian, and the human part to act is ours to "go into all the world" and make disciples of the nations.

It is a mark of a narrow and selfish mind and heart to despise other people of other races, and to be indifferent to them. Even some great minds, as men count greatness, have not been free from this weakness. It is told by one who was present that at a dinner of the Royal Academy in London, Thackeray and Carlyle were guests, and at the table the talk among the artists around them turned on Titian. "One fact about him," a painter said, "is his glorious coloring." "And his glorious drawing is another fact about Titian," put in a second. Then one added one thing in praise and another, until Carlyle interrupted them to say with egotistic emphasis and deliberation: "And here sit I, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian, and cares

nothing about Titian—and that's another fact about Titian!" But Thackeray bowed gravely to his fellow-guests. "Pardon me," he said, "that is not a fact about Titian. It is a fact—a very lamentable fact—about Thomas Carlyle!"

Surely Thackeray was right in his judgment of the great writer and historian. For it is not a mark of a really great man to despise any other man, simply because he is not interested in him, or knows nothing about him.

II. It is well for us to remember, when we are trying to acquire the World Habit, what we owe to the other peoples of the world, taking not the worst, but the best we can find from their nationality. The great Chinese people have taught the world the lessons of labor, patience, and, to a great degree, trustworthiness. The Chinese merchant in America is regarded by American merchants as truly dependable. All China is industrious. Labor is the common lot and patience is born in the hearts of the people.

From the Japanese the world has learned the same lesson of industry and economy of living, and also some of the most beautiful things in art and horticulture.

Russia, the great giant, mysterious and chaotic, as she is at the present time with her political differences, struggling in the throes of civil and industrial warfare, has within her great things, and among them a love of liberty, a passion that has sent thousands to Siberia to die. How many of America's educated and refined men and women are there who would sacrifice all they hold dear, to be banished from home and fortune for the sake of political liberty? And with all the rest, Russia has given the world a mighty literature. Any race that can produce a Tolstoy is a race that has in it the germ of mighty things to come.

France has taught the lesson of thrift and art and courage. With all her faults (and we are not hunting for those in this sermon), France has had many things in her life that have proved a blessing to the world, and her Christian martyrs have shown the world as fine examples of devotion to Christ and his teaching as any in all the annals of man.

Great Britain has stood for centuries for human liberty and religious freedom and order. The Pilgrims came from England. Our founders of the free churches and the school system were Englishmen. The Non-conformist conscience of Great Britain is

the heritage of freedom-loving Scotchmen like John Knox and freedom-loving Englishmen like Oliver Cromwell.

We think, sometimes, that the despised races cannot tell us anything or teach us any lessons. But the Negro, only about half a century out of slavery, has a mighty lesson to give us. He has stood through his oppression as an example of unequaled optimism. The Negro has always been religious. There is hardly an instance of an atheist in the whole history of the Negro people. With all the rest, what do we owe to him for his gift of music and, his patience under slavery, never rising in insurrection, not an agitator, nor a Bolshevist, but a man of obedience, for the most part, and ready to do his part in times of need for the country which he is proud to call his own?

The American Indian can teach us the lesson of religious reverence, even in his simple and, as we think, mistaken ideas of worship. And his characteristic keeping of his word, and his wonderful, and in some instances, unapproachable fashioning of art in rug weaving and painting, are a part of his contribution to the world's enjoyment.

From the people of India the world has learned whatever is worth imitating of patience and quietness and the wonders of architecture and art.

From America we are in the habit of giving as our heritage to the world's betterment, our struggle for human government, our educational and religious freedom and our attempts to teach the better way in social and political progress. Stumbling along the road of happiness and democracy, but rising and going on—at least a righteous and passionate number trying to put into practice on this continent some of the lessons the Pilgrim Fathers taught us in the beginnings of our national history.

III. The World Habit, which Jesus taught and which we ought to learn for our own enlargement of life, is the habit needed right now in our national history more than any other. We can never fit ourselves to be messengers of salvation to all the nations and make disciples of them unless we believe with all our hearts that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The very heart of missions is in the World Habit. If men and women of other nations are not worth saving, then we will

not make any effort to save them, but go on making all the world revolve around our miserable little circle of self-seeking; making of the world, not a sphere, but a flat plain ending where the sky touches the ground, but seeing no farther over the circle of the great round earth. As one has so well said in a summing up of "The Great Adventure" of life:

"Can man make a step beyond solitary savagery without giving up a portion of his independence, and submitting part of his conduct to regulation by others? That is involved if he lives near a neighbor, makes a friend, marries a wife, generates a child, lives in a community, enters a friend's house, takes a partner, joins a club at church, defends his country, in short, is civilized. And the wider and deeper his interests, the more of his independence he must give up for the sake of them. On the other hand, in all wise adjustments, what independence one party gives up for the benefit of all is much more than returned to him in the same sacrifices made by others for him."

In other words, the only hope for the universe, is, that after the teaching and example of the Master, we should acquire the habit of thinking of the whole world as our dwelling-place, and the different races in it as our Brothers and Sisters in the mighty Family of God.

The strength of the Interchurch World Movement was in the use of the word "World." Without that, it would have been like any sectarian or selfish movement. "The field is the world," said the Master, through Whom it was brought into being. "Go ye into all the world," is his last and first command to this generation.

Happy shall we be as a nation and a people if we listen to that divine command and acquire the World Habit of thought and action, until the "Earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

It is not possible to think of Jesus as a partisan in politics or a sectarian in religion. He is the Man of all the ages and all the races. Painters of all nations give him the features of their own people. He is a world character, a world citizen, a world Redeemer. The thought of his universal touch on all mankind stimulates our imagination and inspires our passion to be something more than narrow-minded men and women politically and religiously. Let us acquire the World Habit which Jesus had. It will broaden our

vision and enrich our souls. The World needs Jesus. Nothing but the World will satisfy him. And nothing but a world program will satisfy our own best life.

"Christ for the World! The World for him!
All down the ages sounds the cry;
Though hearts grow faint, and Faith glows dim,
Around the earth's encircling rim
His power shall reach Humanity."

COME: TARRY: GO

By Rev. Edgar De Witt Jones, D. D.

Text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor." Matt. 11: 28. "Tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high." Luke 24: 49. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Mark 16: 15.

These familiar passages of Scripture contain what I believe to be the three great verbs of the Gospel.

The study of the parts of speech is of itself fascinating. Verbs are the very life-blood of language, since they describe action either being or stated. According to one spiritual teacher, the three great verbs of life are "to know," "to do," and "to be." That is well summarized, and it is profitable to remember that Jesus taught that, in order to know the doctrine of God, we have but to do his will, and in doing his will we come to be like him, our Lord and Saviour.

There are three great verbs of the Christian life.

I. The first of these is "Come." Six hundred and forty-two times the word "come" occurs in the Holy Scriptures. But the use of the word which interests us especially is Christ's "come," and the most precious of all the verses in which Jesus' "come" is found is that recorded by Matthew: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Come"—that was Jesus' word to his disciples, calling them away from their former activities to him and a new life; "come"—this was his word to John and James, to Peter and Andrew, calling them away from the boats and nets to become fishers of men; "come"—this was his word to Matthew Levi sitting at the seat of customs; "come"—this was his word to Zaccheus the publican, to the rich

young ruler, to every one of the twelve disciples, to the Seventy; and on the great day of Pentecost and ever since his word to all humanity is, "Come unto me."

Come. This is the initial act, the first approach to a life companionship with the Saviour. The process of this coming is usually spoken of as "conversion"; sometimes, and inaccurately, as "joining the church." The process of this coming, as recorded in the book of Acts, indicated in the Gospels, and alluded to in the Epistles, is by way of faith and penitence, and by confession in word of mouth, and by baptism. This experience of coming to Christ is epochal in the lives of men and women, and few there are who can ever forget the day and hour that they responded to the Gospel invitation. The manner of the coming may differ, and the experience is one and the same. Some there are who came in the simplicity and quiet of a rural church, some amid the enthusiasm and deeply stirred emotions of a great revival. Some came as little children, unacquainted with sin; some from the depths of despair, having paid the sure wages of sin. And some came in the full splendor of young manhood and young womanhood, and others—but not many—in the twilight years and bent with the burden of old age.

In a church at Copenhagen stands the famous statue by Thorwaldsen, picturing in marble the world's Saviour in the very act of extending the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A great scholar came from afar to see this statue and surveyed it critically. What he saw did not seem to satisfy him. A little child, noticing his disappointed face, made bold to address him. "You must go close to it, sir. You must kneel down and look up into his face." The stranger followed the advice of the child, and kneeling there was rewarded by a view of the sculptured face of the Christ so melting in tenderness that it greatly touched his heart. Ah, how impossible it is to come to Christ with pride and the spirit of haughtiness!

"Come"—this is the great verb of the Gospel. The invitation is from the Saviour himself, and it is extended to all who have not yet made him the Christ of their souls.

II. The second great verb of the Christian life is "Tarry." Having called his disciples to him, Jesus' next word to them was to abide with him, to tarry, to remain, for a season at his side. First, they were called to him; secondly, they were bidden to

tarry with him. And the three years they tarried in the company of Jesus he prepared them for their work. They were in training, so to speak. They were going to school to the Master of them all. The tarrying process is that of learning. "Come unto me," said Jesus, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Take my yoke and learn of me." The disciples tarried with Christ that they might learn of him. One must of necessity be a learner before he can become a teacher. Before one can give out anything he has to be filled. Communion precedes communication. When the Twelve were called to Jesus that they might learn of him, they were not remarkably promising teachers; they were empty, but Christ filled them; they were ignorant, but he taught them; they w ere weak, he made them strong; they were wavering, he made them stable. It is not enough to come in the great, initial act of allegiance to Christ; but having come, one must needs tarry and learn of him.

To read the Scriptures and to pray in private is to tarry with him. To reflect upon the goodness of God, to meditate upon the teachings of Christ, to keep the silent hour and commune with the Father in the fellowship of prayer—this is tarrying with the Lord. After Jesus' baptism in the river Jordan, in which he received the approval of the Father, he withdrew for forty days of meditation in the wilderness. After Saul's conversion on the Damascus way, a period elapsed when he disappeared from public life. He seems to have spent three years in Arabia meditating, reflecting, tarrying with his Lord. The potency of private devotions, even for brief periods, is exceeding great.

Faithful attendance at church service is a process of tarrying full of possibilities. The hymns of faith, the public prayer, the reading of the Holy Scriptures, the Communion of the Lord's Supper, these are all designed to conduct the worshiper to the very heart of God. To enter into such a service with mind and heart in accord is to tarry with the Lord. On the birthday of the church, that memorable Pentecost in Jerusalem, three thousand came to Christ as Lord and Saviour, and then, having come, they tarried. The forty-second verse of the second chapter of Acts reads, "They continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers." "They continued," that is, they tarried; and this is important; for while they tarried they were learning and while they were learning

they were in course of training for active Christian ministrations. The church, "the called together," closely resembles a school. The teaching function blends with the devotional in the ideal service of the house of God. Through tarrying with the Lord comes power; power with God and man. Some there are who, having come to Christ in the initial act of baptism, go no further; they do not care to tarry; they do not regard it as necessary; or if they tarry, it is but for a brief season, and then they disappear from the services in the house of God.

Every age has had great need to tarry with the Lord, particularly our own age. We are not given to reflection, and we like much the clamor and confusion of the crowd. We may not exactly despise the cloister, but we certainly depreciate it.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That is the first invitation of Jesus. The second is, "Tarry ye until ye be clothed with power from on high."

III. "Go." To come to Jesus is not enough. To tarry with him is not all. Having called his disciples to him, they companied with him for a season; then Jesus sent them out. The Twelve were disciples or learners before they were apostles or missionaries. They were called to him that they might be trained of him in order to be sent out by him. He sent out the Twelve to teach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick. They went out two and two, teaching what they had learned of him, blessing and doing good to all who would receive him. Jesus sent out the Seventy; he sent them out, two and two before his face, into every city and place whither he himself was about to come. The calling of his disciples and their tarrying with him was but preparatory for actual service in his name. The parting command of Jesus to his disciples and to all who become his disciples is, "Go, make disciples of all nations, preach the Gospel to every creature."

It is an historic fact that the early church was slow to heed this command, "Go." The mother church in Jerusalem was perfectly content to tarry, and to tarry all the while. Its members had heeded the first great command, "Come." They had obeyed the second, "Tarry." But not the third, "Go." That large body which composed the mother church were enraptured with worship and praise and fellowship one with another. For the larger part they were kind and benevolent, but they were not missionaries.

They were singularly unmindful of the great world beyond Jerusalem into which they were commanded to go. So it came about that persecution of the Jerusalem church arose, and its members were scattered to the four winds. That persecution was a blessing in disguise, for the members of the Jersualem church were scattered and went everywhere preaching the Word.

Many of our modern churches resemble the mother church in that we are loath to heed the command to "Go." It is easy to make ourselves believe that church attendance is an end in itself. It is pleasant to think of church service as expressly given to contribute to our comfort and entertainment. Beautiful singing, eloquent preaching, impressive rituals, and spacious edifices have their uses; but when these are conceived as a goal in themselves, church attendance may become the quintessence of selfishness. Christians are called together in the church service in order that they may make disciples of the community, the state, the nation, the world.

A church service that results only in pleasing the attendants, making them feel comfortable and satisfied, is a tragic failure and a travesty on the purpose of the church in the mind of its Founder. If one can sit week after week, and listen to high ideals that he has not yet attained to, and which he never attempts to reach, then his sin of inactivity is greater than if he did not hear or listen at all to such admonitions.

In his profitable little volume entitled, "Prayer Changes Things," Mr. S. D. Gordon imagines a conversation between Christ and the angel Gabriel, soon after the Ascension. Gabriel is asking Jesus what plans he had made to let all the world know how he lived and died and rose again. And the Master is supposed to reply: "I asked Peter and James and John, and some more of them down there, just to go and make it the business of their lives to tell the others. And the others are to tell others, and the others yet others, and still others beyond, till the last man in the farthest reach has heard the story and has been caught, thrilled and thralled by the power of it." But Gabriel looks as if he could see difficulty in the Master's plan, and he says, "Yes, Master, suppose after a while Peter forgets. Suppose John loses his enthusiasm and simply doesn't tell the others. Suppose their successors away down there in the twentieth century get so busy about things, some of them good things—church things maybe—

suppose they get so busy that they do not tell the others. What then?" And back came that quiet voice of the Lord Jesus. He says, "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans. I am counting on them."

"Come!" "Tarry!" "Go!" These are the three great verbs of the Gospel. They are in the imperative mood. They are commands. They are to be obeyed by loyal disciples everywhere. Come to Christ. Tarry to learn of him. Then go tell others of the Saviour of the world.

MISSIONARY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Message Delivered

A mere lad in the army overseas, was rather hard to manage because of his failure to respond readily to discipline. But when the time came for him to do actual service, he suddenly developed into a man. On the last day of the great war he had to go out twice in the face of the enemy fire, but both times came back and saluted with these words: "Captain, your message was delivered."

We are entrusted with a message to the nations, and there are many places in the far-flung battleline where to deliver it is to do so in the face of the enemy's fire. There will come a day when we will go out for the last time, and at the end of the day report to our Captain, who said, "Go ye." Shall we be able to say, as did the lad: "Captain, your message was delivered"?

Is Your Wing Broken?

Maltbie D. Babcock said, "I tell you, my fellow-Christians, your love has a broken wing if it cannot fly across the ocean." Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Apply to Your Mission Offering

"Here's a nickel for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me." "Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"

Indian Converts

A party of white men were on a hunting and fishing expedition among the Hudson Bay Indians. A boat was overturned and two of the party were drowned. As it was impossible to send the bodies to relatives, coffins were made and graves dug. When the Christian Indians saw that they were going to bury the men without even a prayer, they protested, asking if white men buried their dead like dogs. None of the white men could pray, so the Indians conducted a simple but impressive burial service. One of the white men was so touched by the incident that he gave his heart to God.

One of Them

The story is told of a certain man who did not approve of foreign missions. One Sabbath, at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached and held out the collection box. The man shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen."

More Gospel, Less Rum

The first letter written in English by a native of the Congo was written to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was this, and surely there is a lesson in it for Christendom: "Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ: Greeting. The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more gospel and less rum. In the bond of Christ. Ugalla."

They Have Souls

One of the denizens of "Hell's Kitchen," Manhattan, remarked upon hearing the gospel for the first time, "Something ought to be done for us fellers"; and he was right.

An Investor

One day a boy said to his mother: "I am going down to the church tonight to hear the missionary from Africa, for when he was here before I gave him five cents, and I want to know what he has done with it." We should give intelligently, and follow up our gifts with our interest.

The Disease: The Cure

Gideon Ouseley, telling of his call to preach, would say, as Mr. Hay tells, "The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the gospel!'" But he so felt his ignorance and unworthiness that he pleaded, "Lord, I am a poor ignorant creature. How can I go?" Then it would rush into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "Oh, yes, Lord, I do." "And do you know the cure?" "Oh, yes, glory be to thy name! I do." "Go then and tell them these two things, the disease and the cure; never mind the rest; the rest is only talk."—From Life of Gideon Ousely, by W. Arthur.

Willing Givers?

Church officers who are beginning to consider budget plans for the ecclesiastical year, which generally does not begin until Autumn, will appreciate the story recently heard of a farmer and his cow: "Does your cow voluntarily give much milk?" asked a summer boarder. "Well," replied the farmer, "I can't just say how voluntary it is. If we can get her headed into a corner, and tie her there while an active, able-bodied man gets hold of her, she'll yield up considerable."

His Permit

In Korea, the Japanese officials now require all mission-workers to be registered. A policeman stopped one of the Bible Society colporteurs and asked for his permit. "Here it is," said the colporteur, opening the last chapter of Mark, and pointing to the words of the Great Commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." He was allowed to pass on.

Too Cheap

Do not make yourself too cheap. A noted artist lately offended his Government and a reward was placed on his head. He was greatly offended, for the price was so small. The old offer, "a penny for your thoughts," was no compliment to the mental grist of the grinder. If you want to keep humble over your missionary benevolences, sit down and make an exact memorandum of what you have given, and then compare that with some of your other expenses of indulgences. Do not make yourself too cheap.

How Long?

An English preacher asked some British soldiers, "If Queen Victoria were to issue a proclamation, and, placing it in the hands of her army and navy, were to say, 'Go into all the world, and proclaim it to every creature,' how long do you think it would take you to do it?" One of these men, accustomed to obeying orders without delay, and at peril of life, replied, "Well, I think we could manage it in about eighteen months."—Richard Montague.

Paid in Full

Donald and four grown-up relatives attended divine service one Sabbath morning. Donald selected the aisle seat, and when the missionary contribution plate was passed deposited in it the combined offerings of his family. The vestryman, not realizing this, moved as though to pass the plate to the others in the pew, when he was arrested by a highly-pitched, distinctly audible stage whisper announcing: "I paid for five."

Home Help

Phillips Brooks was once asked, "What is the first thing you would do if you had accepted a call to become the rector of a small, discouraged congregation that is not even meeting its current expenses?" "The first thing I would do," he replied, "would be to preach a sermon on and ask the congregation to make an offering for foreign misions." Phillips Brooks was never called to that kind of church, but many pastors and congregations today are proving in their own experience that the best way to keep out of debt, develop a healthy church, serve the local community, is to adopt a world missionary policy and make offerings for carrying the message of Christ into all the world.

Another Man's Business

Sir William Macgregor, whose unflagging zeal for humanity in many parts of the globe has done so much for the cause of Christianity, once discussed with me the relatively rapid progress of Mohemmedanism in West Africa as compared with that of Christianity. "It's just this," he said, "every Mohammedan regards himself as a missionary; the majority of Christians think it is another man's work."—Bishop Frodsham.

It Illustrates

Said a beautifully-dressed woman to her pastor, "Did you see my two new diamond rings which I received for my Christmas present?" "Yes," said her pastor, "I saw them when you dropped that dime in the missionary collection plate." Perhaps that story is apocryphal. Probably it is. But it illustrates.

Let the Druggist Give It!

Mr. Brown, the boarder, gave the little girl of the family a dime. Later the little girl went walking with her mother. Passing a drug store the little girl said, "Come, mamma, let's go in and get a soda." Said the mother, "How can you pay for it?" The daughter said, "I have a dime Mr. Brown gave me." Said the mother, "Why not keep it and give it to missions?" Said the little daughter, "I thought of that too, but decided to let the druggist give it!"

Giving to Christ's Cause

There is a story of a Belgian soldier in the hospital with both legs cut off. A visitor said to him, "Are you sorry you fought?"

"No," he replied. "I wanted to offer my life for my beloved country, but I got a chance to give only a little."

"But," remonstrated the visitor, "you must not disparage what you have done; you have lost both your legs."

"I did not lose them," said the man simply, "I gave them."

A great many of us consider what we do and what we contribute as so much lost; we sort of have to do it, can't well get out of it, the way we are situated; but it does not occur to us that it is so much gained instead.—Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D.

The Narrow Vision

A man of great wealth lay upon his dying bed. His daughter was pleading with him to endow a chair in the college she was attending. The pledge was made out, and agreed upon by all the family. The sick man took the pen, then, torn with emotion, he laid it down, saying: "I can't do it. I have had the money too long. I simply must keep it. I suppose I shall go into my grave with it. Oh, that I had had a different training and a different vision! I want to do it, but my will will not let me."

We need a different vision—a vision from lifting up the eyes and looking on the fields—wide fields, white all ready to the harvest.

Made Heirs Pay

A wealthy merchant in his age took a trip to California and with his estimable wife enjoyed a trip to that floral paradise. When asked, "What did it cost?" he replied, "It did not cost me a cent. I made my heirs pay the bill." Yes, he will have perhaps a few dollars less on which the attorneys will calculate the income tax, but it will not modify by a cent the proper expenditure during his natural lifetime. Why do not other thoughtful folk regulate their expense account accordingly?

A few years ago a well-to-do man died, and as his heirs figured up the total and rapidly divided it by the proper figures, a nephew sighed as he thought of his $250 legacy and exclaimed, "I'll blow that in some night." Why did not the rich uncle just put such a check in the collection plate for missions or send it to the Tract Society or help an orphan to an education rather than encourage a fast dude to a frolic on the Great White Way, a road the departed never trod? O, if the old fathers could crawl out of the grave and revisit the offices and look over the check books of their descendants, money would be plenty in the Mission Board and church treasuries, debts cancelled, work advanced, and the Kingdom of Christ hastened.

"We Don't Have to Come Back"

In a storm off Diamond Shoals a ship was foundering in the great waves. Captain Pat. Etheridge got the lifeboat ready, but the crew hesitated in face of the fearful peril. "Captain Pat," said one, "it's no use with that wind. We can launch the boat, and we can reach the ship, but we can never come back." "Boys," said the old hero, "we don't have to come back." They launched the boat, reached the wreck, took off the survivors, and after nine hours of terriffic work got back to the station. It is this heroic sense that moves our missionaries. They hear the command "Go." They hear the command "Preach." They do not feel that they have got to live, or got to come back. But they do feel that they have got to go, and got to preach the Gospel to the unsaved.—H.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY

CHOOSING LIFE WORK

By Rev. John T. Farris, D. D.

Text: "We are laborers together with God." 1 Cor. 3: 9.

"Young People's Day," "Vocation Day," "Educational Day" and the "Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges" are all designated in this month. Our present thought bears especially upon "Vocation Day."

A young man or woman should never choose a life work simply to make money. "What do you mean by planning to give yourself up to a profession in which you can never have a large income?" a wealthy business man said to a young student who was soon to begin active service in the world. The young man refused to listen, for he was eager to have his life controlled in accordance with the advice of Senator Albert Beveridge: "Never lose sight of the fact that your greatest reward is not your fee, but the doing of a perfect piece of work."

In like manner Macmonnies, the sculptor, said: "I wish the matter of compensation could be wiped out of my consideration. It is the matter of least moment to me, and has absolutely no influence on my work." And it was Louis Agassiz who, when asked to do something which he felt was not the most useful work possible for him, said, "I must decline, gentlemen; I have no time to make money."

Nor should the promise of ease influence young men in the choice of a life work. "Send me to the hardest work you have," was the request of a student, eager for work, as he was about to enter the ministry. "I have the sort of disposition to do hard work," another young man surprised his friends by saying.

The desire for fame is a temptation to many young men as they think of their future work. There is a natural shrinking from living in obscurity and doing humble tasks. But if God shows a man that he can best use him in obscurity, it will be a fatal mistake to choose a conspicuous place. "It is a shame to waste such a scholar on boys," Englishmen used to say of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. But Dr. Arnold remained quietly at his obscure

post, doing his work in the best way he could, and his influence in the world has been far greater than that of many men at the time far more famous than he.

For the supreme object of life is not the making of a great name, but service for God in the way he directs when the life is absolutely surrendered to him. Sometimes the way of service he appoints will be the way of fame and fortune, but more frequently it will be the way of comparative poverty and obscurity. The matter of greatest importance is to find the way of God's appointment and to keep it, no matter what the temptation may be to leave it.

Dr. Jessup, who served God in the mission field for more than half a century was—on his first furlough in America—invited to become pastor of a rich city church. He was told what a splendid opportunity he would have to advance the foreign missionary cause by influencing the members to increase their interest and to enlarge their gifts. He declined the invitation, and another call like it, because he felt that God wanted him where he was. Years later, when asked to become corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, he would not permit himself to think of the advantages of the influential office, because he still felt that God wanted him to continue where he was. And when President Arthur named him as United States Minister to Persia he was just as firm in his determination not to swerve from the path of duty. Specious arguments in favor of all these appointments could have been found very easily, but he had the grace not to look for them. He chose to remain on the obscure field to which he had been called, a lesson in faithfulness to every man.

The need of the hour is not for more men and women who are anxious to do some great thing, but for more men to keep their eyes open for the chances to do little things. Every community has in it those who are doing nothing simply because "the big chance" does not come their way. They need to take to heart the words of a distinguished man: "The chance for heroic endeavor of a spectacular kind does not often come. The man who really counts in this life is not the man who thinks how well he could do some bit of heroism if the chance arose, but the man who actually does the humdrum, work-a-day, everyday duties as these duties arise." And when "the big chance" comes, the worker

most apt to take advantage of it is not the one who professed to be waiting for it, but one of the persons who has been content to do the small things well.

It is a common thing for a young person to put off the choice of an occupation because of the fear of making a mistake. But there can be no possibility of a mistake if one seeks God's guidance, and listens to his call. "But I do not want to be a minister," was the objection made by one young man to whom just such a message as this was given. The friend who was speaking to him, understanding at once that he thought God's call applied only to the ministry, reminded him that God calls some men to be farmers, or merchants, or teachers, or physicians, just as surely as he calls others to be ministers. His call may be to some work that seems most unusual, but it is perilous to turn one's back on that call.

Not many years ago an American, traveling in England, met a Miss Nightingale, who said to him: "You have had much experience in the world of philanthropy; you are a medical man and a gentleman. Now may I ask you to tell me upon your word, whether it would be anything unsuitable or unbecoming for a young English woman to devote herself to works of charity, in the hospitals and elsewhere?" The reply was emphatic: "My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and in England whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your aspiration, and you will find that there is nothing unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others. Choose your path, go on with it, wherever it may lead you, and God be with you."

An unconventional path is not to be chosen simply because it is unconventional; but when, as in Miss Nightingale's case, God seems to guide along an unusual path, it is a sin to draw back merely because friends and acquaintances shrug their shoulders.

Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull once remarked that it is for God, not man, to choose the field of his servant's service, and that man is not to say that one place where God places his child is higher or lower than another. Then he told of one whose purpose it was to go as a missionary to South Africa. He gave himself to the Lord for that work, but the Lord unmistakably turned him from the foreign missionary field, and put him in the stove business.

For more than twenty years he kept at the stove business, with just as firm a conviction that he was carrying on his business for the Lord as he would have had had he been in the foreign missionary field in South Africa, where he had purposed to be.

Let God direct your life. Do the work he wants you to do. Follow where he leads, and joy will be your everlasting portion.

In our own land men are needed as pastors of churches, pastors' helpers, teachers in Christian schools, Sunday-school missionaries and Young Men's Christian Association secretaries. Women are needed as deaconesses, teachers, on the home mission field, among the freedmen, and in Christian academies, colleges and theological seminaries. Have you considered the need, and what you may do to help supply it?

In foreign lands men are wanted as ministers for the oversight of larger groups of churches and scores of day schools. Educators are needed for colleges, high schools and theological seminaries; physicians for hospitals and dispensaries; business agents for administrative and detail oversight; industrial workers to teach farming, carpentry, building trades and engineering. Women are wanted as teachers in high schools and colleges for the training and oversight of groups of Bible women, for evangelistic work, and as physicians and nurses in medical service. Have you considered if God does not want you to take one of these positions?

You belong to God. Wendell Phillips, the American orator, used to say that a single sentence of a sermon by a very ordinary preacher, whom he heard in his early life, had remained with him throughout the years. "Young men, you belong to God," were the preacher's words, and they set young Phillips to thinking about his own life. E. J. Bosworth once said: "Whatever be my life work, I will enter upon it because I believe it to be the one in which I can make my largest contribution to human welfare as Jesus conceived it. I may not have much ability, but what I have I apply where it will count most for human welfare as Jesus conceived it."

"Should I become a minister?" A young man asked his pastor the question, and by return mail received this reply:

"As a matter merely of downright usefulness, worthy employment of my powers, practical efficiency in the affairs of mankind and in the architecture of society, I would rather be a third-rate

country pastor (if earnest) than a Waite or a Hornblower—considered as lawyers merely—at one hundred thousand dollars a year. And this is not merely a conveniently just estimate for the man who feels that way—it is the estimate every man's judgment will confirm and test the value of his own past life by one hundred years after he has chosen his own vocation."

Not that all should or could be ministers of the gospel; but that this vocation offers the standard to test other callings by, proposes to the Christian young man who has opportunity of entering the ministry the first choice—which he should either accept or for reasons "turn down" before seriously considering anything else, and lastly gives to him spirit and aim for his life even when he is denied this agency of usefulness.

To a company of students who were talking of the honors and gain they hoped to make through the practice of their chosen profession, an instructor gave the unexpected warning: "Your success is measured, not by what the world gives you, but what you give the world."

One Sunday morning more than sixty years ago a visiting minister preaching in a frontier church in Canada announced for his text: "There is a lad here." After telling the story of the lad with the loaves and fishes which the Master used so wonderfully in feeding the multitude, he asked the young men before him if they would not think of the claims of the ministry as they decided what they would do in the world. In the back pew was a strong, well-built but shy young man who listened spellbound to the earnest words of the preacher. A day or two later he was in the field, plowing with a yoke of oxen. While at work he thought of the minister's words. When his day's work was done he went home, unyoked the cattle, went into the house, and said to his father: "Father, I shall plow no more. I feel that I am the lad who has been called to the ministry. I have heard the call and must answer." Before the end of the week he was on his way to the school where he proposed to begin his course. Later, the farmer's son became a leader in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Those who had felt he could never preach were astonished at the way God used his life for his glory.

A friend of boys and girls and young men and women, who often came to him for advice about their life work, once said in answer to an inquirer:

"Beside my table lies a rug of intricate design. The Oriental who made it missed the pattern one day, for some reason, and never afterwards through all his weaving of the rug was he able to correct his mistake, which became more and more apparent as the rug became complete. In like fashion every failure to respond to present duty, however insignificant, leaves a flaw in life's pattern and texture that will disorder all that comes afterwards, and that will appear even when the causes have been forgotten. The only safe rule in following duty is to put all of life into every act, for these acts woven into the warp of the years make vocations. I am bound to invest my life in the vocation that will yield to God the largest return for what he has invested in me."

DILIGENCE AND ITS REWARD

By Rev. Ezra Tinker, M. A.

Text: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Prov. 22: 29.

The hope of a community or a nation is largely in her young men; for the day is not far distant when the heavy burdens of society must devolve upon them. Correct ideas of life are important, and correct habits are essential. Inadequate ideas of life may vitiate all our methods, and vicious habits may paralyze all our powers and render our existence a lamentable failure.

The curse which was pronounced upon the race, and which doomed mankind to toil, sweat, and weariness, in the present state of society is a blessing in disguise. By these toilsome conditions men are placed at the opening of grand careers, are trained and disciplined for larger spheres of usefulness, while the thoughtful and conscientious person finds his sweetest hours amid the ceaseless activities of the present. The man that has nothing to do, wants to do nothing, and glories in his inactivity, is the most pitiable being in the world, and merits the contempt of all earnest, honest toilers. Every real man is anxious to bear his share of life's burdens and prove himself worthy of a place in the thought and affection of his fellows.

Every young man should resolve at the outset to pay his way; to add something to the already gathered increments of society. If you add nothing to the capital of society in thought,

then you are a cipher; yea, a minus quantity, a burden to society, a stench in the nostrils of humanity; and it would have been good for you and the race if you had not been born. It may be that your father has been so successful in his business affairs as to place you beyond the necessity of toiling either with brain or with hand. But that fact does not release you from your obligation to perform your part in the battle of life. By virtue of your unearned increments, your splendid patrimony, different channels of activity and usefulness may be opened to you. Nevertheless the channels are there, the opportunities there, the obligations there.

With most of the race, toil of brain or hand is a necessity in order to secure the comforts of life. The majority of mankind may never get beyond that condition. Your sphere of activity will depend largely upon birth, education, opportunities, aptitudes. You may follow in the very footsteps of your father. The farm, the shop, the mill, or the studio may be the place where you are to solve life's problems; or perhaps Providence may have selected for you a sphere suggested neither by your birth, education, nor surroundings.

That farmer's boy may be needed in the thronged city to plan and build and direct the interests of a whole community. The Bedfordshire tinker may be summoned to dream dreams and to pour forth the wealth of his mind and heart for the moral and spiritual elevation of his fellow-men. That restless son of the tireless artisan may be led into the midst of the bustle and whirl of the factory or mill; or, looking out upon the regions beyond, he may long for the exciting and thrilling life of the mariner; or, seeking yet other fields of activity, may bury himself in the bowels of the earth amid the metals and the ores.

Too much time should not be wasted in seeking superior fields or waiting for more splendid opportunities. Take the thing that lies nearest at hand. It may prove the door opening to larger and richer fields. Idleness is the miscreant that has led many a young man into the saloon and gambling-den, and ruined him for time and eternity. Would you have me begin at the foot of the ladder with all my culture and early advantages? It will do you no harm. If you have power it will show itself. If you are worthy of better things they will ultimately come to you.

The late Henry Ward Beecher began his unique career in a

little church in a western village, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, paid in part in turnips, cabbages, and onions. He began there, but he did not end there. He began with a society of nineteen members, but he ended with a church of more than twenty-five hundred members. He began little and unknown, he ended with a reputation as wide as Christendom.

Although educated at West Point, it did not harm General Grant to begin his military career as one of the lesser commissioned officers. Had he begun at a higher grade he might not have reached the highest. Years of lesser responsibility served to prepare him for the highest responsibility.

Young men are sometimes crippled or destroyed by the multitude of their friends. Blows, storms, rebuffs, are not the worst things that can befall young men. A soldier is made on the field of battle, and not in the hours of dress-parade. The ore is smelted in the furnace, and the rough diamond must be placed in the hands of the lapidary.

A short time since I overheard a hard-worked and sorely pressed mother say to her son of nineteen years, who was living off her meager earnings, "Joel, suppose you start out this morning and see if you can find something to do?" Evening came, and I overheard this conversation: "Joel, what success to-day?" "I found a place where they wanted a young man, but they were not willing to pay me wages enough. I am not going to work for small pay." The mother gave a sigh and simply said, "It would be better to work for small pay than to do nothing at all." That stalwart young man who will sit by the fireside without an effort to bear his share of the burden, and allow his mother to toil from earliest morn till latest eve, is a disgrace to the family name, and is not worthy of a mother.

It does not make so much difference from whence you came as whither you are going. What though Lincoln was born in a log cabin—he died in the White House. What though he split rails in his boyhood days—he did it well, and learned the knack of splitting rebels' heads as well. We are not so anxious to know who your father was as to know who you are. If you are brave, true, and manly, we will forgive you, though your father was not of royal blood. There is a place for you if you are made of the right metal. It may not be possible for you to pass to the first place in financial and business circles, but it is pos-

sible for you to make the most of yourself and of your opportunities, and to this endeavor and attainment you are distinctly summoned.

The surest way to get out of a small place is to perform your work well while in it.

Form the habit of promptness. If you are a clerk in a bank, an employee in a shop, or engaged in business for yourself, and there are definite hours, bend everything to the moment and the place. Learn the lesson which some people seem never to learn, of being on time. Ten minutes late has cost many a man his position and his business reputation. It may be you never know why you were discharged. It was not because you were profane, not because you drank, not because you pilfered from the till, but solely because every morning you were at post of duty ten minutes behind the time. The world moved too rapidly for your feet. The hour of business has come ten minutes too soon. The miserable imp of delay has captured you, and unless you shake him off and say to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan," you will be crippled and finally crushed by the upper and nether millstones of business, for the god of this world knows no forgiveness to the sluggard.

Do you see that vast establishment, seven stories high, stretching from avenue to avenue, and covering a double block? That interest was built up by a single brain which realized the value of time. At the early morning hour, and at the appointed time, and with unswerving regularity, the man planted himself at the centers of trade. He was there to seize upon every opportunity.

Some years since I called upon a millionaire in the morning hours on a matter of business. Although the gentleman was more than seventy years of age, yet he was just as prompt in his office engagements as if he had been in manhood's prime. He glanced at his watch, then begged to be excused, as he must be at his office within a half-hour. Without doubt that habit of promptness had rendered him important service in accumulating the millions which lay in his purse. The same habit may not make you a millionaire, but it will add to your income and secure for you a larger place in the thoughts and good wishes of your neighbors.

The Creator might have dropped fatness from the skies in-

to our laps, but he has not done it, for obvious reasons. He has done what is better for us. He has placed all necessary things within our reach, and given us strength and opportunity to obtain them, and in the acquisition to add to our mental, moral and spiritual resources, to enhance our happiness here, and to fit us for higher and sweeter enjoyments hereafter. The Creator has placed the gold in the mountains, the coal in the bowels of the earth, and the comforts of life within granite walls. We must tunnel the mountains, delve into the earth, seam the rock, and level the walls. Gibraltar is not impregnable. It will yield to sufficient pounding. That young man needs a little more of the pound in him, a little more of the persistence in him.

The employee who knows not only what to do, but actually does it; who makes himself interested in the prosperity of the firm, who needs no watching, coaxing, urging, may unconsciously find himself an indispensable factor, and finally associated in partnership with the very men for whom he has labored.

A well-educated, energetic farmer's boy of twenty-two started from New England to New York to make his own way. When he arrived in the city he had only fifty cents in his purse, and no friends. As he sat upon the steps of a large establishment he overheard a man say to another that he wished he had a small boy to do errands for the afternoon. The young man sprang to his feet and offered his services, for which he received fifty cents. For two weeks he was employed at one dollar per day. Then he was placed at the ledger. His splendid penmanship made the pages fairly shine with beauty. In a few months he was placed on the road at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. To-day he has a large and thriving business of his own.

Sobriety, diligence, persistency, conscientiousness, Christian faith, will give the highest possible success. Such persons shall stand before kings; they shall not stand before mean men.

FACTS ABOUT STUDENTS THAT CALL TO PRAYER

By Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D.

The army of school children. In the United States there are more than 25,000,000 school children, (1921). About 5,000,000 boys and girls of school age are not attending school. Only

about 75 out of every 100 enrolled in school attend daily. The average pupil loses two months of school annually, or about one-fourth the school term.

High School boys and girls. There are more than 1,650,000 high school boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 19 years. Of these Dr. John R. Mott says: "This enormous field is most plastic and promising as well as critically needy and relatively neglected."

A Serious Situation. There are almost 600,000 school teachers in the United States. There should be no less than 750,000 for efficiency. Within a year 145,000 resigned, the places of the majority being taken by novices or inferior teachers. Commissioner of Education P. P. Claxton declares that the shortage in teachers will not be relieved until America "is willing to pay them three or four times what they receive now." He stated in 1919 that 18,279 schools had been closed and that in 41,900 schools the teaching was not satisfactory.

College and university students. There are in the colleges and universities of this land about 263,000 students, who will soon go out as the leaders of thought and action. Almost half of these are in the state universities.

Education's Great Need. Mark Hopkins after fifty years at Williams College said: "Christianity is the greatest civilizing, moulding, uplifting influence on this globe, and it is a sad defect in any institution of higher learning if it does not bring those under its care into the closest possible relation to it." "The soul of education is the education of the soul." The great need is that the spirit of the Master dominate our schools. "He fixed my destiny in life," said Thomas Jefferson, of William Small, a professor in William and Mary College. How are the destinies of our boys and girls being fixed?

Sources of Teachers. Formerly the teachers of the public school, high schools and colleges came almost exclusively from church academies and colleges. There they received the powerful influence of Christian instruction. This is now rapidly changing—increasingly the teachers are coming from state normal schools.

Women's Increasing Part. In 1890, 36 per cent of the teachers in our schools were men; in 1910 this was reduced to 22 per cent, and in 1918 to 17 per cent. Dr. John R. Mott says:

"The effect of educated mothers on the community; the commanding influence of women teachers on the next generation and the future of the country, for it must never be forgotten that the great majority of the teachers in almost every country are women; the duty of the church body to bring 'the woman's movement' with all its potentialities into line with all work for this Kingdom; the demand, both at home and abroad, for women efficiently trained as missionaries or social workers; all call to present the claims of Jesus Christ to each succeeding generation of women students."

World Wide Responsibility. During the war the number of students in belligerent countries was reduced 30 to 90 per cent. Now men and women everywhere are crowding the centers of learning. Many are enduring cold and hunger and untold privations to secure an education.

In all parts of the world physical, mental and, far too often, spiritual reaction followed the war. Yet there are now hopeful signs. Dr. Mott, the best authority in the world on student problems, says: "Taking the student world as a whole, there is a marked movement away from the non-Christian religions, away from irreligion and indifference concerning religion and towards open-minded inquiry and a reasonable faith."

Our foreign student guests. In the United States there are now 10,000 foreign students who have come to our schools from 80 different lands, chiefly Latin America, China and Japan. Eight hundred of these are women students. If Christian people remember our foreign guests in their prayers, introduce them to the home life of Christian families, and care for their mental, social and spiritual well being, many of these may be sent back as Christian leaders in the lands from which they came.

We dare not neglect the students of the world. An editorial writer has recently declared: "The educational system is the very mind and soul of the nation." In the schools today is largely being determined what is to be the character of the future mothers, fathers, ministers, teachers, doctors, jurists, authors, editors, engineers, merchants, poets, historians! What program, principles and spirit are being given to them?

The call to united prayer. Real prayer is the largest factor in our reach to overcome the forces that weaken character and destroy faith and to convert faculty and students into "spiritual

dynamos releasing throughout the student world spiritual light, heat and energy."

Again quoting the secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation: "Some of the most productive and daring advances in the work of Christ among students are traceable to the effective union in the Universal Day of Prayer."

THE PERILS OF THE CITY: SERMON TO YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN

By Rev. John Henry Jowett, D. D.

Text: "In perils of the city." 2 Cor. 11:26.

What kind of perils? Paul's emphasis is never on the merely physical side of things. He always touches lightly the physical side and lays weight on the moral and spiritual. It is always the upper aspect of things, the heavenly exposure, the divine relationship, which fascinates and rivets the mind. And in the phrase which I have just quoted, "Perils in the city," I do not think we are right if we place the emphasis on the bodily perils which Paul had encountered in the course of his ministry. Of course, we know that his bodily perils had not been few.

But there are perils far more contagious and disastrous than these. There are perils that lurk in the fashions of the city, in its moral atmosphere, in the crushing pressure of majorities, in the sure downward gravitation of the common life. He had moved among all these, he felt their power and presence, and he had seen his fellow-laborers often fall before their insidious attack. He had known perils in a university town like Tarsus; he had known the perils of a cosmopolitan city like Corinth; he had felt the bewitchments of an alluring mecca like Ephesus, the home of magical arts and superstitution. All these the Apostle Paul had known and he counted them as perils to the soul. In every city he had visited he had felt the extraordinary power of the mere weight of the urgency of the multitude, the oppressive force of solid tradition and the suction of the common life; and you can be perfectly sure that, experiencing all these things, when he speaks of the perils of the city he has in mind the dangers which confront anybody who wants to be a disciple of the Lord.

And so I want to engage your attention upon the perils of

this city, as they affect young men and women, and how they can be avoided, or better still, how they can be used to personal advantage, how the presence of the perils can be used for the acquisition of a stalwart and masculine character.

Now, I know perfectly well that individual temperament will always encounter congenial individual peril. Every plant has its own pest. The destructives of the rose are not the destructives which assault the palm. Each temperament will attract its own foes, and the individual life will be subject to its own peculiar danger. You will have perils, I am perfectly sure. But despite the fact of individuality and temperament, the difference in conditions and circumstances, I think there are some perils which are common to everybody here, and to all people in every age, and with these I wish to deal, because I think they are the womb of many more.

My life has been a very varied one. Eight years were spent at college and university towns, including Edinburgh and Oxford. I have spent six years at one of the greatest and busiest seaports in Great Britain, and sixteen years at a vast industrial center in the very middle of England. In Edinburgh and in Oxford and in Newcastle-on-Tyne and in Birmingham, and now in New York, I have met some very familiar perils, and I think they are common to all young people in all places, and they are fraught with magnetic and fascinating destruction.

I. The first that I will name is this: It may be far away from where you would begin, but I feel I must begin here. One of the greatest of the modern perils in our city life is the neglect of the spiritual conception of life. I have just used a very unfortunate phrase, "the spiritual side," and I am glad I have named it because I want to withdraw it. Wherever we speak of the spiritual side of life we are certainly misguided and surely using a misnomer, because when you speak of the spiritual side of life it is a phrase which suggests that the spiritual is only a department of life, like a church is only one building in a street, or as the Bible is only one book in a library, or a gown is only one garment in a wardrobe. But the spiritual is not a side of life, as though life were a square or many-sided thing, and one of the many sides given over to the spiritual. The spiritual is not a mere department in life. I do not think we should speak of the heart as a mere department in the physical life. It is so

central, frontal and vital, related to everything. You would not speak of it as a side. The heart sends its life, its circulating flood, to every fiber in my being on every side, and is related to everything. The spiritual is not one side of a square, it is rather something which pervades everything, and sends its circulating medium into everything. The spiritual is more like a mold which determines the size and shape of everything. Even that is more inadequate. Better still, the spiritual is the pattern in the loom, and you know the pattern in a weaving loom determines the movements of every shuttle and the place of every thread. And when the spiritual is in the loom of the life the character of the pattern determines the movement of the shuttle in every action, and the place of the thread in every web. It all depends on what we have in the loom. Suppose I have in my loom which determines my life a pattern like this: "I am a son of the holy and almighty God." Suppose that was in the loom, and the pattern in the loom governing every shuttle and determining every thread and every motion when I am earning my daily bread and weaving the gay garments of pleasure, the loom determining all the relationships in social and industrial intercourse. What a product my life would be. The loom having this pattern: "I am a child of the holy God," and that determining everything. That would be something like a fair figure of the spiritual quantity of life.

II. Then I will tell you of a peril that is immediately consequential upon the first: The neglect of the spiritual conception of life naturally leads to the erasure of God. It is the most wonderful of all wonderful things to me, if there be a God that man can wipe him out; that I can forget him; and yet it is one of the most obtrusive teachings in the Word of God. "My children have forgotten me." And then when we turn to the New Testament we find: "God is not in all their thoughts." In all their thoughts, in all the multitude of thoughts of the mind! The thoughts that crowd the mind like Broadway, or Wall street at the noon hour. The brain crowded with thinkings, and amid all those thinkings never God. "God is not in all their thoughts. Wiped out! Forgotten!" Well, I say, the pursuits of college and university life can act like a sponge on the young fellows, and all the divine can be wiped off the slate of the mind. And in an industrial and commercial city, where men are busy mak-

ing money, the industrial life can act like a sponge. God can be wiped out. Have you found that to be so? All through my life in cities I have found it easy to wipe out God.

III. Now, if we drop the spiritual conception of life, and if God can be wiped out of the mind, if we erase all that is transcendental, then everything else is apt to share in the belittlement. If we interfere with spiritual conception, we shall always surely degrade the moral currency. Do you get that? Whenever the spiritual is lost we remove the protection from our moral powers, and conscience itself is apt to be made to register perverse decisions. I remember that when the tubular railways in London, the underground railways, were first made, some years ago, and the electrical connections came very near to Greenwich Observatory, the presence of the tubes began to affect the atmosphere of the observatory, and the observatory had to be protected against these perverse and confusing currents that came and interfered with the delicate accuracy of its very exquisite instruments. There are currents in business, currents in social life, that pervert the observatory and render its indications untrue. And, therefore, you have got to surround the observatory with spiritual protections and spiritual defenses, in order that it may register the mind of God. I say, the man who takes the spiritual pattern out of his loom, and wipes God off his slate—well, I would not give much for that man's character or honor, or for the chance of his preserving the real weight of the moral currency, or even preserving the fine relationship of wedded and domestic life. When God goes out, the moral courage is debased.

IV. Another peril is this: When the spiritual conception is lost, when the loom has lost its greatest pattern, when God is wiped out, and the moral currency is debased, when morals become demoralized, we are apt to fall into the additional danger of the sacriligious use of the body. The spiritual conception regards the body as a church. Whenever the Apostle Paul refers to the body under any figure, he refers to it under the figure of a church, every faculty and power a holy worshipper, and filled with the fragrance of the incense of praise, rising day and night. Think of anybody using his body as a temple. Why, there are a thousand things for which the elders would never allow this church to be used. Anybody can ride in a hackney coach, but I

don't think anyone can ride in the king's coach. And yet we allow anybody to ride this body. Any devil of a lust can come along and ride it. We let it out as a hackney coach when it ought to be a king's coach. If the spiritual conception be lost and God be wiped out, and, as I say, the currency debased, you will find the body will be used for any common and vulgar purpose—for gluttony, inebriety, sensuality. Any passion can come and sit down at the table. It becomes the house of Belial instead of grace.

I would urge you to regard the outstanding perils of city life—the casting out of the spiritual pattern, the forgetfulness of Almighty God, the debasement of the moral currency and the degradation of the spiritual temple into a shop, a games-room, a restaurant of a sty.

I should not care to mention the perils of the city, even perils like these, in the house of God, if I were not able to proclaim a full and ample defense against them. There have been men and women who have mastered their perils. Nay, they have used their perils as agents of the mastery of the higher life. There have been men and women who have met their foes and destroyed them, and grown rich by their very danger. If you ask: "To attain this high purpose of life, and avoid the perils, what shall I do?" I have nothing new to tell you. But the old is quite sufficient.

1. The first thing I would advise is this: I would advise a definite, positive surrender of the life to the Lord Jesus Christ. Everybody recognizes the power of a definite action. The indefinite never reaches the mark. The vague, and the indefinite, and the reluctant, go for a little way, and then turn upon themselves. You make vague and indefinite resolves, and you will reach nowhere, because there is no positive impact, to definiteness of moral and spiritual power. I, therefore, offer this counsel: That is the act of the surrender to Christ should be as definite and deliberate as the signing of a big business contract, or as serious and momentous and precise as a wedding contract. I am urging surrender to the Sovereign Will. And I would even go further. I would take a pen and I would sign away my life to Christ, and I would do it with the seriousness and purposefulness which will make it for all time, as though I had written it with my blood.

2. And then, in the second place, when I had made that great surrender by contract and decision, serious and vital as a marriage contract, I would counsel deliberate practice of the presence of God. I know that it is a very familiar phrase, but it is a phrase that is exceedingly precious and very distinctive of all that is good. I say, at the university, at the college, in the city, in the street, practice the presence of God. Practice it. How shall you practice it? You must practice it first of all by the use of imagination. The power, the faculty of imagination is a divinely given power to aid us in realizing a presence that we may easily forget. Many times I have imagined the presence of God while going down a country lane, or I have imagined him by some fascinating waterfall, or on the uplands among the heather. And I have sometimes imagined what he thought about this kind of thing and that kind of thing, and how his thoughts would have addressed themselves to those particular problems of our own time. The truest of all purposes to which we can put the imagination is to use it in seeking to realize the presence of Christ. Practice the presence by imgaination and practice the presence by adoration. And when you feel he is near, when you talk to him and imagine him, then renew your marriage vow, renew your consecration. Bow down to him in obedience. Revive your vow with an act of fresh homage, and let your will repeat its fealty. Practice the presence by imagination, by adoration and by obedience when you know the Lord is near.

And when you have renewed your homage then, knowing his will about anything do it.

3. I think you must do more than that. I think you must associate with the Saviour's friends. That is surely a most reasonable thing, a most reasonable procedure for those who wish to be defended against the perils of the city. You may find such friends in your own circle; you may find them in the church. That is what the church was intended to be. All around the world she would be a sort of clearing house for friends, where everybody would meet friends and where the lonely and forlorn could be made at home again. You may find them in the church, in the Y. M. C. A., in the Y. W. C. A. Friends who have made the same surrender that I am just commending to you, and who have enlisted in the army of the same Lord, and when you come

into fellowship with a Christian friend you will find your own faith is confirmed.

I wish I had the time to show you how the Apostle Paul appreciates his friends. And, speaking for myself, outside my own home, the incomparable treasures of my life have been friends who have themselves been intimate kinsmen of Christ. I have found them all my life to be mountain springs at which I have drunk with ceaseless refreshment and inspiration. You must join the Lord's friends.

4. And then one other thing: You must engage to enlarge the circle of the Lord's friends. If any man wishes to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, it must be his mission to increase the fellowship of those in the discipleship of the Lord. Whenever a knight of King Jesus' table goes out to make new friends, while he is out on the mission he himself becomes secure against the perils. A great mission always makes the soul immune. There is no antiseptic like duty, no security like service. Lives that are stowed away in indolence are exposed to every danger by the way, but when we go out to increase the Saviour's friends and come back to the King's table with a new friend, I say that our very ministry has a reactive influence upon our own souls, and we glow with the vigor of splendid health.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Instantly

An aviator told me recently that when you loop the loop in an airplane it is necessary to move the control stick in just the right direction when you get to the point where you are upside down, in order to complete the loop. If you fail to do this, you begin to come down head first.

Every day there are decisions that you and I have to make. They have to be made instantly. Make instant decision for Christ.—H.

The Third Shot

During the time while we participated in the Great War the French army admired the speed and smooth-working quality of the American artillery. They knew it delivered the goods, and that it could be absolutely relied upon when it was needed.

"It's like this," said an enthusiastic French general. "The shells go one, two, three—finish!"

He meant that an airplane got the range, and gave it to the guns by signals or wireless. The battery fired, and the watching airplane reported, "Short." The second shot also missed, and the aviator told whether it went to one side of the object or over it. The third shot usually struck home, a direct hit.

The Americans did not waste ammunition. Every failure to hit the mark helped them toward the "finish." Efficiency was the watchword there. If you didn't hit, you would be hit. And so it is with life. The first shot is the local schools, both graded and high; the second shot is college; and the third shot is the efficient start of your career.

Hit the nail on the head by making minutes count, by doing a day's work six times each week, and by using the third shot to plant yourself firmly in the line of work that fits you. In war or work, the carefully selected, thought out plan invariably wins.—Carl S. Lowden.

Give God All

Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman called on General Booth and asked him the secret of his success. The General hesitated a moment, and then said: "I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there was."

Way Up

The graduating class of the High School of Menasha, Wisconsin, had this distinctive class motto: "The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."

Get a Good Ready

Nestor stood before the Greek generals at Troy and said: "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready."—Hillis.

Enthusiasm

When Lord Lansdowne asked what he could do to reform the profligate people of a certain community, he was answered, "Send them an enthusiast."

Vision that Vitalizes

You can not believe little things and do great things; you can not believe in half successes and accomplish whole ones. A man's faith sets the boundaries of his work. He will do what he believes, and accomplish what he believes can be accomplished. Mountains are not subdued by men who stand discouraged at a mole hill. A man must conquer the fatigues of the way in his own heart, or he will never set out on the road. Back of all free action lies some creed, some conviction. All great battles have been fought and either lost or won in the heart. The simple or stubborn confidence that leads to all-conquering effort—this is faith, the vision that vitalizes.

"Not to Sit Up—and Sit"

There is suggestion for ambitious young people in the motto:

"Not to sit up—and sit
But to git up—and git."

It refers to the jack rabbit, a common object on Texas plains. The rabbit is reputed as a creature who likes very much, for a time, to sit up and accomplish nothing but look handsome. His value as an object lesson for consecrated Christians, however, lies in the fact that when he feels there is something for him to do, he leaves his post on a second's notice and travels with inspiring speed until he gets it done.

For the Love of It

At a county fair in New England there was a continual crowd around one argricultural exhibit which excited a great deal of admiration, and was the occasion of many remarks. The exhibit was marked, "Raised on an Abandoned Farm." The articles shown were grown by a man who had formerly followed another occupation, upon a farm in a rough hill town, which its owner had found an undesirable piece of property, and had practically deserted. The exhibit included twenty-two varieties of potatoes, several varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, and beans, onions, pumpkins, squashes, melons, beets, carrots, and turnips. The people kept the proprietor of the "abandoned farm" busy explaining how he produced such wonderful results.

His reply was that he took delight in farming, and did the best he could. "Oh yes," said one bystander, "he's farming for the love of it." "And I imagine," said another bystander, "that if the farmer who had the place before this man took it had farmed a little more for the love of it, he wouldn't have had any occasion to go off and leave it."—The Youth's Companion.

"I'm as Big as it Is"

A three-year-old tried to move a table. After she had struggled long, her mother tried to discourage her attempts, saying: "Baby, you can't move that table. It's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was the little girl's stout reply, "I'm as big as it is."

There is a great deal of difference between the two ways of looking at the job. Frequently to say, "the task is as big as I am" is to invite defeat. But to say, "I am as big as the job is," is the first step toward victory.

On Time

A year or two ago, among a class of shorthand pupils, was one young girl who had shown herself a particularly bright, keen student. Just as she had completed the course, a call from one of the best-paying houses in the city came, and she was promptly recommended for the place, an appointment for an interview with the manager being arranged for that evening.

The hour for the interview was seven o'clock, the manager going to his office especially to meet her. He was on hand punctually, waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and left for home just before she arrived. She had stopped to chat a bit on the way! To-day she is working for another firm at about one-half the salary she would have received from the first.

The Secret of Success

Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of true heart and iron will—said to another officer of the navy, "Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charlestown with your ironclads?" "Oh, because the channel was so crooked!" "No, it was not that." "Well, the rebel fire was perfectly horrible." "Yes, but it wasn't that." "What was it, then?" "It was because you did not believe you could go in." There is all the difference

in the world between the young man or young woman who expects to succeed and the one who simply doubts.—H.

If You're Out to Win

"It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win."

Neglect

Neglect, plain, simple neglect, has bred more havoc in almost more ways than many other causes combined. Neglect of civility at a proper time has lost a friend. Neglect of a simple duty at a critical moment has often lost an ambitious young man a position. Neglect of the laws of health has lost a life. Neglect of a free salvation has lost a soul. It matters not whether the neglect arises from heedlessness, indifference, carelessness, willfulness, or ignorance, the result, in most instances, is the same. The moral of it all is that we have no right to be heedless, or indifferent, or willful.

The Seed of Success

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."—James J. Hill.

"Count on Me"

A college student who was uninterested in art, was once persuaded by his mother to visit an art gallery to view the painting of the "Man of Galilee." After viewing it from every angle, an attendant, who had observed how earnestly and with what great interest he had studied the picture, said to him—"Great picture, isn't it?"—Yes, it is a great picture and is well named the "Man of Galilee."

Then the student again softly stepped up to the painting

and said, "Oh man of Galilee, if I can in any way help you to do your work in the world, you can count on me—count on me."

May there be a response in our hearts as we look to the Christ. Young man, young woman, will he be able to count on you?

Blunders

In a record in the Crerar Library in Chicago several hundred men tell their great blunders in life. One counts it as his greatest blunder that he did not stick to anything; another, that he would not hearken to the advice of older people.

The Thing Worth While

"I cannot fiddle," said Themistocles the Greek philosopher, "but I can make a small town grow into a great city." No one man can do everything, and only a few can anyone do well. In fact, as a rule, if a man does one thing well that is the one thing he ought to do. Happy are they who find what they are fit for in life and then do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do!

When the Stoker Heard the Call

One day during the Boer war, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, London, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us. Have we answered as readily?—Sunday School Chronicle.

Room—For What?

"The roomiest thing we know of," says the editor of a modern magazine, "is a man's head. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of steel mills. Columbus had space in his sufficient for a new world." True enough—and that of Wilbur Wright took in the whole sky, while Newton's was ready for the universe and its laws.

Illimitable room is the mark of man's brain. The child of

God, he is formed to think largely, immeasurably. But he is given the power to control his own mental space. He can fill his mind with trifles or with immensities at will. Here is his responsibility, which cannot be shifted to the shoulders of circumstance or destiny.

Room—for what? Shall it be the movies, or great books? The thoughts of the market-place and the street, or the thoughts of God? The choice is a daily one, and life grows great or mean accordingly.

An Aim in Life

I remember hunting in the Rocky Mountains one summer and an Indian called our attention to a black squirrel in a tree. Then, resting his old gun on a stump, he did not move, though the flies and gnats came and covered his face. He did not even heed one of them. He did not know they were there, so intent was he upon that game. When he shot the squirrel, I asked him, "How could you bear all that annoyance?" Said he, "I did not notice the flies." The gnats had not troubled him because his whole mind was on that squirrel. If a young man have about him all those flies and temptations of bad habits; if he has also one great aim in life, he will not heed those annoyances, and they will not change the course of his life.

Better Than "Good Enough"

To do well is to be able to do better. "Good enough" is small praise for anybody. A child can appreciate this quite as keenly as a man. A little girl between seven and eight years of age looked eagerly over her father's shoulder as he examined the monthly report of her schooling. "I want to see what I got for reading," she said. As the child had been somewhat discouraged because of her absences through sickness, the father thought to avoid dispiriting her by favorable comment on what was really an excellent general showing. "You got nine," he said, "and that is very good." The child turned quickly around to face him, looked silently and soberly into his eyes for a moment, then said, with the superior emphasis of a knowing smile, "Can't you get ten?" That child was not satisfied with anything short of perfectness, and probably derived more stimulus from this expression of her own high standard than from her father's commendation of her attainment, which was

something less. The appreciation of the highest may show character where the attainment, for one reason or another, falls below.

A Strange Sight at Sea

Sometimes a strange thing is seen at sea. The wind and currents and surface ice are all moving in one direction, but a huge iceberg comes along moving against wind and tide and plowing its way through the surface ice in the opposite direction. What is the explanation? The surface ice floats with the current, but the iceberg has its base down in a deeper and more powerful current and is borne along majestically against all opposition. Most men float with the surface currents, even when these are moving in the wrong direction. But occasionally there comes a man, like Columbus or Luther or Lincoln, who has got his will down into the deeper and more powerful current of God's will, and then all the world must give way before him as he plows his course through. Surface winds and currents have no effect upon such a man; he is in the Gulf Stream of the universe and the very constellations are floating with him. These world-resisters and world-compellers are God-moved and are omnipotent in the Lord and in the power of his might.—Presbyterian Banner.

Furnishing Skibo Castle

Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, once said: "I know a young New York fellow who has built for himself a big business. He used to be a poorly paid clerk in a department store. One rainy day, when customers were few, the clerks had gathered in a bunch to discuss baseball. A woman came into the store wet and disheveled. The baseball fans did not disband; but this young fellow stepped out of the circle and walked over to the woman. 'What can I show you, madam?' he asked courteously. She told him. He got the article promptly, laid it before her, and explained its merits smilingly and intelligently. In short, he treated the woman just as his employer would have treated her under similar circumstances.

"When the woman left she asked for his card. Later the firm received a letter from a woman ordering complete furnishings for a great estate in Scotland. 'I want one of your men, Mr.——,' she wrote, 'to supervise the furnishing personally.' The name she mentioned was that of the clerk who had been courteous. 'But,

madam,' wrote the head of the firm in response, 'this man is one of our youngest and most inexperienced clerks. Hadn't we better send Mr. ——?' 'I want this young man and no other,' wrote the woman. 'Large orders impose their own conditions.' So our courteous young clerk was sent across the Atlantic to direct the furnishing of a great Scotch palace. His customer that rainy day had been Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The estate was Skibo Castle.

Gladstone's Advice to Young Men

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say, "Nothing succeeds like success."

Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy.

Get knowledge, all you can.

Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men; be strong, and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessings of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward!

The New Boy

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife, "About that boy you remember I mentioned three or four days ago. Well, is is the best boy that ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said, 'Mr. H, I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?'

"I was greatly surprised, but I gave him a little job of work, and forgot all about him, until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D.

Text: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." I John 5:4.

In 1865, the bullet of an assassin suddenly terminated the life among men of one who was an honor to his race. He was great and good. He was great because he was good. Lincoln's religious character was the one thing which, above all other features of his unique mental and moral as well as physical personality, lifted him above his fellowmen.

Because an effort has been made to parade Abraham Lincoln as an unbeliever, I have been led to search carefully for the facts in his life bearing on this point. The testimony seems to be almost entirely, if not altogether, on one side. I cannot account for the statement which William H. Herndon makes in his life of the martyred President, that, "Mr. Lincoln had no faith." For twenty-five years Mr. Herndon was Abraham Lincoln's law partner in Springfield, Ill. He had the best opportunities to know Abraham Lincoln. When, however, he affirms that "Mr. Lincoln had no faith," he speaks without warrant. It is simply certain that he uses words in their usually accepted signification, although his statement concerning Lincoln is not true.

Abraham Lincoln was a man of profound faith. He believed in God. He believed in Christ. He believed in the Bible. He believed in men. His faith made him great. His life is a beautiful commentary on the words, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There was a time in Lincoln's experience when his faith faltered, as there was a time when his reason tottered; but these sad experiences were temporary, and Abraham Lincoln was neither an infidel nor a lunatic. It is easy to trace in the life of this colossal character a steady growth of faith. This grace in him increased steadily in breadth and in strength with the passing years, until it came to pass that his last public utterances show forth the confidence and the fire of an ancient Hebrew prophet.

It is true that Lincoln never united with the Church, although a lifelong and regular attendant on its services. He had a reason for occupying a position outside the fellowship of the Church of Christ as it existed in his day and in his part of the world. This reason Lincoln did not hesitate to declare. He explained on one ocasion that he had never been a church member because he did not like and could not in conscience subscribe to the long and frequently complicated statements of Christian doctrines which characterized the confessions of the Church. He said: "When any Church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that Church will I join with all my heart and soul."

Abraham Lincoln in these words recognizes the central figure of the Bible, Jesus of Nazareth, as "the Saviour." He recognizes God as the supreme Lawgiver, and expresses readiness, while eschewing theological subtleties, to submit heart and soul to the supreme Lawgiver of the universe. His faith, according to this language, goes out manward as well as Godward. He believed not only in God, but he believed in man as well, and this Christianity, according to Christ, requires of all disciples of the great Teacher.

About a year before his assassination Lincoln, in a letter to Joshua Speed, said: "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man." He saw and declared that the teaching of the Bible had a tendency to improve character. He had a right view of this sacred literature. Its purpose is character building.

Leonard Swett, who knew Abraham Lincoln well, said at the unveiling of the Chicago monument that Lincoln "believed in God as the supreme ruler of the universe, the guide of men, and the controller of the great events and destinies of mankind. He believed himself to be an instrument and leader in this country of the force of freedom."

From this it appears that his belief was not merely theoretical, but that it was practical. He regarded himself as an

instrument, as Moses was an instrument in the hands of almighty God, to lead men into freedom.

It was after his election, in the autumn of 1860, and but a short time before his inauguration as President of the United States, that in a letter to Judge Joseph Gillespie, he said: "I have read on my knees the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him. I am in the garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing."

From this it is clear, that he believed the Jesus of the Gospels to be "the Son of God." And what a sense of responsibility he must at the time of writing this letter have experienced to cause him to declare, "I am in the garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing!" Only a superlatively good man, only a man of genuine piety, could use honestly such language as this. These words do not indicate unbelief or agnosticism. If ever a man in public life in these United States was removed the distance of the antipodes from the coldness and bleakness of agnosticism, that man was Abraham Lincoln. This confession of faith, incidentally made in a brief letter to a dear friend, is not only orthodox according to the accepted standards of orthodoxy, but, better, it is evangelical. To him the hero of the Gospel histories was none other than "the Son of God." By the use of these words did Lincoln characterize Jesus of Nazareth.

Herndon has said in his life of Abraham Lincoln that he never read the Bible, but Alexander Williamson, who was employed as a tutor in President Lincoln's family in Washington, said that "Mr. Lincoln very frequently studied the Bible with the aid of Cruden's Concordance, which lay on his table." If Lincoln was not a reader and student of the inspired literature which we call the Bible, what explanation can be made of his language just quoted, addressed to Judge Gillespie, "I have read on my knees the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him?"

I have admitted that in Lincoln's experience there was a time when his faith faltered. It is interesting to know in what manner he came to have the faith which in the maturity of his royal manhood and in the zenith of his intellectual powers he expressed. One of his pastors—for he sat under the ministry of

three men, chiefly in Springfield, Ill.—Rev. James Smith, has told in what way Lincoln came to be an intelligent believer in the Bible, in Jesus as the Son of God, and in Christianity as Divine in its origin, and a mighty moral and spiritual power for the regeneration of men and of the race. Mr. Smith placed before him he says, the arguments for and against the Divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures. To the arguments on both sides Lincoln gave a patient, impartial, and searching investigation. He himself said that he examined the arguments as a lawyer investigates testimony in a case in which he is deeply interested. At the conclusion of the investigation he declared that the argument in favor of the Divine authority and inspiration of the Bible is unanswerable.

So far did Lincoln go in his open sympathy with the teaching of the Bible that on one occasion, in the presence of a large assembly, he delivered the address at an annual meeting of the Springfield, Illinois Bible Society. In the course of his address he drew a contrast between the decalogue and the most eminent lawgiver of antiquity, in which he said: "It seems to me that nothing short of infinite wisdom could by any possibility have devised and given to man this excellent and perfect moral code. It is suited to men in all the conditions of life, and inculcates all the duties they owe to their Creator, to themselves, and their fellow men."

Lincoln prepared an address, in which he declared that this country cannot exist half-slave and half-free. He affirmed the saying of Jesus, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Having read this address to some friends, they urged him to strike out that portion of it. If he would do so, he could probably be elected to the United States Senate; but if he delivered the address as written, the ground taken was so high, the position was so advanced, his sentiments were so radical, he would probably fail of gaining a seat in the supreme legislative body of the greatest republic on earth.

Lincoln, under those circumstances, said: "I know there is a God, and that he hates the injustice of slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that his hand is in it. If he has a place and a work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because

I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

And yet we are asked to believe that a man who could express himself in this way and show this courage was a doubter, a skeptic, an unbeliever, an agnostic, an infidel. "Christ is God." This was Lincoln's faith in 1860, found in a letter addressed to the Hon. Newton Bateman.

Lincoln's father was a Christian. Old Uncle Tommy Lincoln, as his friends familiarly called him, was a good man. He was what might be called a ne'er-do-well. As the world counts success, Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln was not successful, but he was an honest man. He was a truthful man. He was a man of faith. He worshiped God. He belonged to the Church. He was a member of a congregation in Charleston, Ill., which I had the honor to serve in the beginning of my ministry, known as the Christian Church. He died not far from Charleston, and is buried a few miles distant from the beautiful little town, the county seat of Coles county, Ill.

During the last illness of his father, Lincoln wrote a letter to his step-brother, John Johnston, which closes with the following sentences: "I sincerely hope that father may recover his health, but at all events tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great, and good, and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in him. Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now he will soon have a joyful meeting with loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the mercy of God, hope ere long to join them."

From this it appears that Lincoln cherished a hope of life everlasting through the mercy of God. This sounds very much like the talk of a Christian.

Although Lincoln was not a church member, he was a man of prayer. He believed that God can hear, does hear, and answer prayer. Lincoln said in conversation with General Sickles concerning the battle of Gettysburg, that he had no anxiety as to the result. At this General Sickles expressed surprise, and inquired into the reason for this unusual state of mind at that

period in the history of the war. Lincoln hesitated to accede to the request of General Sickles, but was finally prevailed upon to do so, and this is what he said:

"Well, I will tell you how it was. In the pinch of your campaign up there, when everybody seemed panic-stricken, and nobody could tell what was going to happen, oppressed by the gravity of our affairs, I went into my room one day and locked the door, and got down on my knees before Almighty God, and prayed to him mightily for victory at Gettysburg. I told him this was his war, and our cause his cause, but that we could not stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And I then and there made a solemn vow to Almighty God that if he would stand by our boys at Gettysburg I would stand by him. And he did and I will. And after that (I don't know how it was, and I can't explain it) but soon a sweet comfort crept into my soul that things would go all right at Gettysburg, and that is why I had no fears about you."

Such faith as this will put to the blush many who are members of the Church.

It was afterward that General Sickles asked him what news he had from Vicksburg. He answered that he had no news worth mentioning, but that Grant was still "pegging away" down there, and he thought a good deal of him as a general, and had no thought of removing him notwithstanding that he was urged to do so; and "besides," he added, "I have been praying over Vicksburg also, and believe our Heavenly Father is going to give us victory there too, because we need it, in order to bisect the Confederacy and have the Mississippi flow unvexed to the sea."

When he entered upon the task to which the people of the United States had called him, at the railway station at Springfield on the eve of his departure to Washington to take the oath of office, he delivered an address. It is a model. I quote it entire. It is as follows:

"My friends, no one not in my position can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the

aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine blessing which sustained him, and on the same almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you an affectionate farewell."

At the time of Lincoln's assassination these words were printed in a great variety of forms. In my home for a number of years, beautifully framed, these parting words addressed to the friends of many years in Springfield, Ill., ornamented my humble residence. And yet one of his biographers refers to this address as if its genuineness may well be doubted. At the time of its delivery it was taken down and published broadcast in the papers of the day.

But it would be wearisome to you to recite all the evidences bearing on the religious character of Abraham Lincoln. John G. Nicolay well says: "Benevolence and forgiveness were the very basis of his character; his world-wide humanity is aptly embodied in a phrase of his second inaugural; 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.' His nature was deeply religious, but he belonged to no denomination: he has faith in the eternal justice and boundless mercy of Providence, and made the Golden Rule of Christ his practical creed."

In this passage Mr. Nicolay refers especially to Lincoln's second inaugural address. This address has the ring of an ancient Hebrew prophet. Only a man of faith and piety could deliver such an address. After the struggles through which the country had passed Lincoln's self-poise, his confidence in God, his belief in and affection for his fellow men, remained unabated. In Lincoln's second inaugural address he used these words:

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from

the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but wo to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the belivers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with a lash shall be with another drawn by a sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The spirit of this address, under the circumstances, is intensely Christian, and it is one of the most remarkable speeches in the literature of the world.

When Lincoln was urged to issue his Proclamation of Emancipation he waited on God for guidance. He said to some who urged this matter, who were anxious to have the President act without delay: "I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that, if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me, for, unless I am deceived in myself that I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter, and if I can learn what it is, I will do it."

Stoddard, in his Life of Lincoln, gives attention beyond any of his biographers to the religious side of Lincoln's character. Commenting on the inaugural from which I have quoted, Mr. Stoddard said:

"His mind and soul had reached the full development in a religious life so unusually intense and absorbing that it could not otherwise than utter itself in the grand sentences of his last address to the people. The knowledge had come, and the faith had come, and the charity had come, and with all had come the love of God which had put away all thought of rebellious resistance to the will of God leading, as in his earlier days of trial, to despair and insanity."

I wish to call special attention to Lincoln's temperance habits. He was a teetotaler so far as the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was concerned. When the committee of the Chicago convention waited upon Lincoln to inform him of his nomination he treated them to ice-water and said:

"Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring."

Mr. John Hay, one of his biographers, says: "Mr. Lincoln was a man of exceedingly temperate habits. He made no use of either whiskey or tobacco during all the years that I knew him."

Abraham Lincoln was a model in every respect but one. It was a mistake on the part of this great and good man that he never identified himself openly with the Church. I know what can be said in favor of his position. It is not, however, satisfactory. If all men were to act in this matter as Lincoln did, there would be no Church. This is obvious. Hence the mistake which he made. Otherwise, as to his personal habits; as to his confidence in God; as to his faith in man; as to his conception and use of the Bible; as to his habits of prayer; as to his judicial fairness; as to his sympathy with men—in all these respects, as in many others, Abraham Lincoln is a character to be studied and imitated.

THE LINCOLN PEW

By Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D. D., LL. D.

Text: "The King and all that were present with him bowed themselves and worshiped.' II Chronicles 29:29.

It is our just pride that so many of the Presidents of the United States have been professors of Christianity and regular attendants upon the House of God. It is the pride of this congregation that, more than any other church of the Capital, the Presidents of the United States have here come, and with all those with them bowed and worshiped. It is our especial pride that we preserve the Lincoln Pew, carrying in itself so many rich and enriching associations and influences, and as the years go by it is of interest to know that not only upon the Sabbath, but during the week, visitors to our Capital seek out this pew simply to look upon it, and in the looking upon it have both the revival of the great memories and the inspiration of the great life of the republic.

I. And I notice, in the first place, that the Lincoln Pew is a memorial of a great period. Movements of men and of nations are often smooth, unnoticed, and somewhat monotonous. Now and again the crises come, the large names are written, the large deeds accomplished, and the reinforcement of its better life felt. The disposition is to forgetfulness of the past. We, in the wrong sense, let the dead past bury its dead, and accept the control and joy of the moment.

That period was the great period in the nation's life. It must not be forgotten. Its inspirations must not be lost, its lesson must not be laid aside. To-day the south wind blows softly; we study compromise and ease and material success, and with a great many of us one thing is about as good as another, if not a little better, and we yield our principles and conciliate when conditions are favorable to forgetfulness and to the disuse of the large results. That was an age of heroism. Men believed, and on their belief acted. They had testimony and would seal their testimony with their blood. Moving easily in the varied interests and activities of life, thinking of the things to eat and to drink, and of the way of making merry, suddenly the cannon sounded, and its echoes reverberated north and south, through all these valleys, over these mountains and wakened sleeping

patriotism and quickened the better life into activity and service. Women gave their sons, men on every side gave their fortunes and themselves that their principles might have assertion, that their convictions might have success, that their land might have life. Commerce is deserted, and homes and pleasure. Men shouldered the musket and faced the hardships and hunger and exposure and fever and death, seeing the things that are invisible. It was the heroism of faith, and from that heroism the large accomplishment gave to the race its liberty, to humanity its hope, to the nation its secured and assured existence. It was a great period, a glowing chapter, a proclamation of heroism that the generation to-day must catch and from it have inspiration that shall be to their own ennoblement and to the nation's benefit.

II. And I notice that the Lincoln Pew is not only a memorial of a great period, but it is a monument to a great man. The nation hesitated in accepting that greatness. Even those who called him to office questioned ability and fitness. Misrepresentation and misunderstanding and obscurity had their explanations in the fear and the questionings of the people. But to-day he stands the peer of the greatest in that century. It was a great century, the century of Tennyson, of Gladstone, of Darwin, of great men and great achievements, and yet, distinct in his own sphere, superior and standing looking straight into the eyes of him whom we worship, we find him the first of his countrymen, in many respects the greatest of the people. Great in his training of obscurity and in his achievement out of his limitations; great in the development of character; so symmetrical in the end, so large that the nation and the world wrote him "the man." A wonderful simplicity of character!

It is the man of mediocre ability that struts. The great man is simply great, and great men are simple. There was a wonderful simplicity in that character, that at first deceived and misled, but in the end conquered. Simple, because born of the people and close to the people in his life and experiences, he knew their faults. His heart throbbed with theirs in the great truth and for that great truth. His eye was clear in discernment, and his heart strong and sympathetic in its response. Of the people, beyond the machinations of men, beyond the intricacies of politics, beyond the accidents of an occasion, he saw

the people, and the people saw and loved him. And with that simplicity was that wondrous strength of character. Perhaps it might be designated his striking characteristic. It took a strong man to stand and utter his words. A hero beyond the heroism of many a battlefield, with a forlorn hope, that man stood in disaster, in misapprehension, in complainings and tumults of the people. Strong because of personal conviction, noble in his solitariness, patient as he looked toward the ends, hopeful even in defeat, for the ultimate triumph of truth and justice. It was a strong man who could resist the suggestions, solicitations, threats, dire experiences, of those dreadful days, and look straight, undismayed, heroic, toward the second end.

A patient man and a strong man. And with that an intellectuality that conquered. We will not stop with analysis, either of character or mind, but do not let us forget that his character was great as allied with unusual intellect, grasp and power. No better than he in the simple language of the people could tell the exact facts and state the exact truth. His speeches and papers were masterpieces and have become perfect. The very limitations of his youth trained him. Our youth to-day read too much and think too little. Too many books, too much variety. This man, in a neighborhood of very few books, borrowed all the books of the neighborhood, and then on his tramps and at the plow and in the traditions of the homes gathered in symmetry within his own assimulations that which he had acquired, so that he could step from obscurity and limitation into conspicuousness and largeness with mind furnished, with faculties trained for expression as well as for thought. A great orator, who could speak the word that would command, and send forth the message that led the people.

III. But I want to go on further and recall that this Lincoln Pew is not only a memorial of a great period, and a monument to a great man, but is pre-eminently the record of a great thought. I dare say that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian man. There is a misunderstanding, or a perversion that persists in the opposite announcement. We are told even that he was an infidel and an atheist. We are referred to his jests in serious times, and even to his coarseness at occasional times, and to political influences at all times, that to the speakers seem to confirm the assumption, and we are regaled again and again with

the perverted statements that come from one or two of his old associates.

Lincoln's Pew is the record, I think of the great fact of his Christianity. It is a fact, that a certain time of his life he probably was an agnostic, careless, indifferent to the common assertions of evangelical truth. His young manhood was in the days when unbelief was rampant, when the books of Voltaire and Paine were in great circulation. His life was in a neighborhood where the churches were scarce, where the voice of the minister was very infrequently heard, where the stress of life impelled toward the things that were material and earthly, and in the strife for bread and for existence young manhood was apt to be indifferent if not repellent to the things that are eternal and spiritual. It is altogether likely that he passed through that stage of thought. It is also true that he never made confession of faith in the Church of Christ. Let those two facts be accepted.

But, on the other hand, it is true that he was the child of Christian parents and that in that home of poverty he was familiar with the reading of the Bible and with the voice of prayer. We know, by the accepted statements—a letter being now in existence in which, speaking of the approaching death of his father, he expresses his confidence in the faith of his father, and also states that "by the mercy of God I hope to join him in that home to which he goes." A very good statement from an atheist! And we know further that in the days of his manhood, during the period of his unbelief, he was in personal relations with the pastor of a Presbyterian church of his community who, over his own signature, states, in reference to interviews he had with Abraham Lincoln, the fact that he not only prepared himself the arguments and the suggestions that might lead him toward Christianity, but placed in his hands a book on the evidence of Christianty, which, at a subsequent time, Mr. Lincoln returned saying that he had investigated it as a lawyer would investigate it, and that now he was convinced that the Bible is the inspired Word of God. Rev. Dr. Smith, of Springfield, Ill., makes that statement over his own signature. We know that by letter and on the public platform, his references were frequent to the infinite wisdom that has given us the Bible, and that his later papers revealed very distinctly a remarkable intimacy with

the very words of the Bible. He recommended it in a letter to a friend as a book the reading of which would make him a better man. In one of the great crises in Washington in the Civil War, one of his letters is now in existence in which he says, "I have been reading on my knees the story of Gethsemane, and how the Master was compelled, in unanswered prayer, to drink his bitter cup. It seems to me I am in my Gethsemane, and like him, I must drink my bitter cup." That sounds a little strange for an agnostic!

Do we not recall those wondrous expressions of his later papers, and especially that second inaugural, which sounds like the call of an inspired Hebrew prophet, when he calls to the people on that eventful day yonder at the Capitol inaugurated the second time as President, and narrating the gloom of the day, he remarks that, "Profoundly we hope and ardently we pray that this war will cease," and then goes on to say—you remember those graphic words—"Nevertheless, if it be that the millions in the Treasury that have been taken from these benighted ones shall be spent, and if, for every lash on the shoulders of the oppressed, there shall be the blood by the drawn sword"—forecasting the way that may be—he says, "Notwithstanding, as it was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with courage to do the right as God gives us to see the right, we will pursue this war to its end." It is the word and the breath of a great attainment of spiritual life. The knowledge has come, charity has come, and so he bows, even if it be in continued shame and defeat, he bows to the will of the Lord's providence.

I recall, even before these days, that fine statement of his, with that strength of character so characteristic, when he said. "I know I am right, because liberty is right, for Christ has said it, and Christ is God." Does that sound like an atheist or an infidel? We recognize as we read that life, that with that study of the Word of God there came to him a like confidence in prayer, worthy of any Christian. You remember that touching address to his friends and neighbors when on leaving Springfield for Washington he invokes for himself their prayers in those dire necessities of the hour. There is in existence a letter written from Washington, in which he says, "At a certain time I went to

my room and locked the door, and fell upon my knees, praying God that he would save the country and save our people."

It seems to me that with these and other testimonies that might well be presented it is unmanly, it is wrong to reiterate again and again the challenge that, in the face of this testimony, is a slander upon his great character. He had his mistakes; he made his mistakes. He had his weaknesses. There were undoubtedly weaknesses in his human life, and in his human character. But the record confirms the judgment of to-day that he moved through these experiences to the high attainments to which you and I may well labor to attain, to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk with God. It is a pity that with these convictions he did not make public confession of his faith. But it seems to me his life was a public confession. These letters and his service are a public confession, and there is the testimony of Dr. Gurley, the pastor of Abraham Lincoln in this church, that Abraham Lincoln said to him, after the death of his son, that he felt his heart was changed, that he not only believed, but loved the Son of God, and that he expected to make this public confession of his faith.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.

There is no truly great and satisfactory biography of Lincoln. Nor is there likely to be until the writer shall appear who can do for him a similar work to that done by Carlyle for Cromwell. The epoch in which he became the transcendent figure projected its hate and discord into succeeding eras. Although a kindlier sentiment prevails now, and none save minor and useless attempts are made to influence history against him, the difficult role he undertook was not without risks to his reputation. He did not reach his present eminence by a semi-miraculous way. The fate of those who essay radical changes by enforcing unwelcome truths was visited on him. If ardent supporters idealized him, opponents equally ardent heaped venomous misrepresentation on his public acts. Men who had been deprived of economic privileges in their essene unjust and unholy, assailed him with fanatical virulence. They specifically resented his sturdy belief that liberty was an essential part of the good of everything; a

belief which animated his wisest statesmanship and prevented him from making shipwreck of his personal honor. To it can be ascribed his inflexibility against festering iniquities inflicted upon the helpless and enslaved, whose lot was our standing reproach among the nations. It directed him with commanding simplicity until through sacrifice he attained a sufficient habitation for his purposes, and consummating them in the largest fashion available. It won for him the approval of his own and of the universal conscience. His final months brought a certain grandeur to the pre-destined martryr, who gathered to himself in the sunset hour those associations which have made his name the treasured heritage of a people exceptionally rich in such bequests. He escaped the contempt of the enemy and obtained the world for his tomb, though he needed neither tomb nor epitaph to proclaim a life than which no braver nor better glows in the golden roll of American publicists.

We complain of the indifferent, listless, ignorant multitudes which do not know how they inherit freedom. But as touching Lincoln they have never been apathetic or inarticulate. Public opinion has moved in swift, warm, living currents around his memory. Every instinct of justice and mercy has added to their impetus. Domestic provincialism could not retard them. It is commonly agreed among English-speaking races and races which do not speak English, that no other magistrate of his century, and few indeed, of any century, exceeded Lincoln in their contribution to social progress and betterment. Gladstone, who democratized an Empire, Bismarck, who inaugurated the stern methods which were tried out in blood and fire, Cavour, who recreated a nation, Webster, who expounded our constitutional doctrines with rare dignity and force, have no such right and title as Lincoln has received in the development of the higher civilization. European chancelleries acknowledge his authority. The Premiers of Great Britain invoke his precedents in behalf of their propositions. The literary and political circles of England hold him in reverence. "The London Times" and "The Spectator" quote his speeches. The plain folk indorse his interpretations of democracy as understood not alone by us, but by Christendom's faithful devotees. His words have gone out to the end of the earth; they bid fair to survive all else connected with the Civil War. Their seed is in themselves, the ap-

preciation and respect with which they are treated is perhaps the most moving tribute to his worth.

Simply to discover how he came to this distinction involves many factors we have not time to discuss. His main lines of genealogy, the limitations and discipline of his environment, the theories he accepted, and how they moulded his action, the motives at the root of his steadfast intentions, the constant interference of obscure poverty followed by unused prominence, and above the rest, a vivid realization of the unbroken continuity of his career, are prime requisites in an accurate portrayal of the man. As we survey these causes and effects we are conscious that whatever leaps to light he never shall be shamed. Distinguished personalities frequently pain and disappoint us on nearer view. We are exhorted to spread the mantle of charity over their shortcomings, to avow that the king can do no wrong. To set down what they actually were, without fear or prejudice, is a thankless but wholesome task. It dwarfs heroes, robs character of a spurious greatness, shows the leprosy beneath the purple. Yet the disillusionment is just and beneficial. To avoid the truth is always an expensive offense. Fortunately for us, this proud natal day brings with it little to blame, much to praise, more for which to be thankful to the gift and the Giver. Even Lincoln's failings leaned to virtue's side. A calm retrospect leaves us vindicated in our nobler beliefs. The fierce light which beats upon every nook and cranny of his being reveals nothing which, in the severer sense, is detrimental. His conquest was the prize of his courage. Underneath his humane complacency lay a fortitude which grappled with adverse circumstances, and wrung out of them his opportunities. His earnestness was moral, still more so was his abhorrence of opposition. He did not shrink from the hazards of conflict, nor from the confessions of defeat. The temper which brought creeds to the test of practice made him oblivious to affront. To attempt, to persist, to stand in his own place, and having done whatever could be done, to continue to stand, were traits which made him the foremost captain of his age. The rugged primitiveness of his demeanor, and his singular humility and approachableness, were not always indicative of the majestic will concealed beneath them. The mire and malignancy he encountered could not detain him; he forged steadily ahead toward a goal to which he

had been appointed, clearing the path for others who had less prescience.

Nor was this hardihood stimulated by an optimistic outlook. Few were optimists in the dark years from 1850 to 1865. He knew that the political gospel of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Douglas was exhausted, that the nation chafed beneath its artificial boundaries. Yet the deep dejection that weighed upon him clarified his vision. For faith is born in such extremities, and because he trusted God and trusted the people, he was delivered from that fear which has a thousand eyes to plague its beating heart. His choices were upheld by the course of events; his prediction that after the night of tempest, when brother slew brother, not knowing whom he slew, the sun would rise on erstwhile bondsmen who no longer went forth scourged to unrequited toil, was splendidly fulfilled.

The beginning remains the supreme moment. The coarseness of Lincoln's early life has always attracted us. Roses blooming on an icy waste are scarcely less phenomenal than to find our chieftain in the woods of a frontier state. That his conditions as a boy and a man have been exaggerated is beyond doubt. But when soberly considered they leave ample margin for wonder and bewilderment. The best explanation of his emergence lies in the intellectual and ethical endowments of his remoter ancestry. Like Washington and Franklin, he came of an ancient stock which had already given us Alfred, Cromwell, Milton, the elder and the younger Pitt, and the Colonial Masters. Whatever their tribe has done or undone, it has produced a lineage of exalted spirits who held, in varying degrees, that perfect obedience to a perfect law makes perfect liberty. That they did not achieve this, is nothing against them. At the least, they approximated toward it as their polar star, distant but never dim, by whose aid they navigated the stormiest seas. Their vital conception of law as a habit of the mind restrained their individualism; they could live alone and also in ascertained communism; they could think for themselves and also in unison.

It was granted to Lincoln that he should express his gifts in correspondence with the popular mind. But this is the vocation of the oracle rather than of the groundling. And those who imagine that he always waited for counsel from an agitated commonwealth have only to note him at a crisis to be undeceived.

Horace Greeley would tell a different story, has told it. His debate with Douglas is the best tribute to his thoroughness of analysis, comprehensive sympathy, skilful and constructive use of necessary principles, in the era prior to his Presidency. For Douglas was a true patriot, a doughty antagonist, and when unseduced by the exigencies of partisanship, a formidable pleader. But Lincoln's resources of brain, his acute perception of his fellows, and his relieving benevolence, were moralized by his detestation for slavery. What has been deemed intuitional rather than logical in his argument, in reality, was reasoning carried to the ninth power. It rested on a rational basis as broad and as firm as eternal righteousness. Moreover, his batteries were masked. Here was no strut, no pose, no undue stiffness, no purple patch, no heart-foam of meaningless rhetoric. The telling phrase, the sure word, the luminous metaphor, were at his call. He was not baffled by the excessive gravity of Sumner, nor the artificialism of Chase, nor the truculence of Stanton, nor the meticulous egotism of McClellan, nor the ocasional ineptitude of Seward. Those who dwell on the surface have found it difficult to detect the full resonance and completeness of Lincoln's nature. If the heart makes the theologian, surely it has something to do for the statesman. Hence what he pondered and said was so subtly interwoven, so original and arresting, yet if the premises we cherish were accepted, so plainly true, that it could only be rejected by denying the standard doctrines on which all alike professed to rest their cause. As a political thinker, it is vain to compare him with Burke. But he never suffered his talents to be deflected, and Burke did. As a lawyer, he had no legal lore comparable with that of Jessel, or Cairns, or Field. But he interpenetrated what law he knew with the innate justice on which every law depends for its sway. The literature and learning of his contemporaries were not at his disposal. He made no reference to the poets and prose authors who sang and wrote in his behalf in New England. What originality he had, diverted itself with sporadic and perishable works of humor. His chosen lyric—

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

indicated his lowliness of soul rather than correct taste. But gain was in the loss; he knew and loved the Bible and Shakespeare. From these classics, and from the vast and hidden

provinces of his personality, he acquired by tenacious effort, a vigor and an ease of style which the pressure of his service enlisted and brought to the front.

I have studied the acumen of his closely woven argument, alluring to the most fastidous reader, each part related to every other part, and to the whole, and mounting to its conclusion as surely as the eagle soars above the plain, until I knew not which excelled; the matter or the manner of his discourse. Throughout its appeal shone that gleam from the Uncreated Radiance which redeems and glorifies even commonplace sentiment. Without a suspicion of pharisaism, or the tendency to mere plaititude, at intervals he girded himself for the fray, and became the prophet of the nations, the superb advocate of verities which wake to perish never. The Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural suffice as fine specimens of an inevitable rectitude which captured his constituents and justified democracy. Nor did he spend his strength on petty issues. There were adroit dealings in his handling of affairs which sustain the charge that he was a politician. But politicians have far more regard for major concerns than is supposed by purists, and when Lincoln came to the gulf betwen right and wrong, he was a Rock, a Refuge, a House of Defense. "May I be damned in time and eternity if I ever break faith with friend or foe!" he cried, when asked to repudiate his allegiance to his convictions.

No land-locked soul, hemmed in and stagnant, but a living arm of the Oceanic Being out of Whom he drew; such was Abraham Lincoln. He shared in the mystery of Godliness as well as that of genius. The mingling of pathos and power, of tragedy and triumph, in his entire fabric, his complexity and his simplicity; the balance and adjustment of his varied endowments; and their unreserved consecration to the grandest interests, have made him our paragon. Not a cold and monumental saint, but a divine-human creature, toiling, suffering, enduring, treading a path of darkness and of death, submitted to the cruel caprices of an outrageous fortune, compelled to witness the slaughter he abominated in behalf of a Union dearer than life itself, crowned with a belated triumph to which his ending gave additional and melancholy splendor, we can never dismiss him from recollection. His shining covers every quarter of the firmament. His work abides. He becomes more necessary to us and

to the anchorage of those to whom he gave everything he had or was, while the years pass. Others fade on the historic canvas, he stands out more conspicuously, even the minute blurs and blots heightening our gratitude.

Democracy is never so hapless as when leaderless, inchoate, infirm of aim. That those who bear his political name may inherit his spirit, is the fervent aspiration of our citizenship. And if, in this babel of voices, we are sometimes puzzled, and ask, "What is this Republic? What is it meant to be and to do? Wherein are we its loyal and obedient sons?" there can be no better answer than the life and teachings, the death and memory of Abraham Lincoln afford to every one of us. We know, beyond a peradventure, the sovereign conceptions of God, of man, of society, which ordained his magnanimity, his tranquil confidence, his unselfish and exemplary career. Knowing these, happy are we if we actualize them, without fear or favor, strong to achieve in that faith and toil which gave him the Amaranth.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

President and Cabinet Joined in Prayer

On the day the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court-House was received, so an intimate friend of President Lincoln relates, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet was able, for a time, to give utterance to his feelings.

At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln all dropped on their knees, and offered in silence and in tears, their humble and heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph he had granted to the National cause.

Lincoln's Gratitude

When Lincoln was a country lawyer almost in middle life, he received his first five-hundred-dollar fee. What should he do with such a "bonanza"? He decided to buy a quarter-section of land to make his dear good stepmother comfortable in her old age. She could live on it and her sons could till the soil, and it would hold the old woman's family together. When he told a lawyer friend what he meant to do with so much money, the man remonstrated and advised him to give the old lady a life-interest in the land in such a way that it would revert to him at her

death. The struggling lawyer was indignant. "I shall do no such thing!" he said. "It is a poor return, at best, for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it!"

Lincoln's Death

April 14th, 1865, at the request of some friends, President Lincoln occupied a box in Ford's Theatre. During the play a man named Booth pushed open the door, entered the box, drew a revolver, and fired a shot into Mr. Lincoln's head. Drawing a knife, Booth leaped from the box to the stage. A flag draped over in front of the box was caught by the spur Booth wore, and he was thrown, falling heavily in such a way that he badly injured his limb. Rising, he cried out: "Sic semper tyrannis!" As he passed off the stage from the side opposite the box he said: "I have done it." Mounting the horse held in readiness for him he hastily fled from the scene of his cowardly murder. The death of Booth and the trial of his accessories are well-known history.

Could Not Endure Profanity

Lincoln could not endure profanity. Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence in the White House, the President rose and said: "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night."

Key-note to Lincoln's Greatness

The key-note of Lincoln's greatness according to Dr. O. S. Marden, quoted by one Congressman, is given in his own words: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."

Why Lincoln Was Great

Abraham Lincoln was great because he was steadfast, patient, farsighted, honest, true. Combine these qualities into one comprehendig word. He was great because he was good. Tennyson was right in his judgment:

" . . . it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

His patriotism was the most tremendous single characteristic of his public life. The thought that filled his soul was the preservation of the union. Daniel Webster's great cry in the United States senate had become the legend to which Mr. Lincoln's life responded. "The union now and forever, one and inseparable."

By all these qualities and characteristics he showed himself to be the handiwork of God. Out of the hills of Kentucky God quarried him and hewed him into form for a pillar in his own temple, and at its base kneel now and will forever the representatives of the race to which he brought the possibilities of manhood.—Rev. E. S. Holmes.

Lincoln and Temperance

Abraham Lincoln said: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. No, there must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind, for until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

Lincoln a Man of Mercy

Lincoln's heart was as tender as ever beat in a human breast. He shrank from the confirmation of a sentence of death as if it was a murder by his own hand. "They say that I will destroy all discipline and am cruel to the army, when I will not let them shoot a soldier now and then," he said. "But I cannot see it. If God wanted me to see it, he would let me know it; and until he does, I shall go on pardoning and being cruel to the end." An old friend called by appointment, and found him with a pile of records of courts-martial before him for approval. "Go away, Swett!" he exclaimed with intense impatience. "Tomorrow is butchering day, and I will not be interrupted until I have found excuses for saving the lives of these poor fellows!"

Rev. Phillips Brooks, in closing his memorable address on Lincoln, said, "May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln."

"A Pair of Shirt Sleeves"

Such careers as Lincoln's are the glory of the American continent. If Rome told with pride that her dictators came from the plowtail, America may record the answer of the President who, when asked what would be his coat-of-arms, proudly replied, "A pair of shirt sleeves." The answer indicated a noble sense of the dignity of labor, rebuked the vanities of feudalism and expressed the conviction that men should be honored as man and not according to the accident of birth.

Washed Out in Blood

This was the reply made by Lincoln to an application for the pardon of a soldier who had shown himself brave in war, had been severely wounded, but afterward deserted.

"Did you say he was once bady wounded?"

"Then, as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is the remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time."

The Matter With the World Today

Not long before Mr. Lincoln became prominent in the nation, he was one day walking along the sidewalk in Springfield, leading two of his sons, one by each hand, and both were crying loudly. A gentleman who met them asked Mr. Lincoln what was the matter with the boys. He promptly replied: "Just what's the matter with the whole world. I have three nuts, and each boy wants two!"

Lincoln on Women

I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America.—Lincoln. Remarks on Closing Sanitary Fair in Washington, March 18, 1864.

His Temperance Record

During the Washingtonian movement Mr. Lincoln took an active interest in the temperance reform and made addresses in its behalf. One speech made in the Second Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Feb. 22, 1842, on the anniversary of the Washingtonian Society, has become memorable. It is an earnest and eloquent plea for moral suasion and shows much of the spirit of the man who taught "malice toward none and charity for all."

He plead for the continuance of the work of reforming drunkards and also for the efforts of those who were not immediate sufferers. He urged the duty of people who did not drink to take the pledge and give every moral support to the habitual drunkards who would try to reform and said: "Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church." To those who would say, "We are no drunkards and we shall not acknowledge ourselves such by joining a drunkards' society," he replied, "Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection." He then followed this with an eloquent plea from the example of Jesus who came in the form of sinful man to die an ignominious death, that in like manner if needs be, men should suffer to help their weak and erring fellow-creatures.

Lincoln a Church Attendant

In the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., is preserved the pew which Lincoln ocupied while he lived in that city. In the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., there remains, among the new oaken seats, the old pew of dark wood which Lincoln used during his Presidency. He attended public worship with great regularity.

The Religion of Lincoln

All the chief biographers of Lincoln declare him to have been profoundly religious. In 1842 he wrote to his friend Speed, referring to his own troubled heart, "Whatever he designs he will do for me yet. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, is my text just now." Shortly after he decided to settle permanently in Springfield, his father fell dangerously ill. Lincoln, in writing to his half brother, said: "I sincerely hope father

may recover his health, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in his extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man who puts trust in him."—Rev. Calvin Dill Wilson, D. D.

Lincoln's Wisdom

Lincoln advocated temperance and proclaimed the gospel of health. "Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

Lincoln's One Rule

Lincoln's one rule of life was the Christian rule of doing right. He was great because he was natural and sincere. He was controlled by realities. In his boyhood days he became acquainted with the Bible and the old rule of justice. In his dealings with men in commercial, social and professional life, he adhered strictly to that rule. When a boy he borrowed a book from a neighbor. Rain beat into the opening of the loghouse where he lived and the book was injured. Promptly he reported to the owner, and he was permitted to work for him until the book was paid for. In his first visit to New Orleans he saw the shame and injustice of slavery. Then it was he said, "If I ever get a chance to strike at the institution of slavery, I will strike it hard!"

Billy Sunday's Lincoln Illustration

During the Civil War conditions became such that Abraham Lincoln issued an order that none of the soldiers would be granted a furlough. A while after that order, one soldier got word that his wife was dying. His superiors couldn't grant him the furlough, but they did let him go and try to see the President. But when he reached the President's office a guard outside stopped him and told him it was impossible to see the great man. The soldier went away discouraged, his eyes filled with tears.

Outside a little boy saw him. The boy was Tad Lincoln.

The little boy said, "What's the matter, Mister Soldier?" The youngster had to ask several times before the soldier heard and answered him. And when the man told the child why he mourned, the little fellow said: "Come with me; I'll take you to see him—he's my papa." The boy got the soldier past the guard at the door, and Lincoln signed the order allowing him to go to the bedside of his dying wife.

That story is perfect. Here is sin, the guard at the door, and you can't get by. Sin is the barrier. Twenty-nine years ago, in a Chicago mission Jesus Christ came to me. I could not get past the door, but he took me in.

Lincoln's Sermon

Mr. Lincoln often preached what he called "a sermon to his boys." It was "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't smoke, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellow men, love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

He taught temperance by example and by precept, and on several occasions suggested to young men "not to put their enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." While visiting General Grant's army on the Potomac, an officer asked Mr. Lincoln to drink a glass of campagne, saying: "Mr. President, that is a certain cure for seasickness." Mr. Lincoln replied that he "had seen many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that vile stuff."

Good to Take

Speaking of Lincoln's attitude toward temperance, he is known to have lectured on the subject and to have prepared a pledge which he circulated among boys. When he decorated a boy, Cleophas Breckenridge, with a temperance badge, he said to him, "Sonny, that is the best thing you will ever take."

Lincon's Superb Faith

As illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's superb faith, I will give an instance that I have never seen in print. In the largest room in the White House, on the second floor, were gathered a number of officers of the army, then of prominence by reason of the commands they held in the field; many civilians who held no office, but who had come from the North to see Washington and

pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and perhaps get contracts essential to running the Government; and a few members of Congress.

At first it appeared more like a large reception, where, after shaking hands, people stayed to chat with one another. Not far from Mr. Lincoln, a prominent Senator, whom we may call Senator D——, in a strong, deep voice, remarked: "I believe that, if we could only do right as a people, the Lord would help us and we should have a decided success in this terrible struggle." Mr. Lincoln, hearing the remark of the Senator, with his clear, shrill enunciation, cried out: "My faith is greater than yours."

Everybody turned and looked at the President, who was head and shoulders above all there assembled. The Senator who had spoken then said, "How so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I am confident," said he, "that God will make us do sufficiently right to give us the victory.—General O. O. Howard.

Lincoln's Religious Experience

Hezekiah Butterworth, in writing of Abraham Lincoln as a Christian, said:

"One day Mr. Lincoln met an army nurse, a woman of true Christian character. 'I have a question to ask you,' he said, in effect. 'What is a religious experience?'

It was the most important question that one can ask in the world.

The woman answered, 'It is to feel one's need of divine help and to cast oneself on God in perfect trust and know his presence,' or words to that effect.

'Then I have it,' he answered. 'I have it, and I intend to make a public profession of it.'

About the same time, or later, he said to Harriet Beecher Stowe: 'When I entered the White House I was not a Christian. Now I am a Christian.'

In this second period of divine trust he made a vow to God to free the slaves by a proclamation.

At a Cabinet meeting he said: 'The time has come to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation, the people are ready for it, and I promised God on my knees I would do it.'"

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

GEORGE WASHINGTON: HIS LIFE AND ITS LESSONS

By Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

Text: "Hold such in reputation." Phil. 2:29.

It is our chief duty in life to look forward. The golden age is in the future. While this is true, the message of to-day calls us to deal with the past and to look back. We owe the past a duty. It is our duty to search it, and appreciate it, and use it. It is our duty to exalt its virtues, and praise its conquests, and garner its fruitage, and reincarnate its wealth of thought and experience, and transmit its good to posterity. The right use of the past, with its history, is a moral uplift. It is a necessary equipment for the tasks of the future. If God's voice issues any commandment through the pages of the divine book it is this: "Study history! Use the past!" Have you never noticed the construction of the divine volume? Old Testament and New Testament are alike a compilation of historical books. In the Bible, history is piled on history; and this is so because truth is in history, and the exposure of error is in history, and the revelation of the possibilities and potentialities of man is in history. History is the exhibit of the rewards of human faith, and of human virtue, and of human courage.

Appropriate to the service of this evening as we open the divine volume, we should not fail to notice how God puts the most striking pages of history in the forefront of the story of Israel's national life. These pages are thrillingly and magnificently written. The nation makes many grand pages of history in after-time; pages with shining names like David, and Solomon, and Elijah, and Isaiah, and Daniel; but none of these pages surpass the pages which open the national volume. Some of the after-pages equal these, but they do not surpass these. The idyls of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; the romance of Joseph's exaltation, a literal transcript of real life; the bioghraphy of Moses; the plagues of Egypt; the miracle of the Red Sea; the fall of Jericho; in all of these we have romance following romance, and power added to power. There is the

exhibit of God here; there is the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy here; there is here, also, a marvellous growth from an unlikely seed; and, above all, there is here the magnificent triumph of the right over the wrong. Back to this history of the opening of their race the Hebrews constantly reverted. Fathers repeated its stirring things to their children. The leaders and prophets of the nation used it, to reclaim the people, and to incite them to faith and enterprise.

Brethren, it is a grand thing for a nation to have grand men for ancestors, and to have a history whose first pages are crowded with interest, and whose open chapters are filled with God, and with human heroism, which is the product of union with God. Such a history will send a holy and an inspiring thrill through the body politic age after age. Such ancestors will stand as eternal sentinels guarding the liberties of the nation, and the principles of the nation, and the faith of the nation. Such men will rebuke and commend and lead the nation perpetually.

You see the bearing of all this. It leads me directly to the topic of the evening, which introduces us to the great ancestor of the American Republic. Like the Commonwealth of Israel the American republic has its noble ancestry. Our civil fathers were men fired by a world-wise purpose which came from the heart of God. Guided and sustained by this purpose they took possession of this continent for us and left us as a heritage the embodiment of their principles in this vast and honored Republic.

They planted the seed which grew the national tree underneath which we live. The product of their life is grand; but, grand as it is, it is only a prophecy of what shall be. We have not yet reached ultimate America, nor even typical America. Typical America is yet in the future. There are prayers of our national fathers still before the throne of God awaiting an answer. The prayers of George Washington at Valley Forge were broader than Valley Forge, and these prayers are still before God. God feels their strong pulsations, which beat in unison with his own purposes for America, and he keeps them constantly in sight for the coming of the right day. When that day comes, they will be translated from divine decrees into human realities. George Washington is not yet through with the

American Republic, and God grant that he never may be. When the Republic breaks with the Father of our Country the doom of the Republic will be forever sealed. But God would not have us break with him. Concerning Washington and his compeers, God says to us in the language of the text: "Hold such in reputation."

Let the celebration of Washington's Birthday go forward. It is in accordance with the mind of the Great Ruler of the Universe who himself gives a crown to every true man, and who issues his royal decree that the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Let North and South be one in honoring the man. Let music and artillery and pyrotechnic grace his memory. Let mature scholarship praise the statesmanship of the eighteenth century. Let burning eloquence depict the glory and advance of the nation for which Washington lived. Let the voice of prayer reverently rise to heaven upon this Lord's Day and commit the nation's future to the God who made the nation's past.

That we may be helped and profited by the study of the theme of the evening, let us set before our minds—

I. The story of George Washington; and then let us

II. Deduce from the story some lessons of Christian patriotism.

Owing to the limit of our time, our picture of Washington this evening must be the merest charcoal sketch—an outline and nothing more. But in that outline we want the real Washington, and not the traditional Washington; the historical Washington, and not the idealized Washington; the prose Washington, and not the poetic Washington; Washington the man, not Washington the myth; Washington as seen in the clear, open sunlight, and not Washington as seen in the haze of eulogy. We protest against every tendency to starch and stiffen and costumize this plain, honest farmer, who was faulty in his grammar and elliptical in his spelling. We have no love for stilts nor for mock poetry. Let Washington be kept humanized.

For my part, I have been accustomed to take comfort and heart from what Washington was not, as well as from what he was.

He owed nothing to birth. The light of no ancestral glory haloed his brow. No bluer blood flowed in his veins than that

which flows in tens of thousands of living Americans. He was not a brilliant man, as men who rule and lead in the world of letters are brilliant. He was not possessed of brilliant parts which glitter, as though a diamond were turned in the sun. His was not the genius of intellect; his was the genius of character. I rejoice in this because the genius of character is attainable to all. The man who lives in right relations with the truth, and with the right, and with God, and who deals in noble and honest and brave things, can and does build up a true character. True character-building is within the power of every mortal. But Washington was a providential man, you say. Yes, but so you may be a providential man, if you will. Every man who yields himself up absolutely to God, and to the call of the hour, and who follows explicitly and implicity the openings of Providence, is a providential man, in the full length and breadth and sweep of his life. He is as necessary a man in his place as George Washington ever was in his place.

I do not regret that Washington was not a brilliant man. A man of character is infinitely better than a man of brilliancy. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will excel. The majority of brilliant men, in history, remind me of a bolt of lightning. A bolt of lightning is a mighty power. Hurled out of the storm-covered and storm-shaken dome, it sweeps along its course in dazzling, flashing grandeur. It is a magnificent thing. It holds us enwrapped as we watch it. But at the same time, it fills us with fear. We tremble, not knowing what is coming, nor how it will use its power, nor where it will strike. Brilliant human lives are often like the thunder-bolt; they illumine, they dazzle, they show mighty power, but they keep the world in perpetual fear and anxiety, as to what the result of their living shall be. They are liable to be erratic, and wickedly ambitious. They are liable to throw themselves against the right. Nine times out of ten you will find them to be Napoleonic, and not Washingtonian. The difference between Napoleon and Washington is the difference between the iron heel and the helping hand; the difference between tyranny and freedom; the difference between a man living for self and a man living for broad humanity. Brilliant men are usually proud men, selfish men, tyrannical men. Too frequently they are all these.

History gives a full record of Washington. Its eye was on

him from birth to burial. He came into life in a plain fashion, and lived his boyhood days in a plain fashion. His early education was somewhat like Abraham Lincoln's. Neither of these men saw the inside of a university. Washington went to a low grade of private school, taught by the parish sexton. He learned the three R's, but he never studied grammar. In his brother's house he studied a little geometry. This sums up all that the schools did for him.

If this sums up all that the schools did for him, how are his wonderful State papers to be accounted for? They are models. His farewell address like Lincoln's Gettysburg address, is nothing short of a national classic. I account for the form and power of his State papers just as I account for his wonderful career. I see here the result of great goodness. He wrote out of himself. His face was always and everywhere toward the light; so not a vocable rang false in his State papers. He spoke and wrote electly and directly, because he spoke and wrote from a pure character. He felt through and through his consciousness the beauty of simplicity. He did not know how electly he did write and did speak. Such is always the case with goodness. He had something true and important to say, and this, too, was a reason why he struck a high level in literature. There is a relation between ethics and esthetics.

Deprived of school privileges, he trained himself out of school. As we see him train himself out of school, we see the man in the boy. As a boy, he drilled himself in self-control, and in regularity of work, and in art of politeness, and in respect for conscience, and in the fear of God. As a boy he was soul-full, and thoughtful, and devout. He was of a meditative spirit. As a boy he studied the art of courteous, agreeable intercourse. He laid down rules to guide him in the avoidance of all that would offend refined taste, and in the culture of that which was pleasing in manner and in habit. Manuscripts found in his own hand-writing show this. The majority of boys and men do not try to please or to be pleasing, and they succeed, i. e., they do not please, and they are not pleasing. By ill-manners they throw half of their power of life away. Decorum and politeness are greater forces in society than we imagine. They are the evidences of self-respect; and the man only who respects him-

self is respected by his fellows. Here are some of the rules which he wrote out for himself at the age of thirteen:

Never violate the laws of good society. Avoid everything that offends or annoys.

Endeavor to keep alive in your bosom that little divine spark called conscience.

When you speak of God, or of his attributes, speak seriously and in reverence. These rules have come down to us in the hand-writing of the boy Washington. The observance of these rules I call putting oneself under the regulation of the highest type of religion.

At the age of seventeen, Washington earned his livelihood as a surveyor of public lands. He followed this occupation for three years. This was a wholesome discipline. It made him physically, and when at the end of it, he stood forth six feet two inches, he was broad-shouldered and full-chested, every inch of him a man. It identified him with the least artificial of human pursuits. It shielded him also from the perversion of his moral energies. It made him practical. It inured him to habits of keen local study. It made him familiar with fatigue and exposure. It taught him to accommodate himself to limited fare and to camp-life. It made a soldier of him.

At the age of nineteen, he took a commission from the State of Virginia, and entered into the French and Indian wars. After this he went with his brother to the West Indies. While there, his brother died, leaving him his estate. It was in this way that he came into the possession of Mount Vernon.

At the age of twenty-seven he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a widow with two children. She was noted for two things—wealth and beauty. No one would ever say that he married her for money; but her money came in good place during the revolutionary times, and enabled him the better to serve his country. At the age of forty-two he became a member of the first General Congress of the Colonies, and at the age of forty-four he was, through the influence of John Adams, selected as Commander-in-chief of the American forces. He took command of the army under the old elm tree on the Common of Cambridge, Mass.

From this time on his history is the history of America. He was not a mere anecdote, curious but non-important. He

was essential history itself. His life was a book of national life, and every book of national life is a book of God. It is his life and character and personality that give charm to the details of the Revolutionary times.

He remained at the head of the army for seven long years, during which time his foot never stepped across the threshold of his home. The history of these seven years is familiar to all. They are full of intense interest, from the rising of the siege of Boston by building batteries on Dorchester Heights, to the surrender of the British army of 7,000 at Yorktown.

Two battles, at least, during this period show great military genius, and would have been worthy of Napoleon—the battles of Trenton and of Germantown. Washington's crossing the Delaware on a stormy night in mid-winter, when the river was running high and was full of ice, was like Napoleon crossing the Alps. For his services during the Revolutionary War he took no remuneration whatever. That shows where his heart was, and for what he was fighting. He was ambitious, not for self, but for country. He fought, not for glory, but for a cause which he believed to be right.

His services in this war illustrate his character and set forth his endowments. While he was constantly active and full of untiring perseverance, he was also noted for his large passive virtues. These were the virtues which won the day. He was not able to meet the foe on an open field. He had not the army with which to do that. His only hope was to weary the British by long retreats; making now and then a daring attack and winning a brilliant victory, to revive his troops and his country, and to keep the love of the cause of liberty alive.

Only a man largely endowed with the passive virtues could have endured the jibes of the foe and the suspicion of allies and the charge of incompetency by friends. We want to make more of the passive virtues than we do.

The war over, was Washington's work through? No. It was only half through. Many more years of service were required from him upon the part of his country.

The war over, the States free, a new era opened before America. God had brought the States through the great struggle, but danger was not over for them. War had united them,

but the war over, they were in danger of falling apart and of entering into battle with one another.

The most perilous years in the history of our nation were four years after the Revolutionary War. Each State began to look out for itself, and to become jealous of every other State. The articles of confederation were too indefinite and feeble. The Continental Congress, ruling under these articles, had but limited authority. A heavy war debt rested upon the nation, and the soldiers who won the freedom of the nation were compelled to go unpaid. It is impossible to magnify the ills of this period, yet the average American rests under the delusion that when the Revolutionary War was over, our fathers had a political millennium. There was great financial distress. There was civil war in North Carolina, and there was revolt in Pennsylvania. The times demanded efforts for a more perfect and permanent union, and for better articles of confederation, and for a wider central government. This demand originated the convention which framed the Constitution. Of this convention George Washington was the head. The Constitution framed and adopted, he was elected the first President, with John Adams, Vice-President. It was not his wish to be President. The office sought him; he did not seek the office. Every position which he held during his long public service was forced upon him; he took and filled these positions only from a sense of duty; only to serve a cause.

The day of his inauguration was a great day. He himself felt it to be such, for if the gigantic enterprise upon which the republic entered should prove a failure, government of the people and by the people and for the people would be set back centuries, and the tyrannies of the old world with their monarchial ideas would receive a new lease of life.

But if the enterprise should prove successful, the cause of civil freedom would bound up in every land, and the whole world would begin its march toward constitutional liberty.

The day, when it dawned, found the whole nation, as far as possible, assembled at New York. Multitudes with thrilling hearts witnessed the administration of the oath of office, and when George Washington with great fervor said: "I swear, so help me God," the Chancellor, who administered the oath, turned to the living throngs and cried with a loud voice, "Long

live George Washington, the President of the United States." That shout the people echoed all through the city and all through the republic, and then a thousand chimes burst forth in musical notes of joy, and a thousand guns answered with their voice of hearty salute. Having served his country as President for eight years, Washington retired to the privacy of his home in Mount Vernon, and lived in quietness until death called him to take up his march to the throne of God. When he died all America mourned for him, and even the flags of Britain floated at half mast. As Goldwin Smith says: "England felt that he had only fought against the government of George III, and not against England."

Washington is now before us, and we see him as he is, and as he reveals himself in his life-work. He impresses us as a man whose manhood is pure and simple. He is self-possessed. He is temperate. He is methodical. He has the power of carrying with him all details. He is prompt, filling each day with the duties of the day. He is a man of deeds, not of words. He gives us a life by which to know him. A life full to overflowing with works. A life full of pathetic gravity and seriousness, which come from a sense of duty and from seeing and dealing with eternal realities and from carrying the burdens of the human race. His life is a continued exhibit of unselfishness. It is an eloquent and effective and an immortal oration on liberty. To repeat a phrase we have already used, his was the genius of character. It is his character that sets up his statue in our public parks, and that hangs his picture in our legislative halls. It is his character that holds for him the attachment of a continent, and the personal loyalty of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. It is his character that fires the guns, and pulls the bell-ropes, and inspires the orations. It is his character that makes his grave at Mount Vernon a mightier power than the presence of any living statesman. The genius of character! That is the greatest known power in the universe. The man who admires the genius of intellect stands by me and asks: Do you make genius of character outrank genius of intellect? I reply: Yes; a thousand times yes. Unless a man have love, and devotion, and self-sacrifice, and self-control, and honesty, and truthfulness, and manliness, he is lacking in the very pith and beauty of manhood; he is not a great man, no matter what else he may

have. He is not a great being. He may have written a matchless poem; he may have arranged the marvellous plots of a striking play; his meters may run like the music of the brooks and his metaphors shine like the fields, and seas, and clouds from which they are drawn; the personages in his dramas may be grand men, doing grand things; pointing to these, the admirer of the genius of intellect asks me with all confidence: And is not this glory enough for the man? Has he not reached the acme of greatness? I reply: No; this is not glory enough for the man; he has not reached the acme of greatness. There are great heights beyond him still. He must himself be the best character he can represent; he must enact in real life the highest qualities he can paint; he must do and love to do the noblest deeds he can abstractly conceive and beautifully describe. His intellect must not overtop his character, nor his lips out-boast the achievements of his hand. The genius of character! There is no power like that. That was the power possessed by George Washington. It was that which gave him his clear and unerring insight into things. It was that which crowned him and the cause he undertook, and which he served with success. It was that which carried the blessing of Almighty God with it.

Such is our Washington. To-day we stand in his presence and feel his power. We do this as part of our education. It is one of the most hopeful of all our human attributes that we have the capacity to be touched and thrilled and inspired by those who are above us. It is the germ and promise of progress. We are educated by our admirations. Nothing, perhaps, educates us more. I rejoice that this is so, because I remember that Washington calls out the admiration of all America. He educates the American citizen. He refines him. He elevates him. Do you not see the civic precepts, shining out from his life in letters of gold? I do. Let me read them for you, and in this way give you the second part of my sermon: I hear the Father of his country uttering two precepts. The first of these precepts is this:

I. Americans, give your country a true manhood.

This and this alone will make your country strong. This and this alone is true patriotism. I do not hesitate to press home this precept of Washington upon this ancient and honorable or-

ganization which I address to-night, because I know that this is considered fundamental by this organization.

As a chain is no stronger than its individual links, so the character of the separate citizens composing it. There is no getting away from the individual man. He must be made right, if the world is to be made right. There is only one process whereby society can be regenerated or a nation made noble, and that is the process which regenerates the atoms of society. These atoms make the nation. If, as a patriot, you want your country to be true and strong and pure, you must begin by making yourself true and strong and pure. It is only the citizen who has a true manhood that can do manly things, and build into our civil institutions manly virtues. The night cannot emit the light, it takes the day to do that. A thorn-bush cannot produce purple clusters; it takes the vine to do that. The citizen is never better than the man. Your patriotism cannot rise higher than your morals. Hence, the question is, What are you? Are you a man of truth, a sober man, an honest man, a generous man, a loyal man, a man of God? Show me a nation of such men, and I will show you a magnificent nation; a nation that shall be a model of civil and religious liberty among the nations; a nation with grand institutions, religious and educational; a nation full of commercial prosperity; a progressive nation; a nation whose laws shall be righteous and whose career shall be one of exaltation.

I am in search of good men for our nation, because in this later and better age which Washington has inaugurated, goodness is greatness. The great man of the future shall be the good man of the future. I know that goodness has not always been considered the equivalent of greatness, but it is thus considered in the Washingtonian age. It was not so considered when the human race was young, but it is so considered now, for the human race has reached its maturity.

As we review the history of the world, we see it dividing itself into three stages. In the first, Power is magnified; Force is deified. The great man is the strong man; in that era Nimrod is the hero after the world's heart. Strength receives the homage of the many. In the second, Power is pushed a step or two back and Intellect comes to the front. The great man is the intellectual man. In that era Homer is the favored idol before

whom the populace delight to bow. Genius receives the homage of men. Christianity has inaugurated the third stage. In this era the world is pointed, not to Nimrod, not to Homer, but to Christ, who goes about doing good. Ever after this it is not Power; it is not Genius; but it is Goodness. The great man of the future will be the good man of the future.

What seems strange, these three stages of the world history, which I have mentioned, are paralleled in the individual experience of man as he admires the forces operating in the world.

What causes the heart of the boy to respond in admiration of David slaying Goliath? Power. Caesar leading the Tenth Legion? Power. Napoleon at the head of the Old Guard? Power. Let the boy pass into young manhood. What causes his heart to respond in admiration as a young man? Shakespeare creating his wonderful characters? Genius. Macaulay writing his great history? Genius. Goethe throwing off the marvellous products of his pen? Genius. Let the young man reach his full maturity, and become able to sift and weigh and analyze and judge things by the most approved standard! What calls out admiration from the heart of the mature man? John Howard at work among the reeking prisons. Goodness. George Washington sacrificing himself for the American Republic. Goodness. Livingstone in the heart of the dark continent, struggling for the elevation of Africa. Goodness. Abraham Lincoln writing the Emancipation Proclamation. Goodness. Goodness is greatness. The man of the future will be the good man of the future. Above all things, then, let the coming patriot give to his country a manhood which is essentially good.

The second of Washington's precepts which I wish to present is this:

2. Be intense Americans.

This precept also is in harmony with the genius of the organization I now address. It was to found an American commonwealth that Washington gave his life. It was for American ideas that he fought. When his soldiers wanted him to crown himself as king, he refused, because he believed that every man in the republic is a king. The American idea proclaims the liberty of the individual and the value of the one man. A king, a pope, both of these are anti-American. The American idea demands independent thinking in both State and Church.

Free thought, free speech, free school, a free ballot, a free press; these are all American ideas. Washingtonism consists in standing for the defence of these. Intense Americanism consists in the same thing.

Intense Americanism requires us also to look after the integrity and the wholeness of our nation. We must see to it that there shall be no division of loyalty upon the part of its citizens. We have opened the gates of our nation to all the world, and have dispensed the right of franchise freely; we must see to it that the men of the different nationalities who accept our gifts, give us in return what we require, and what is the condition of our gifts. Let us tell all foreigners the moment they step upon our shores that we mean this republic shall be practically and ultimately American. The American Republic exists for the purpose of becoming supreme. Now, it is not illiberal in us to push Americanism to the front. No! Because in Americanism there is room enough and breadth enough for all the races who are willing to unify with us. America exists for the world, and it is an axiomatic statement that America can serve the world only as it is American. Americanism is the broadest kind of humanitarianism, and the widest type of cosmopolitanism.

When our republic was organized, and the battle for liberty fought and won, and the national institutions which we now enjoy inaugurated, and their intended future planned, it occurred to American patriots that it would be a generous thing to invite others to the enjoyment of these. So our republic unfurled its flag of welcome and waved an invitation to the nations far and near. It opened its doors of citizenship to the wide world. But were there no conditions of citizenship? Were not people of all nations invited for a special object? Oh, yes. They were invited for this object, viz., to build up the institutions which our fathers had founded, and to guard the rights which our fathers had purchased with their blood. They were invited to work out Americanism. They were invited to help in the work of development; not to revolutionize. It was the distinct understanding that each man who accepted of the invitation accepted also the object of the invitation. Anything else would have been courting suicide upon the part of our republic. A strict oath of naturalization was built up as a door

of entrance. By that oath every man who became an American citizen was required to renounce forever and entirely all allegiance to every other political power.

Now, all this is easily understood. No honest man dare take that oath with a mental reservation. If any man dare, he steals his citizenship, and no more owns it than the thief who plucks your watch from your pocket owns your watch. How do you treat such a thief? You take the watch from him; and you do something more. All this, too, is easily understood.

When a man is born into our republic by naturalization our institutions receive a new defender and an additional element of strength. The oath of naturalization says to every man who seeks citizenship: "You must subordinate everything to America. There is no class here. There is no union of Church and State here. If that be your creed, you must give that creed up. There is nothing here but Americanism," and you swear that there shall be nothing here but Americanism. The oath of naturalization is an oath of purgation, whereby all foreign allegiance is renounced. The man who takes it is born into a new civil life. Acting in loyalty to the oath of naturalization, let us see to it that we make public sentiment so true and so American that every foreign thing, man, school, institution, church, shall be absorbed and assimilated by Republican principles and purposes, or else shall be openly and unequivocally rejected as un-American and as akin to treason.

There is only one legal way of transporting the waters of the Danube and the Rhine, and the Seine, and the Thames, and the Tiber, that they may flow peaceably in the channels of the Hudson, and the Charles, and the Connecticut, and the Merrimac, and the Columbia, and the Mississippi. That way is by evaporation and condensation. The evaporation takes place in Europe; the condensation takes place here in the American atmosphere. Let us see to it that the process which takes place in our American skydome shall be so complete that each drop of water distilled shall be so American that there shall not be in it the least taint or tinge of Danube, Rhine, Seine, Thames, or Tiber. On American soil race should merge into race as crystal water merges into crystal water, to flow on as a sparkling river of life.

Let there be one country for all; one standard of loyalty,

for all; one class for free, public, State, non-sectarian schools for all; one sacred ballot-box for all; one type of citizenship for all; one Declaration of Independence for all; one national language for all; one flag, the Stars and Stripes, for all; and one sovereign for all, and that the sovereign will of the people, exercised according to the spirit and purpose of the National Constitution.

This is our ideal; when our patriotism matches our ideal, then with radiant faces, we can turn to our country and address it in the well-known words of our beloved poet:

Sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis but the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee. Are all with thee.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DIVINELY GUIDED

By Rev. A. W. Lewis

Text: "Certainly I will be with thee." Exodus 3:12.

George Washington can be understood only as a part of the American Republic, as the Father of his country. He was the man for his times. He was the man of his times. He was "first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was called by God to do a great work; and he did it well, because

God prepared him for his work, and was with him in his work. He was the Moses of America.

The analogy between Washington and Moses is limited. The Americans were not slaves. The tax was light. The great issue hung upon the principle and not upon the burden. George the Third was stupid, but he had not the autonomy to be a Pharaoh. Americans were then more British than Canadians are at present. The race is one. The Lord saw that there was room in the world for an independent American Republic; and he permitted human blunders that out of the clash of arms and out of the turmoil there might arise a new world power of order and beauty. This child-nation was born in travail.

Moses said, "Who am I that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" When John Adams nominated Washington as "Commander-in-chief," George Washington left the Chamber, and the next day, when he accepted he declared that he did not believe himself equal to the command.

God had blessed him before he was born with a good mother. "Washington's farewell to his mother" is a classic picture. So, Motherhood, as God understands it, is his greatest gift to woman.

I. Washington was not always victorious. He was not a flashing meteor, but a star of the first magnitude. He was not an orator. He was not quick to perceive; but he was inflexible in carrying out what he had cautiously planned. He had a superhuman influence.

II. Washington was a man of honor. Morally he could not tell a lie, at least in his mature years. This raised him above trickery and partisanship. He followed Jesus, who is the Truth.

III. Washington had a genius for organizing. When sixteen he was surveyor of the Fairfax property, and was thus trained to mark off and organize the continent of America south of the 49th parallel. When first President, he pitted party against party, "like two game cocks in a pit." Though childless, he became the "Father of his country." So we may marshal the forces of our immortal nature, and become the Father of the realm of Character.

IV. Washington was quiet and unobtrusive. Some people forget that empty vessels make the most sound. True patriotism is quieter than firecrackers on the glorious Fourth, but it makes man a good citizen.

V. Washington was always sure of the justice of his cause. Many denounced him, and his days were embittered; but he kept true to the Cause, and kept the Government steady till it was able to live without him. If we are on God's side, the side of truth and honor, we need not care what men may say against us. Slipping and falling, we are sure of the goal if we keep struggling upward, "on the great world's altar stairs; which slope through darkness up to God."

VI. Washington and his compatriots labored and we have entered into their labors. As the Lord called Moses, so he called Washington, not to be a great man, but to be the father of a great country. We honor Washington most by emulating his virtues and carrying on the work he began. We are also "citizens of a better country."

Moses was called to emancipate a great nation that it might be the custodian of God's Oracles and become the redemption of the world. So Washington was enabled to free this great nation, not for selfish glory, but for world-wide philanthropy. America has a God-given mission. So also God has aplan for each human life, that it may be a part of his great plan for all the kingdoms of earth.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Easily First

"Who is the greatest man in Congress?" somebody asked Patrick Henry when he returned home after the session when opened in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774.

"If you speak of eloquence," he answered, "Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Not wild flights of oratory and gorgeous, lurid words, but deeds characterized the man who became "first in the hearts of his countrymen." And back of these was the sound judgment which Patrick Henry pointed out in his reply.

Washington's Religious Chracter

Washington always acknowledged his indebtedness to his mother. He could say with John Quincy Adams, "Such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and

such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

Those familiar with his history know how thoroughly this religious element everywhere manifested itself. In this respect he differed from the great mass of public political men of the day. Washington was pre-eminently personally a godly man, a man of prayer and a lover of the Bible. When sore trials or great responsibilities confronted him he sought relief in prayer.

He was a church member and a regular and devoted worshiper in the sanctuary. In the house of God his demeanor was always reverential and devout. No company ever kept him from church. One of his pastors bears this testimony: "I have often been at Mt. Vernon on Sabbath morning when the breakfast table was filled with guests, but to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting the house of God, but he invariably invited them to accompany him." What an example to our modern public men!

Washington and the Children

A very sweet story is told which shows how fond Washington was of children. One winter night a large house in a Northern State was brilliantly illuminated; the table was spread with fine silver and glass and bright decorations, while a number of good things were provided for eating. A guest was expected, and the dinner was spoiling. The domestic said that the guest had arrived an hour before and had been shown to a room, so that he could rest and wash before dinner. As he did not come down, the host excused himself to his guests and went upstairs. On his way he passed the nursery, and there sat the missing guest, a baby astride his foot. He was "riding the child to Boston" and singing quite lustily "How the Derby Was Won," to the delight of another child close by. When he saw his host, he was a little confused, but finished the song, then rose and bade the children good-night. "Say 'Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!'" said the father.

"Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!" the children called after him.

How happy those children must have been through life to remember the time when Washington forgot his dinner to play with them!

Washington's Greatness

Guizot, the distinguished French historian, said: "Washington lived to receive and enjoy both success and repose. Of all men he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favors to bestow."

Careful of Engagements

The eminent artist, Rembrandt Peale, painted a portrait of Washington during the year 1796. Peale was a youth of nineteen, working in his father's studio at Philadelphia, and Washington was just completing his second term of administration. The President kindly gave the young artist two or three sittings. Mr. Peale told me that just before the hour he saw the stately figure of the President walking back and forth in Independence Square—watch in hand—and just as the clock struck nine in the tower of the Hall he entered the studio. Washington prided himself on his punctuality; he was never one minute behind an engagement. When a tardy secretary excused his lateness by the plea that his watch was out of order, "Then," said the President, "you must get a new watch, or else I must get a new secretary." —Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Washington's Size

George Washington was six feet two inches tall and weighed 175 pounds, according to a physical description of him at the age of twenty-eight. He had big hands, big feet, big joints and was well muscled. He walked quite erect, and at the age of sixty-five it was remarked that he was as straight as ever in his carriage.

Washington as an Inventor

George Washington, like Abraham Lincoln, was an inventor. He invented a deep soil plow, which was used on his plantations in Virginia until he heard of a better one in England. This he imported at once. His invention was useful, which is more than can be said of Lincoln's. The latter invented a flatboat designed to go through very shallow water or lift itself over bars, but it would not work.

Washington's Punctuality

Punctuality was one of Washington's strong points. When company was invited to dinner he made an allowance of only five minutes for variation in watches. If the guests came late he would say: "We are too punctual for you. I have a cook who does not ask if the company has come, but if the hour has come."

In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I begin my diurnal course with the sun; if my hirelings are not in their places by that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition."

Washington's Appearance

In appearance Washington was tall, athletic and graceful, always well dressed and courtly, of great strength and with large hands and feet, face rather pale and pockmarked, hair almost reddish, eyes gray, usually veiled by drooping lids; nose prominent, mouth and chin not large, but strong; forehead receding, but with the appearance of elevation; carriage erect and distinguished—withal a handsome man noted of women and noting them in turn; an aristocrat of the old school; in a word, a Virginia gentleman.—J. A. Edgerton.

The Human Side of Washington

The young relatives of Washington always knew where to turn for help and sympathy. At different times he took charge of at least nine of the children of his kindred, and paid expenses for them. His ledger shows five thousand dollars given to the two sons of his brother Samuel. A great deal of this money was used for their education, and we have to-day letters which Washington wrote them advising them as to their studies.

The eldest son of his favorite brother, John Augustine, was Washington's favorite nephew. He was much interested in the legal studies of this Bushrod Washington and proud of the repute he gained. Yet, when this same nephew asked for an appointment as attorney to the Federal district court, Washington felt compelled to refuse. "However deserving you may be," he wrote, "I could not nominate you in preference to some of the oldest and most esteemed lawyers in your State, who are desirous of this appointment." It was this nephew whom Wash-

ington made executor of his will and to whom he left his private papers and his library.—C. L. Pray.

Cherry Tree Story Symbolic

We have all read the story of how the boy George innocently hacked his father's choice cherry tree with his little hatchet, but promptly confessed his fault in the interest of truth, saying he would not tell a lie to hide his unwitting offense, thus healing his father's hurt with a manly avowal of truth. Apart from the fact or fiction of the cherry-tree story, which probably grew out of the public knowledge of Washington's life love of veracity, the boyhood incident of the tale illustrates a noble characteristic in the makeup of our first President of which we are all proud.

Washington Fond of Children

Many people have the idea that Washington was not fond of children and young people, but a study of his life and letters shows the very opposite to be the case. Stories told by his friends also bring out this trait in Washington's character.

One account tells of a visit made to Providence during the war. "We arrived at night," the writer says, "and the whole of the population had assembled. We were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches and all eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father. They pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments and, pressing my hand, said, 'We may be beaten by the English; it is the chance of war, but behold an army which they can never conquer.' "—C. L. Pray.

Washington's Only Joke

The only admirable quality in which Washington was deficient was humor. One of the very few jests he ever made—perhaps the only one—has descended to posterity on the authority of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys.

General Washington rather prided himself on his riding, so the colonel, one day when they were out hunting together, dared him to follow over one particular hedge. The challenge was accepted, and Humphreys led the way. He took the leap boldly, but, to his consternation, found that he had mistaken the spot,

and was sunk up to his horse's girths in a quagmire. The general either knew the ground better, or had suspected something, for, following at an easy pace, he reined up at the hedge, and, looking over at his engulfed aide, exclaimed, "No, no, colonel, you are too deep for me!"

His Ready Help

Passing some soldiers who were hoisting a log on top of a fort, Washington observed that the load seemed too heavy for them. He thereupon asked a corporal bossing the job to help. This officer, not recognizing his general, turned with all the pomp of an emperor and responded, "Sir, I am a corporal." Dismounting, Washington himself helped to put the log in place, after which he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and not enough men send for your commander in chief, and I will gladly come and help you a second time."

A Lover of Children

Miss Stuart, the daughter of Gilbert Stuart, who painted the most famous portrait of Washington, gives us the following glimpse of Washington as a lover of children: "One morning, while Mr. Washington was sitting for his picture, a little brother of mine ran into the room, when my father, thinking it would annoy the general, told him he must leave. But the general took him upon his knee, held him for some time, and had quite a little chat with him. My brother remembered with pride as long as he lived that Washington had talked with him."

Washington's Smile

Some one has said that Washington never smiled, but this is a mistake, as those who knew him say. When he entered Boston in triumph on the 17th of March, 1776, he took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was at the head of State Street, until then called King Street. The daughter of the keeper of the inn was a little girl playing about the house and, of course, interested in all that passed. Washington, with his usual kindness to children called the child to him and said, "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like the best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and, with a childish frankness, she said she liked the

redcoats best. Washington laughed and said to her, "Yes, my dear; the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of the many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the theory that Washington never smiled.—Household Journal.

Father of His Country

Perhaps one of Washington's most charming letters is to little Virginia Lafayette, whose famous father formed with Washington one of the noted and significant friendships in history.

"Permit me to thank my little correspondent for the favor of her letter of the 18th of June last, and to impress her with the idea of the pleasure I shall derive from a continuance of them. Her papa is restored to her with all the good health, affection, and honors her tender heart could wish. He will give her assurance of the affectionate regard with which I have the pleasure of being her well-wisher.

George Washington."

Though Washington never had any children of his own, the young people with whom he came in contact had much reason to thank him for the fatherly help and interest so generously given. Truly, as some one long ago said, "God left him childless that he might be the father of his country."—C. L. Pray.

Washington in Prayer

The American army was in winter quarters. They had nothing but huts built of boughs, and were obliged to lie upon the ground. So scarce were blankets that many of the soldiers sat up all night by the fires.

"At one time," says a historian, "more than a thousand soldiers had not a shoe to their feet. We could trace their march by the blood which their naked feet left in the ice."

It was a terrible time for the hopes of America. Many times the ragged, half fed troops would have given up had it not been for their faith in their commander-in-chief. And what sustained him? Washington had faith in God. The General and his staff boarded at the house of one Potts, a Quaker. Every day Washington went out alone into the woods and invariably returned with a more cheerful countenance. Wondering at this

the Quaker followed him one day. What did he see? Washington upon his knees amid the snow, engaged in prayer.

Glimpse of Washington's Heart

One time when Washington was journeying through New England he spent a night at a private house, as he could not get accommodations at an inn. His host would take no payment; so Washington wrote this letter from his next stopping-place:

"Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Polly and Patty, I send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited on us more than Polly did, I send 5 guineas (about $25), with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want. As I do not give these things with a view of having it talked of, the less said about the matter the better you will please me; but, that I may be sure the chintz and the money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States, at New York.'"

Washington's Wit

The common opinion is that Washington was such an austere personage that he never deigned to smile or crack a joke. A postscript to a letter to Mr. Lear just after he left Philadelphia and the presidency in 1797 has a humorous touch. The ex-president was arranging to have his things sent back to Mount Vernon, to which he was retiring to end his days in peace and quietude. He gave instructions to have the grate packed in some old carpeting to keep it from scratching. After various other instructions and Washington's habitual expression of affection, regard, etc., with which he closed all his letters to his secretary, came the postscript: "On one side I am called upon to remember the parrot, on the other to remember the dog. For my own part I should not pine much if both were forgot."

For Defence

In his will Washington left his swords to his five nephews, saying that they were not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except in self-defence or in defence of their

country and its rights; and in the latter case were to keep the swords unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

Washington's Fatherly Interest

The first order Washington sent to London after his marriage included "Toys," and "6 little books for children beginning to read." These were for his two step-children, John and Martha Custis, who were then six and four years old. A little later he ordered "1 fashionably dressed doll," "A box of Gingerbread Toys and Sugar Images," and a Bible and a Prayer-book for each, "neatly bound in Turkey," with names "in gilt letters on the inside of the cover."

The Hatchet Story

George Washington was born in 1732. The hatchet incident, happening when he was six, must date from 1738. Nearly seventy years passed before it got into print, yet for thirty years Washington had been a famous character. One is inclined to ask why Parson Weems didn't use the story in his earlier editions, since he says he had known it for twenty years.

Following is the original cherry tree and hatchet story, faithfully copied from the 1809 edition of Parson Weems' "Life of George Washington."

The author prefaces the anecdote with a brief paragraph, in which he says "it is too valuable to be lost and too true to be doubted." The famous story begins on page 13 of the book. An old woman tells it.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping every thing that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-stocks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he hacked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken

five guineas for his tree. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?' That was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.' 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports; 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.' "

LENT

SORRY FOR MY SINS

By Rev. E. P. Cachemaille

Text: "I will be sorry for my sin." Ps. 38:18.

At this season we are reminded of our Lord's fasting, temptation, sufferings and death. This should make us think why he suffered so much. He suffered and died for our sins. Then at this season especially we ought to think upon our sin, and the texts tells us how we ought to think about it.

I. "I will be sorry."

Not only "afraid," though sin is something to be afraid about. Nor, "I will try to hide it, or forget it"; but, like Peter, who wept bitterly, "be sorry." Sorry for whom? Not only the person against whom you have done wrong, but also "against thee, thee only have I sinned."

II. "Sorry for my sin."

Not only for the disgrace it has brought upon me, or the suffering it has caused me; but for my having broken God's holy commandments and grieved the Holy Spirit.

III. "Sorry for my sin."

Whose? Sad to see others sin; should never rejoice over it, but pray God to forgive them, and be sorry for them. But here I have to be sorry, not only for my brother's, but for my own.

"I will be sorry." All who know how wicked my sin is will be sorry. But these are not enough. I, too, must be sorry.

Ask God, for Christ's sake, to make you truly sorry for your sin, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Ask him to forgive you for Christ's sake, and to wash you in the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin. Ask him to help you to show that you are really sorry by forsaking the sin.

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

By Rev. S. E. Herrick, D. D.

Text: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Matt. 6:1.

Led of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil. Simultaneously played upon by two forces directly opposite in kind, and the perfected character of the man, Jesus Christ, was the resultant of these two forces so contrasted in his experience. Without either of these he would not have been the perfect man that he was. He did not begin life a perfect man. He became perfect, we are told, through suffering. "He grew in wisdom," says the Evangelist. "He learned obedience," says the apostle, "by the things that he suffered." He rose, through temptations resisted from grace to grace, ever graduating, as it were, through the strife, into some new mastership of spiritual acquisition. This was his life's epitome—led of the Spirit and tempted of the devil—his whole biography in eight words. This is also the universal genesis of virtue. There is no virtue on earth, and there never was any, that was not begotten in precisely that way. This is the burden of life, and of life's attainment, which is set before every man. No doubt we have often wished that it might have been otherwise. We do not like this perpetual antagonism of life; this warfare of the flesh and the spirit on the soul's arena; the wings of life taking upward against the gravity of the body of death. If we could always and only be led by the Spirit without feeling at all that terrible devil pressure—but no; they go together.

Led of the Spirit, tempted of the devil, and it is that devil pressure that makes Gethsemane, and gives it burden, and its bitterness to the cross. Led of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil. Some people think to escape the antagonism by simply throwing themselves wholly upon the leadings of the Spirit; giving themselves to the fierceness of the temptation; willing simply to be tempted of the devil, without any of the Spirit's leading!—simply letting temptation sweep them away wherever it will. There is no antagonism about such a life—it is easy. If a man wishes to throw himself at the mercy of the waves, they will carry him whither they please. Such people become like wandering stars—nothing in them but the centrifugal force of life; and when borne out into the darkness—it is too painful to follow their course, even in imagination.

Woe will, sooner or later, be to the man who expects to be led of the Spirit without being also tempted of the devil, or who

determines that he will be tempted of the devil without, at the same time, being led of the Spirit.

Is it a good thing, then, to be tempted of the devil? Nay, I did not say that, but I said: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." It is a good thing to be led of the Spirit and to be tempted of the devil. Did not Christ, very shortly after his experience of his, teach his disciples to pray, "Lead us not into temptation?" No; he did not teach them to pray any such thing. It reads quite differently if you read the whole of it: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." It is balanced by a divine delivering force; that is the thing he deprecates. A tempest is not a bad thing for an oak, save when the oak has no roothold—then it is a bad thing—but a tempest is a good thing for an oak if it have a roothold. The whole trend of the Bible teaching is that temptations under the Spirit's leadership are themes for thanksgiving rather than for repining. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations."

There is no grander spectacle to be beheld on this round earth than the man who is beset of every side by various buffetings, oppressed by evil suggestions, persecuted by solicitations to self-indulgence, pursued by the lusts of the flesh and of the eye and of the pride of life, and yet enabled to encounter them all—feeling the full force of their impact and yet able to resist them all in the might of a divine energy that has been put within him by the Spirit of God. Great possibilities of evil are in any temptation, to be sure, but only in temptation by itself; only in temptation as divorced from that resisting force which God has abundantly supplied for its modification and transformation. When the twain are grappling, there are in that conflict great possibilities, and of that grappling comes all human virtue. Character is born of it. What is character? What do you mean by it? Character is something far greater than untempted innocence. Untempted innocence is not character. Adam before he sinned had innocence, but he had no character. Character begins with the first resistance to temptation, or with the first yielding to it. That is the point at which character begins. It does not begin before that. No han has character until he has met temptation, and either resisted it or yielded to it.

Think about the word "character" for a moment. It carries an abiding significance in itself. It means something that has been scored or engraved. It comes down to us from the olden time when all writing was done with some hard substance, with bone or ivory, with an iron pen, so that every letter was scored or cut into the substance written upon, and the letter so scored was called a character, because it was "carassed" into the substance written upon, cut in. We mean now by the word certain abiding results which have been scored into the soul of a man by the experiences of life, by some searching trial. Temptations leave a mark, and that mark is always significant whether we have overcome the temptation or it has overcome us. The temptation leaves a mark, and that is character.

Holiness, what is it? Simply innocence? No, more than innocence. It is innocence that has endured the test, and that bears the mark—of endurance. What is unholiness? Why, that is innocence too, but it is innocence that has succumbed under the stress, and bears the mark; that has broken down under pressure. That is sin, that is unholiness. Holiness and unholiness, both are character. Now I know of no words in the biography of our blessed Lord that bring him down so closely and tenderly into the fellowship of our human sympathies as these words of the text, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the evil." They are words which seem, on the surface, to be preliminary or prefatory to an epistle of his life, but as we stop to ponder them we feel how fully he was with us. I think there are no words for which we ought to be more devoutly grateful, not even those that tell us of his crucifixion or of his resurrection. Because here we see him, the Son of God, putting himself down into our conditions, taking life at just our level—if I may so express it—and going through with its great struggle which we all have to undertake. Of course I do not mean now the struggle for bread and butter. I am not speaking of that, though he had to endure that also, but I mean now that higher conflict which every one knows who has ever had one noble thought start within him; who has ever had one higher ambition awakened within him, and who has felt a something trying to drag him from those higher things.

That is what I mean by the struggle with life which every one has to feel. An everlasting fight it is, and a universal one,

this struggle between the endeavor to be sons of God and the temptation to be only children of the flesh and of earthliness. Jesus, I say, entered himself into this same conflict, and precisely at the same level with us. We see him, made like unto us, taking upon himself the same susceptibilities to evil, having just such possibilities as you and I—and I say this in its fullest meaning—with just such possibilities as you and I have, for if it was not possible for him to sin, then he was not tempted as we are to sin. Having just the same possibilities that you and I have, "We have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." If it was not possible for him to sin, he could not have been touched with our infirmities—he did not have infirmities. He knew, in his own personal experience, just what we feel when appetite suggests that we should become, just for the sake of gratifying it, less like the man and more like the brute. He knew in his own experience just what we know when the ambition for popular influence suggests that in order to gain that influence we plunge into some vulgar and vainglorious and sensational display. He knew just what we experience when, feeling that our path is rugged and the way upward is slow, we are tempted to take some short cut to wealth, and so to ease and comfort, which, if we proceeded in strict uprightness and the fear of God, we might not so readily reach. Nowhere does Jesus come closer to us than just here on this path of our daily experience, when "tempted of the devil."

This story of Jesus is worth nothing to us if it is not true. The Gospels are not better than almanacs to us if this is not true. In order to make his experience available and in the highest degree healthful to us, we must take note of the way in which he has received in his own life these two contrasted forces. We must take notice of the order in which he allowed himself to be subjected to their play. Notice how carefully the statement is made, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit to be tempted of the devil." It will not do for us to reverse this order, as some of us do at times, and come to be tempted of the devil with the expectation that we shall be led of the Spirit. I see men doing that occasionally; I have done it myself. If we are really led of the Spirit, then let him lead whithersoever he will, and we shall be likely to receive not detriment but blessing. But if we

are going merely of our motion, the temptation into which we enter will shortly prove defeat and disaster. Keep in the order; be led of the Spirit; and let him lead you wheresoever he pleases, and you can be tempted of the devil with safety; but do not be tempted of the devil with the expectation that you are going to be led of the Spirit.

Let us look a little more particularly at this experience of our Elder Brother, and see what was the nature of this spiritual leading; what is meant by this word of the Evangelist as he tells the story of Jesus' life; what is meant by this "leading of the Spirit," this reinforcement and co-operation which were vouchsafed to him as some special preparation against attack. It is one of the unnecessary hindrances to our understanding of the record, arising from the dividing of the Bible into chapters and verses, that we almost always think of the beginning of a new chapter as the beginning of a separate narrative. Nowhere is this artificial division more of an impertinence, almost amounting to a profanity, than at this point. "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wildernes to be tempted of the devil." That is no place for the story to begin, and the man was impertinent and profane when he cut up the Bible in that way. I do not want my conversation cut up in that way and given to men in disconnected bits. You would not like to have your conversation cut up in that way, but ministers have to submit to it a good deal.

Read the preceding words, "Jesus when he was baptized went up straightway from the water, and lo, the heavens were opened to him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him. And lo, a voice out of heaven saying: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil"—led by that same Spirit that had just descended upon him, with the full, clear, unmistakable disclosure of his Sonship; with the words of the Father ringing in his ear, the same Spirit that comes to us, his disciples, as the apostle says, but the spirit of adoption or of sonship by which we cry, Abba, Father. That heavenly preparation under which Christ went forth into the wilderness to meet this trial was not some mystic, undefinable influence. The leading of the Spirit is set forth just

as clearly as the story of the devil is told. They are both told together, and should never be cut apart.

Many people are inclined to think that the action of the Spirit of God is something that exists only in the imagination of weak enthusiasts. It is no such thing. Here we have it given us with the utmost clearness—the way in which, and the end to which, the Spirit came to Jesus Christ. It came bringing down into the mind of Christ this clear, strong assurance that he was God's beloved Son, that God was his Father. Not that he had not known it before; he had known it before, even from his childhood, as he had had the Spirit before from his childhood. But there came to him at this point such an impressive and powerful assurance and conviction of Sonship, that, under the burden and glory of the thought, he was constrained to go away, away alone by himself into the wilderness, to contemplate in solitude far from the influence of men, the relations in which he stood—the Son of God! the Son of God, well beloved. How, henceforth, should he bear himself? That was the thought. What does Sonship mean? what does it demand of me? He was asking, What towards God, if I am his beloved Son? What towards man, my brother, if I am God's Son? What, if I bear myself a true Son in my Father's house, may I expect from my Father? What may I expect from my brethren, who neither know my Sonship nor their own?

These were the questions that were burning like fire through his bones, as he went out under that impression of the Spirit into the wilderness. These were the questions which he answered there, and kept on answering through all his life and with his death. This explains all the thoughts, and nothing else does explain them. This explains all that follows: the character of the temptation; the Sermon on the Mount—that was no extemporaneous affair. It was made in the wilderness during these forty days. It was forged under heat. He did not just open his lips and pour out that Sermon on the Mount. Under this grand, this unquestionable assurance of his relations to the Father were wrought out all these matchless expositions of the essentials of human well being that are in the Beatitudes. This dowry of the Spirit upon him fits into the whole Sermon on the Mount, and explains it as nicely and as accurately as in some fine piece of mechanism one cog-wheel explains and interprets another. The

story of the temptation explains and interprets the Sermon on the Mount in the same way.

Now this was the end of the Spirit's power and leading upon him by which he became equipped and fortified against the attack which was so sure to fall. You can see if this is not so. Look at these contrasted forces which are let loose upon him. We have already looked at the leading of the Spirit, what the nature of it was. In what shape did the temptation come? See if the one does not exactly correspond to the other. "If thou be the Son of God." What had the divine Spirit just said to him? "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The first words of the tempting devil are, "If thou be the Son of God, command these stones to be made bread." "If thou art the Son of God cast thyself down, and he will send his angels to hold thee up." All these temptations were addressed to this one point in his affections. This was the bull's-eye of the target to which every fiery dart was directed. "If thou be the Son of God." The whole endeavor was to shake him and loosen him at this point of his conviction of his divine Sonship; to make the poor hungry man disbelieve that he is the Son of God, and that God is treating him like a Son; to make him act as if he was not a Son; to make him plunge into some unfilial course, to break into some temper of dissatisfaction. See how the contrasting forces play back and forth. The Spirit divine and the spirit devilish. Like deep calling unto deep. If you are the Son of God there is no need that you should go hungry. Turn the stones to bread if you are hungry. Nay, says the Sonly spirit, my Father made the stones to be stones, and not something else. A son lives not alone by the bread which he can find or can make in his father's house; he maintains his sonship by obedience, not by making bread. Let him obey, if he is a son, every word that proceedeth from his father's mouth, then he will maintain sonship, not by making bread.

If you be the Son of God, the devil says, you can win the following you ought to have among your brethren by giving some grand proof before their eyes. Your Father will sustain you, and your brethren will flock around you. No, replied Jesus, a son will not tempt his father to break what he knows to be one of that father's laws, and the force of gravity is just as much

one of My Father's laws as a law of the Decalog graven on stone, and every law of nature is just as much so as a law of Moses. If there was any necessity for so doing, no doubt my Father would be willing that I should suspend or modify that law, but there is no necessity, and I will not be unfilial.

So he was led of the Spirit and tempted of the devil. To and fro the forces played on him, and they are working on the character of every man in precisely the same way. This is the method and rationale of their operation. That temptation of the wilderness stands typical of all temptations. There is no human trial that does not still range under it. Look at the last temptation that came to you, perhaps this morning or last night, or take the very next one that meets you and study it, and you will find that this is at the heart and center of it—that you are God's child, and it is your greatest obligation and your clearest privilege to bear yourself as God's child in this world, which is simply a part of your Father's house, and the temptation is always to do something that will break down your character at the point of sonship. I care not what may be the external form which the temptation takes; it may spring out of the fires of youthful appetite, or the suggestions of ambition or of covetous desire, or the narrowness or restrictions of your poverty, or your pains or weakness, and the meagerness of your life itself, with its dry and barren monotony, or out of your wealth and ease and comfort, but whencesoever it comes, the evil essence, the subtle, evil spirit of temptation will be, in every case, that you shall be, or do, or say, what is unfilial, what will tend to break down God's Fatherhood and your own sonship, in your heart and life; what will put estrangement between you and him, of whom your spirit has been begotten. It comes to me as the great conviction of my life that we need to be born again each day into the sense of a divine sonship; to have descend upon us in ever-increasing measures that same spirit of adoption by which we cry, "Abba, Father." Then, led up into every day and its experiences by that Spirit, as temptations earthly, sensual, and devilish rise upon us, they will simply work for us, as they did for our Elder Brother, "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

ACCOMPANYING THE MAN OF SORROWS

By Rev. Carl Ackermann, Ph. D.

Text: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." Luke 18:31.

The seasons in their round have brought us once more to that time which by the church has been designated the Lenten season. During this season Christians are accustomed to lay aside the cares and amusements of life and to meditate on the Saviour's great humiliation and speak of him as the Man of Sorrows. During this season we in spirit accompany the Saviour on his last journey to the Holy City, to his sufferings and death.

When we realize its import we must confess that it was the most momentous journey in the history of the world. It was a journey upon the successful and yet so horrible issue of which depended the eternal destiny of man. It was a journey that aroused little commotion on earth but was impressively watched by the hosts of heaven. It meant much for Jesus and much for us. "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem."

I. It meant for Jesus, first of all, a going up unto the feast of the Passover. According to Jewish law every male Jew was required to go up to Jerusalem to this feast commemorative of the passing of the destroying angel over the land of Egypt. This going up to Jerusalem was the journey of a poor son of Abraham—so poor that he had not a place where to lay his head—with his few followers from Galilee, to attend to their duties at the paschal feast. And we are told that when he finally arrived at Jerusalem, he sent two of his disciples to prepare the paschal feast, and with his disciples he partook of the same.

II. This going up means, in the next place, for Christ a last attempt both by teaching and the fulfilment of prophecy to call Jerusalem to repentance. When he neared the city, he made his triumphal entry, thereby fulfilling the saying of the prophet: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having salvation." After he had entered amid the hosannas of the multitudes that went before and followed after, he taught daily in the temple, calling upon all his brethren to turn from their wickedness and embrace the salvation of the Lord. These things Christ had in view when he said: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem."

III. But this was not all that it meant for Jesus; nor was he ignorant of the rest. He had long before predicted the things he must endure. He had foretold that he must pass through the valley of the shadow of death. He knew that it was a journey into persecution and suffering. He saw beforehand his utter rejection by the leaders of the people. People often march, without caring where they go, into the jaws of destruction, into pain and suffering; but such was not the Saviour's case. He foresaw all that would befall him, the unutterable woe and agony in the garden, his betrayal by a Judas, the scourging and scoffing, the lashing and mocking, and the suspension upon the cross brought about by the false accusations and wicked machinations of those who had but a few days previous welcomed him as the King of Zion. Yes, he knew all this and yet he said: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." It was a going up of the King of salvation to the possession of his eternal throne. It was a voluntary going of the Lamb of God to the last great paschal feast there, to be sacrificed once for all for the sins of mankind. It was a going unto a holy, precious, glorious sacrifice, but it was a horrible path to tread. It was a going into the jaws of death, bearing the curse of the sins of the whole world.

IV. Yes, Christ sees all this, but he looks far beyond also. His journey is not ended in these bitter sufferings. Beyond the horrors and darkness of Golgotha he sees the brightness of the resurrection morn. In foretelling the events of his journey, he not only says: "He shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spitted on; and they shall scourge him, and put him to death"; but he also says: "And the third day he shall rise again." That was the crowning event of his great journey. It meant the triumph over death and the grave, the dethronement of Satan, the overthrow of hell, the taking of captivity captive, with redeeming grace triumphant. It proved that he who went up to Jerusalem was the King of kings and Lord of lords foretold by the prophets of old. The journey of Christ to Jerusalem was through the cross to the crown.

V. That journey of Christ to Jerusalem also means much for us. So far as he himself was concerned, Christ did not need to make that journey. It was not necessary for him who is the

Lord of the law to obey it on his own account. No, his work was mediatorial in its character.

We had fallen from that first estate of purity and holiness; we had fallen into sin; and it was to save us that he came into the world. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." When Christ, then, in the face of all that he foresaw, still made that journey, it was with the consciousness that for us there is no crown without the cross, no eternal life without his death. He proclaimed his sufferings in advance to show his divine submission, the depth of his compassion, and the great self-sacrifice for his avowed enemies.

It is when we take this into consideration that the greatness of the Saviour's work for us appears in its true light. It was a life of never-ending crucifixion. The Saviour knew his fate; yes, in expectation of all these horrors, he cheerfully went forward, biding his time, and then laid down his life for us.

When Christ went up to the Passover, we are to remember that for us he obeyed the law. When he made his triumphal entry, it was to prove himself our Lord and King. When he shed his blood on Calvary, it was an all-atoning sacrifice for the sins of all mankind. When the Saviour went up to Jerusalem, a battle was fought there the like of which the world had never seen, and upon its issue depended our eternal happiness. It was a battle with God alone on one side and earth and hell combined against him on the other. It was an hour of darkness while that battle was fought—even the sun could not bear to look upon the scene. The issue means for us translation from the kingdom of darkness to the Kingdom of light.

VI. Since this journey means so much for us, is it not appropriate that we consider it in this Lenten season? The Lord is saying to us also: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." He invites us to go with him in spirit on his last journey to see him in all his persecutions and sufferings. We are to lay aside, especially at this issue, all joy and feasting, and by thinking of him and meditating upon his sufferings and their import, to learn to know our own misery and sinfulness; and by clinging ever closer to him, to become day by day more and more partakers of those benefits which his death secured for us. May our hearts be so

attuned that we may receive the full blessing of this Lenten journey.

VII. This going up into Jerusalem is finally, however, a type of another journey which we ought to make—the journey to the Jerusalem above. There were many, very many, who did not make that journey with the Lord to that earthly Jerusalem; and there are many, very many, who do not make the journey to the Jerusalem home above, which he purchased with his blood for all who love and serve him. And he is continually journeying with true Christians. He is calling to each and every one: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem." Do we accompany him on his journey? Are we striving by his grace to enter into that haven of rest?

Like his journey then, so is the journey now, by the way of the Cross. If we would proceed on the journey we must take up the cross and fight with the powers of darkness. They will bring trials and tribulations upon us; but we know that the way to the crown is the way of the cross, the way to the gates of heaven is the way of self-denial and death to the world.

We know, too, that we have a place of safety and defense if we will but dwell there. In his loyal service are found weapons which are able to withstand all the fiery darts of the wicked. Here in his church the Lord has placed his Word; here he has promised to be present and to fight our battles for us. He who would acommapny the Lord Jesus and who would overcome the foes that cross his pathway must enter in and delight in the courts of the Lord. Then, though trials and crosses come, we shall overcome them all, and they will but bring us nearer to the city of our God.

What an encouragement there is, then, for us to join the company of the Lord and say: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem!" What an encouragement to let go the world, with its honors and pleasures, even though this should bring the cross! These trials and crosses can last but a little while, and will be the prelude to a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," even eternal life.

LENTEN ILLUSTRATIONS

Clock Losing Time

Not long ago our faithful chronometer, the clock, began to lose time. We turned the regulator ahead. Again it lost time. We repeated the process, with the same result. By and by our forcing process was of no

avail, and the clock stopped altogether. What the faithful timepiece needed was not stimulating, but cleaning. Our poor, worn, jaded social life needs the same redeeming process. We have tried every kind of stimulus and stimulant. We have multiplied our pleasures, made our amusements extravagant and fleshly, added to our games the zest of gambling, and in a thousand ways sought to satisfy a growing and unnatural appetite by some new diversion that had in it no food for the intellect, and no inspiration for the soul. The machinery of our nobler spiritual manhood has refused, under this unnatural process, to do its work, and we need, as a people, to go to life's great Timekeeper to have it cleansed and reset and started again into normal, healthy, wholesome action.

—Dwight Mallory Pratt, D. D.

He Loved Me

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." A man who had been converted from a sinful life gave this experience of his acceptance with Jesus: "I just crept to the feet of Jesus, and, greatly to my astonishment, he did not scold me—he knew I had been scolded enough; and he didn't pity me; and he didn't give me any advice either. He knew I had had plenty of that. He just put his arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun arose I was a new man."—Rev. H. O. Harbaugh.

Winning Souls

Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied, "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this in her album with this comment, "When last heard from, our Master had not reached this attitude."

If we have no interest in individuals, says an exchange, in this connection, then we have no real interest in Christ, and he who waits 'til he can save many souls will never save one.

Power in Christ

When Munkacsy's picture "Christ before Pilate," was on exhibition in the lower part of Canada, a rough-looking man came to the door of the tent and said, "Is Jesus Christ here?" When informed that the picture was there, he asked the price of admission. Throwing down a piece of silver, he passed in and stood in the presence of the masterpiece. He kept his hat on, sat down on the chair before the painting and brushed off the catalogue. The one having the picture in charge had a desire to see how such a picture would move such a man. The man sat for a moment, and then reverently removed his hat, stooped and picked up the catalogue, and looked first at it and then at that marvellous face, while tears rolled down his cheeks. He sat there for an hour, and when he left, he said: "I am a rough sailor from the lakes, but I promised my mother before I went on this last cruise that I would go and see Jesus Christ. I never believed in such things before, but a man who could paint a picture like that must believe in the man, and he makes me believe in him, too." It is a marvellous thing that there is power in a canvas, when touched by a master-hand to save a soul. It is also marvellous that your life and

mine may be so transformed that people can see in us Jesus Christ.—Rev. C. F. Butterfield.

Getting Our Voices

There was a king of Lydia in olden times who had a son who had the misfortune to be totally dumb. The prince dwelt in the splendid court of his father, unable to utter a word. Then came dreadful misfortunes. The Persians fought the Lydians, and Croesus was overthrown. A soldier was about to kill the unhappy monarch, of whose rank he was not aware, before the eyes of his son. In that moment of horror, fear and love did what human skill had not done. "Spare him; he is the king!" cried the prince. His effort to save his father had burst the string which tied his tongue. If we were as anxious to snatch others from eternal death as this poor prince was to save his father we should find that we too could speak; we should no longer be silent on the subject of heaven and hell.

Salvation at Cost

We are told in these days that if one is really a Christian the fact will show itself in his every-day living, and no statement is truer.

In the meetings conducted by one of our evangelists in a Texas city, a man definitely gave himself to Jesus Christ, then he said to his minister: "This will cost me something. I have a number of houses in this city used not only as saloons but as places of questionable resort. They have netted me a handsome income, but from to-night, with God's help, I will give the whole thing up." The next morning he placed all his real estate in the hands of an agent and said: "You must dispose of it for I have become a Christian and under no circumstances would I ever again do a thing that would so dishonor Christ."—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

"Ho, Every One"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's phrase, "The Gates Ajar," doesn't do justice to the wide-open love and mercy of my Father's house of many mansions.

One of the poets makes us sing:

"Wondrous love! O, can it be
The gate of heaven's ajar for me?"

Isaiah fifty-five is not a gate "ajar." I remember how at one of the great State Christian Endeavor conventions I attended, in an immense skating-rink, the waiting crowd in front filled the sidewalk and the street, singing gospel hymns to pass away the time until the doors should open. And when the ushers opened the doors it was found that they stuck at the bottom and would not swing back far enough. And the crowd was choked in the entrance until some one cried, "Take those doors off their hinges! lift them right up!"

And a dozen pairs of strong hands seized the obstructing doors; and they were raised aloft, right off the butt hinges, and set aside, and with a shout of delight the eager throng swept in.

If Isaiah found the "gates ajar," he lifted them off their hinges, in this wonderful chapter, and set them in the corner. Isaiah fifty-five might be called the "Ho, every one" chapter.—Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D.

Crisis Moments in the Spiritual Life

There are critical hours that come into every life. Some of these have to do with worldly matters. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." If the astronomer wishes to see the transit of Venus, after his months of preparation, there comes a critical hour when he must not sleep, but be awake and alert and watchful. There often comes a critical hour in sickness, as in a fever, when the life of the patient depends on the watchfulness of the nurse and faithfulness in the administration of medicine.

But let us not forget that there are critical hours in spiritual matters, also. This is especially true in the matter of the soul's salvation. One may be very near to the kingdom of God and yet not in it.—H.

Blind Eyes Opened

A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. Then one day his mother led him out of doors and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and the earth. "Mother," he cried, "why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" She burst into tears as she said, "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." So it is when we try to tell what is in Christ. Unless the spiritual sight is opened by the Holy Spirit, one cannot understand. —The Sunday School Chronicle.

Blood in Science and Salvation

It is known in chemistry that scarlet and crimson colors are ineradicable. They never wear out or fade away; but, with Christ's blood, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." In science, blood is a bleacher; in medicine, by the transfusion of blood, a dying person recovers his life, for there is life in the blood. Therefore, it is not strange that, in the higher realm, the sinsick soul partakes of the divine nature through the blood of Jesus, so that he exclaims, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Christian, Be Watchful

A recent writer describes the strange alluring splendor of the beds of anemones which cover the floors of some Western seas. These gaudy, dainty flowers appear like blossoms from the garden of Paradise, so brilliantly colored are they. Yet, in fact, they are cruel, devouring monsters, for let a poor fish only touch them, and a thousand poisoned threadlets dart out, seize the victim, and in a moment he is consumed by the innocent-looking blossom. So, under the secret attractions of much of our social commercial and religious life, there are deadly snares and destructions that lie in wait for the unwary. Many a fair-looking friendship, festivity and recreation holds a peril striking at the soul. We need the Divine wisdom to preserve us, for things are not what they seem.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Instant Decision

A young woman once refused to come to the Saviour, saying, "There is too much to give up." "Do you think God loves you?" "Certainly." "How much do you think he loves you?"

She thought a moment and answered, "Enough to give his Son to die for me." "Do you think if God loved you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?" "No." "Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?" "No."

"Then you had better come to Christ at once." And she did.

Standing Between

"The Son of man also came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

A Christian worker in the mountains of Kentucky was visiting the penitentiary. There he found a man imprisoned on the charge of murder. He tried to reach his heart with the gospel story, but seemingly without avail. On one visit the man spoke of his little boy. The evangelist saw his opportunity. "My brother," said he, "what would you be willing to do for that child of yours?" The rugged mountaineer's eyes flashed. With tremendous intensity he answered, "Mister, I'd stand between that boy and hell!" "Well, my brother," quietly replied the other, "that is exactly what Jesus has done for you."

Do you want to know what salvation means—the mystery of Christ's substitution? There you have it. Let him be your Saviour. —H.

PALM SUNDAY

THE DAY OF PALMS

By Rev. George Hodges, D. D., LL. D.

"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm-trees and went forth to meet him." John 12:12, 13.

Yesterday he was at Bethany. Last night they made him a supper there, and Mary anointed his head and feet with the precious ointment—for "the day of my burying," he said, looking on into the darkness of this week's tragedy. The little village was full of Passover pilgrims, and there was much going and coming over the hill road which led to Jerusalem. The news that the prophet of Nazareth was on his way to the feast would speedily be carried into the city.

People were full of expectation. They had been debating one with another as to the likelihood of his coming. Some feared he might be kept away by fear of priests and sentries. It was the topic of the hour.

Jesus had now been going up and down the country for three years. He had preached in city after city. Many had seen his miracles. It was known through all the length and breadth of Judea, and Samaria, and Galilee, that this new prophet had arrived, claiming to be the Messiah. Everybody was interested in him. It was known also that his claims were utterly disowned by all the prominent churchmen, and that at last the religious authorities had publicly proclaimed him to be a deceiver and a dangerous person, and had given orders that he should be arrested.

Most people, especially in Jerusalem, sided, as the world's way is, with those who were in authority. Many others were quite different, but were interested in the day's happenings, as people are, and ready to join a crowd at any time to go in any direction. Others there were in whose hearts sounded still some word which Jesus had spoken in the streets of their town, in whose eyes was still the sight of him as he went along one day,

which they well remembered—blessing little children, healing the sick, comforting the sad.

A strange and terrible thing it seemed to them that he should now be hunted after like a thief by Scribes and Pharisees. If he came to the Passover, he came in peril of his life. They knew that, and they dreaded what might come to pass. And there were his enemies, also, wondering what he would do. And, when men came running over the side of the hill into the city, bearing the news that Jesus was at Bethany, and would upon the morrow enter into Jerusalem, there was a stir among the people.

Thus, as Jesus nears Jerusalem, presently this great crowd, shouting and singing, comes in sight. And every one's heart is stirred. The multitude from Jerusalem turns back escorting him; the multitude from Bethany follows on behind him. He is in the midst of them. And some pull off their long cloaks and cast them in the road, and others break off branches from the trees, green with the first leaves of spring, and spread them in the way. They carry palm-branches in their hands, and sing. And as they go they describe one to another the good deeds they have seen him do, and they rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all his mighty works, crying: "Hosanna, blessed be the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

Some of the Pharisees, who have come out with the crowd, are suddenly alarmed, hearing this name of "king," and seeing this great enthusiastic multitude sweeping on down into the crowded city. "Master," they cry, "rebuke thy disciples." To which Jesus answers: "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out."

You see with what intensity he speaks. He has been silent hitherto, listening to the voices of the shouting crowd, and looking into their eager faces, thinking his own sad thoughts. This to him is no holiday procession. He is indeed a king, and in the Lord's name does he come; but he is to be rejected; he knows that. The cross is at the end of the road.

Now the way descends into a valley; with a hill upon the right and a wall of rocks upon the left; then it rises again, and suddenly the Holy City lies outspread across the deep ravine, terrace upon terrace, crowned with the Temple tower, all white with marble walls and set about with shining roofs, like gems.

Here it was, no doubt, that "He beheld the city, and wept over it;" wept, not with silent tears, but with long lamentation. For Jesus loved that city. Every stone of it was precious in his eyes. He had come to it again and again, as the prophets came in the old time; preaching in the streets and in the synagogues and in the courts of the Temple, bearing the messages of God. And few had heeded.

Outside, in the country, ignorant people, unprivileged people, had listened and believed. And even in the towns of Galilee, where men thought more about their business than they did about the services of the church, there had been many disciples, and some had been willing to give up everything and follow him. But here, in Jerusalem, the religious city, where dwelt the priests and doctors of the law, where the tower of the holy temple dominated all the buildings of the town and where the church was the supreme interest of all the citizens—here had Jesus preached and done his deeds of mercy and blessing. And they had despised and hated him.

And the day of divine visitation had come, the last of all the manifold opportunities which the town had had, the final call of God, and the city lay there, beautiful beyond expression, but deaf and dumb and blind. For this did Jesus weep, saying: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes."

After all the elaborate preparations to receive Christ, he came and was rejected. He came so simply, so naturally, speaking so directly to he hearts and lives of men, caring so little for all their costly ceremonies and their fine ritual, that they did not know him. They had deceived themselves by their emphasis upon the dress and posture of religion, by their interest in the forms and ceremonies of the church. They had dwelt so long upon the mere externals of devotion that they had ceased to be devoted. And Jesus looked upon the religious city, with its stately Temple crowning the summit of the hill, with its streets full of men and women preparing for the great church festival of the divine redemption of their fathers, and wept over it; looked upon these throngs of people on their way to church to keep their Easter feast, and wept to see them.

Such a difference there is between church-going and re-

ligion, between righteousness and ritual, between our way of looking at things and Christ's way. We are busy, we are interested in many matters which have something to do with the Christian religion, in the service, in the singing, in the adornment of the house of God. How much does it all mean? Jesus Christ looks upon our stately churches; does he rejoice in them as the comely shrines of a pure devotion, or does he behold them as he beheld Jerusalem, looking into our hearts and seeing cause for lamentation?

On moves the rude procession, with waving palms and singing, Jesus riding in the midst. Thus comes the King. In Rome there has been scenes of triumph when some conqueror enters with his soldiers to the sound of music, all the people throwing flowers before him and shouting in the streets, and behind him are led his captives, the princes of some unfortunate province, bound in chains; and all along the way the spears glitter and there is clash of armor. But here comes another King, the King of peace, the King of love, in a very different fashion.

The road leads down the mountain, past the Garden of Gethsemane, over the Kedron bridge, into the city. And here is noise and tumult, people running together and heads thrust out of windows, the whole city moved, and everybody saying, "Who is this?" And the bearers of the palm-branches answer, not with the same confidence which they had shown as they sang along the road, but retreating a little from their high enthusiasm in the presence of their unsympathetic questioners: "This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee"—a perfectly safe saying.

"Hosanna to the Son of David," they had been singing. "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." They do not sing that in the streets.

By and by there will be another crowd in these same streets, and some of these same people in it crying: "Crucify him!" That is the way with crowds. Jesus rides on, silent and sad, knowing how little it all means. In every company, in every congregation, some are present because their hearts are filled with sincere interest and genuine devotion, and they cannot stay away.

Others are there because they have seen people going in that direction and have gone with them, or because it is the conven-

tional thing to do, and they join their voices in the general acclaim because it is the way of human nature, doing what their neighbors do. This Palm Sunday crowd vanishes away and is heard no more. There is a little company of true disciples standing afar off, watching the end, when the darkness falls upon the cross. But the crowd utters no voice, is not visible, sits trembling at home, or is on the other side, when the tragedy comes. When Jesus needs men to stand up in the midst of his enemies and speak for him, these loud singers of Palm Sunday are not there.

There are two kinds of religion: The religion of the crowd, and the religion of the consecrated heart. Many people who account themselves good Christians are good Christians only in the crowd. It is so easy to go with the multitude! Opposition tests religion, so that we may see of what sort our religion is. Some unsympathetic and incredulous questioner comes, like the people who looked down from the windows, crying, "Who is this?" and then—what do we say?

Along the streets the simple procession moves, up to the Temple, into which Jesus enters and looks about, making no comment. He sees the priests and the people, he sees the money-changers and the traders. But he stands there silent. Presently, but not to-day, he will come again and drive away these intruders who are turning the house of prayer into "a house of merchandise" and a "den of thieves."

Then the sun goes down, and in the dusk, only the twelve disciples with him, he leaves the city and seeks the peace of Bethany. The Day of Palms is over.

JESUS AND THE CITY

By Rev. Herman Prange

Text: "And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it." Luke 19:41.

Cities are truly the nerve centers and the storm centers of the world. Every city is a great heart, throbbing with life and sending out good blood or bad through its thousand artieries of activity. To save the cities goes a long way in saving the world.

Jesus drew nigh to Jerusalem. It was to him a wonderful field of labor. Cosmopolitan in its population, this great city was visited by people from every nation under heaven, as we see from the list at Pentecost. To this day the church finds in

the various cities its most important and most difficult field for work. This familiar and pathetic Gospel lesson, might therefore well serve the purpose of stimulating our city work, as it brings to our notice the remedy for the city's bleeding wounds. Let us then accompany Jesus, drawing nigh to the city, considering what he saw, and what he did.

A magnificent sight it must have been, as Jesus crossed the brow of Mount Olivet and saw the domes of the ancient city of God loom up before him in the distance—a sight which, as we well know, caused the heart of every Israelite to leap with joy. But Jesus had more than this external view. He saw the whole city. Not a thing on its streets, in its houses, or in the nearts of its inhabitants, was hidden from him. He saw Jerusalem's glory and its shame; its joys and its sorrows; its sin and its suffering; its wealth and its poverty—indeed, everything that the eye of the Omniscient could penetrate was open to his view.

I. He saw the awful contrasts which every city furnishes. He saw the sanctuaries for the worship of God and the palaces of vice for the service of Satan; faces radiant with the peace of godliness, and faces scarred with the ugliness of sin; men and women by the hundreds toiling and watching to save the lost, and other hundreds even more passionately seeking to entrap the innocent and lure them to death. If we could see our own city as Jesus saw Jerusalem, what unutterable contrasts would confront us! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there; men are being born. Men are praying—and on the other side of a thin partition, men are cursing. The proud man of wealth prolongs the day in his heavily cushioned parlor, while wretchedness shivers hunger-stricken in its lair of straw. Gay mansions are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts, while in the condemned cell the pulse of life beats faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness for the light of a stern last morning. In dark cellars villains make ready for their vile work, while overhead sit politicians plotting and playing their game, whereof the pawns are men. Riot cries aloud and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame, while piety gathers at the solemn altar to obtain pardon for its sins. The voluptuous and light-hearted whirl in the dance, while the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her dying infant, whose parched lips only her tears now moisten. All these and many more.

heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them—such contrasts, both moral and physical, lie hidden under the cover of the city.

II. Again, Jesus beheld the city. He saw the best type of piety. The religion that stands the fire-test of the city is pure gold. There is a kind of country religion that will not bear transportation into city life. There are hundreds of men in the city to-day who were useful as church members, deacons, trustees and Sunday School teachers in the country church, but now they are utterly worthless. The currents of the city air quickly extinguished their flickering candlelight.

We complain of much sham religion in the city, yet there is here also the highest type of faith, self-sacrifice, devotion to truth, sympathy with suffering humanity—in a word, love for God and man. Under the stress of great temptation, there is developed the finest type of Christian charater in the world. To stand with a smile upon your face at the stake to which you are chained, and from which you cannot get away, may be called heroic. But the Christian heroism rises higher. To stand unchained, with perfect power to go away—to stand held only by the invisible chains of higher duty, and so standing, to let the fire creep up to the heart—that is the truer heroism which the city demands and produces, by the grace of God.

III. At the side of this best type of piety, Jesus saw the worst type of wickedness. The surface of the city is white with the leprosy of sin. It is here that you find the way of the sinner, the council of the ungodly and the seat of the scornful—the very synagogue of Satan. It is the extreme wickedness of the city, breaking forth in festering boils on the civic body, which has always troubled the city's conscience. It has troubled philanthropy; it has troubled the law-makers; it has troubled the press. As the hurricane leaves a thousand fallen witnesses behind to mark its track, so the great river of sin, as it rolls through city life, leaves its pile of ruins here and there as melancholy monuments to show where it has been. If the wrecks of character, faith and health which the city produces during the short span of one year could be made visible and brought together in one heap, the whole air would become heavy with evil odors.

Society at large, indeed, cares nothing about the guilt of sin, but the terrible stench of rottenness which rises from sin worries

the city greatly. That is an eyesore that spreads before its very door. And it is a loathsome thing to leave there. So the city must do something! And this is what it does: In one corner it builds a prison—this will rid it of some of its annoyance; in the other corner it plans a madhouse—the sore may fester there unseen; in the third corner it lays out a potter's field. Prison, madhouse and potter's field are just so many aprons which the city wears to protect itself against the filth of its sin.

IV. Finally Jesus saw, as he beheld the city, the best institutions and the worst. There are scores of institutions for the redemption of the lost, the reclaiming of the erring, the raising of the submerged, the betterment of the people; hundreds of churches, pointing with their spires heavenward, with a large percentage of their members true and tried seeking to be of some service to the world. Every form of sin and suffering has called forth circles of earnest men and women who are pledged and organized to stay its ravages. Here are to be found organizations for helping the orphan, the sick, the wandering, the criminal. Even the newsboys and the bootblacks are not forgotten. There is more giving and freer giving in the cities than anywhere else on the globe.

But side by side with these noble institutions are the combined forces of evil, the organized kingdom of sin, displaying Satanic cunning and energy. A score of forces pull man downward to one force that draws him upward. The streets are full of man-traps, deep as the bottomless pit. Gambling is rampant. Harlotry does not wait for an invitation. The low saloon asks no questions, but gives a welcome to all. And who could enumerate the thousand and one powers of organized evil operating under the guise of amusements? Language cannot overstate the depravity that exists under our very eyes in this twentieth century of enlightenment and progress, in the organized forces of evil.

V. These are but a few of the things that Jesus saw and still sees as he drew nigh to the city. Beholding the city, he wept over it. As the city with its agony came before him, it broke his heart and moved him to tears. The cry of his sorrow mingled with the hosannas of the multitude and hushed them into silence.

The politician sees in the crowd that throngs the city streets

so many voters; the merchant regards it as furnishing so many customers; the manufacturer counts it for so many hands. Jesus saw in it so many immortal souls that might be raised to heaven, but could sink down into hell. His tears were not those of a mere patriot, anticipating calamity to his country, but the tears of a Saviour over the self-destruction of his own chosen people whom he had come to redeem. "Thou hast not known the day of thy visitation. It is hidden from thine eyes; thou hast not known the things that belong to thy peace." He had come to them, but they had refused to receive him. He had brought to them his gospel, but they had despised it. He had set them an example, but they had ignored it. He had thrown open to them the gates of heaven, but they had refused to look within. He had called them, but they had gone, one to his farm, another to his merchandise. He had mourned to them, but they had not lamented. Now the day of their salvation was drawing to a close, and they were not redeeming the time. To him who realized the final destiny of those who fail to improve the time of gracious visitation, the situation was appalling. To him who knew that to gain the whole world and to lose one's soul was all loss and no gain, the case was desperate.

In like manner, grief must fill our own hearts, as we observe the surging masses of our cities. Living for the most part in utter forgetfulness of God, and neglecting the one thing needful, they are bringing upon themselves a swift destruction. Counting the blood of Christ a base thing, they are stopping up the only well of salvation. To stand betimes on a busy downtown corner and watch the passing crowd "seeking they know not what; yet pursuing it fiercely," one might well give way to sympathetic tears. Many indeed are applying their hearts unto wisdom; but the majority know not the things that belong to their peace.

VI. But Jesus was not content simply to weep and lament; he at once set about remedying the evil. He went into the temple and drove out all those who made it a den of thieves. Taking note of the existing evils, we are not to spend our time in fruitless tears or bitter denunciations. We are to be prompted to action. And the work of thoroughly cleansing the Church of God is the first work to be taken in hand. "Let the judgment begin at the house of God." With the channel of Christ's re-

deeming power choked by sin and error, how can the waters of salvation flow out into the world? A church that neglects to keep its own skirts clean by putting into practice a divinely commanded discipline in faith and morals will labor at all city reforms like a man with a broken back. If Jesus were here with his whip of scourging, he would begin in the church. He would drive out all those who teach the commandments of men in place of the oracles of God; who have forsaken the fountain of living water, and who direct men to the broken cisters which hold no water; who feed their flock with the store of human opinion and wisdom, instead of the Bread of Life, Christ crucified, the power of God unto salvation. He would cast out men who are saints on Sunday and devils during the week. He would drive out the man who teaches in the Sunday School and swears at his clerks in his office. He would drive out the man who praises God with a loud voice as he sings from his well-bound book during divine service, and who during the week grinds the face of the poor. He would drive out the woman who comes to church to show her finery and spends the week debauching the young by setting an example of vanity. In a word—he would drive out all men and women who are simply whitewashed, without being washed white.

Finally, Jesus continued to teach daily in the city. How pitifully foolish and vain are all human schemes for the betterment, reform and cultivation of the sin-cursed city! Men are very ingenious, but none has yet brought forward a successful plan for a real uplift of humanity. Laws will not do. Mere outward reforms will not suffice. What the city needs is the life-transforming Word of God. The Gospel, and that alone, is the power of God unto salvation.

And like Jesus, we should preach it daily. The forces of evil are at work day and night. We need not less of Sunday worship, but more of weekday work for Christ. We need a revival of seven days' religion! When every Christian has become a living epistle, spreading the seed of the Gospel, there will soon spring up in the midst of our cities a bountiful harvest.

WHO IS THIS JESUS?

By Rev. Ira Dwight Lyttle

Text: "Who is this?" Matt. 21:9, 10.

Our conception of persons, events or things, is an important matter, especially our conception of persons. It is important because it matters not only to ourselves, but in some degree, great or small, it affects the other man. And the person holding the opinion of another is to a certain extent "made or marred" according as his opinion is high or low.

I. If, then, it matters that we hold an opinion, or have a conception concerning another, I think we may go a step further and say the effect of our conception is greater according to the importance of the position occupied by that other of whom we think. And if that other be the God-man, the Christ who came into the world, I feel sure that I am not going too far when I say, that our eternity rests upon our conception of Jesus.

By way of leading up to your conception of Jesus, let us see what some others who lived in his day and had contact with him, thought of him; for it is more or less helpful for us to know what others think, even when we may not feel to agree with them.

1. About the time when the fame of Jesus was beginning to spread throughout the country, he returned from a preaching tour and went to his own home. Quite naturally he found his way into the synagogue, and taught the people. What did they think of it, and of him? They were offended by his preaching, and asked the question, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Joseph, the carpenter?" Little did they think when they slightingly called him "Jesus the Carpenter" that they were coining a phrase which in the years to come would express the wonderful possibilities of this humble Galilean preacher. Far from their conception was it that this Jesus was destined to take the rough timber of human life, and make thereof a temple which should be the habitation of God. They saw only the man, with the tradesman's hammer and the tradesman's hope.

2. Another conception which, in its day, held many in its grip was the opinion that Jesus was unlearned. Men were eager to indicate that he had never studied in the higher schools, and consequently must be far behind the scribes and others of his

time. If this be so, why then should the whole world go mad over him? Why should great multitudes follow him from place to place, and hang upon his words? These were questions that persisted in coming up again and again; but in spite of all this, men followed him, and as they listened, they felt the stirring of new impulses within their hearts.

And why? Because Jesus the unlearned was wise enough to know men, and interpreted life in terms of spiritual values. "How much is a man better than a sheep?" Infinitely! If the shepherd would give his life to save a sheep that had wandered away, the Son of God would lay down his life for a man who had lost himself in sin!

3. There were others who, brushing this objection to one side, saw in Jesus a great Teacher. It mattered little to them how he came by his knowledge. The one thing that really did matter was that he "spake as never man spake." Blind leaders of the blind had given them but little help; but here was One who "taught with authority, and not as the scribes." The truth, as he taught it and preached it, hurt like a surgeon's knife; but some there were, who, like Nicodemus, felt that here was "a teacher sent from God." The great difficulty with this, however, was that while they saw God through him, they did not see God in him; he was to them a teacher, not The Teacher.

4. Another conception, which can hardly be compared with these, was the one held by even some of his disciples, that he was destined to become a great national leader of men. They saw a throne in the City of David, and would have put a sword in the hand of Jesus had he said the word. Some of us wonder even yet what would have been the result had he given heed to them. Would a great world-empire have been established, or would he have been a failure? But whatever might have been the result, it did not seem to particularly interest Jesus, for he announced in no uncertain terms, "My kingdom is not of this world!" A crown of thorns was to be his diadem; but the world could not understand.

5. But now we come to a conception that is a great advance. One day as he was teaching, he said to his disciples, "What is the current opinion in the minds of men concerning me? Whom do men say that I am?" To this query there were several answers. Some thought he might be Elias, or Jeremias, or

one of the other prophets, but it seemed the general opinion ran along this level. Even on this great day of his entry into Jerusalem, in response to the question, "Who is this?" the answer was given, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee." And they were right, for Jesus was a prophet. How differently the history of the Jews might read to-day if they had even accepted Jesus as a Prophet. He would never have shed those tears over the city of his love and hopes. He need never have cried in anguish "ye would not, and so your house is left desolate!" Yes, he was a prophet; but he was more than a prophet.

6. And this brings us to that conception which began to gain ground as he neared the end of his earthly life, and has been gaining ground ever since. After the disciples had told him of the opinions of men, he asks in a very pointed manner, "But whom say ye that I am?" And big-hearted Peter, with that impulse which was at the same time his best and his worst quality, rushes to the front and shouts so that all may hear, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

We can almost see Peter's eye flash, and his hand go to the spot where a sword should hang, as if he would defend this statement even to the point of death. And Jesus puts his seal upon this conception by pronouncing it a "Divine Revelation." Therefore we have in these words the highest conception which man may entertain of Jesus. "The Christ, the Son of the Living God." Carpenter? Teacher? Yes. Leader? Without a doubt! Prophet? Most assuredly! But is this all? Why the hosannas of the children? Why the palm branches? Why the great multitude?

Yes, the soul-stirring, vision-clarifying, life-ennobling conception is that King Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God!"

II. Now, that we have learned what is the right conception, let us for a few moments return to the thought introduced at the beginning, the importance of a right conception of Christ. It is important, because:

1. First, what you think of him determines all your thinking. Nothing in all the world will so quickly set a life right as a right conception of Jesus Christ. Take the case of a man who had never given much time or attention to the deeper matters of the soul. Christ had been to him a stranger. In his dealings

with his fellows he had been grasping and hard. Everything this man ever did or failed to do might have been traced back to one great, underlying principle of his life—distrust of friends as well as enemies. And back of this was distrust of God. He spurned the Gospel and derided churches, largely because he felt distrustful toward those who represented these things.

But one day a miracle happened. Yes, a miracle. Love and sympathy filled his heart, shutting out the old selfishness and indifference. He reorganized his busines and all of his affairs according to the ethics of Jesus. He began to count it a joy to spend and be spent for the advancement of the kingdom of God. And all because he had gotten the right conception of Jesus.

And this is not an isolated case by any means. It is the old story over and over again. The man who once gets a right conception of Jesus will from that day interpret life in terms of eternal values.

2. And then your conception of Jesus determines your attitude toward him. Now, when I say "your attitude toward him," I wish to emphasize this, for there are many in this old world who have a very warm place in their hearts for church work, and for religion as a whole; but they are not very pronounced in their conception of Jesus personally; consquently their attitude is such as to make it impossible for Jesus to "do any mighty works" for them.

Do you behold in Jesus the Teacher? Then he can teach you much that is profitable. The great national Leader? Then you must place him alongside the other great leaders of the world. Does he appeal to you as a prophet? If so, you will do as some in his day did, place him in the ranks with Isaiah and the others. And his teachings may stir your heart and fire your imagination, and you may be a better man than you would ever have been without this conception.

3. But all of this falls short of the real mark. Jesus does not ask that you give him recognition by calling him "good" or "interesting" or "great prophet" or any of the hundred and one other things that might suggest themselves to men; he does not come to you and me that we may give him a "character"; Oh, no! This Son of the Living God rides triumphantly, and even the little children cry, "Hosanna the Great David's greater Son!"

When we behold in him the very Christ, then he does for us the work that the Christ of God, the Divine Redeemer, came into the world to do. If our conception is that he is in very truth the Saviour of the world, and if we are ready to accept him as such in our hearts, then our attitude is such as makes it possible for him to save.

Lastly, your conception and your acceptance determine your eternity. In other words, what you do with Jesus now decides your future forever. By this we are raised to the very heights, or we are cast down to the depths. We open the gates to eternal glory, or we consign our souls to endless night.

Who, then, is this Jesus? The question is not, where does he stand; but where do you stand? What does Jesus mean to you? What think ye of Christ?

PALM SUNDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Crown of Love

One of the best crowns is love. When the late King Edward, of England, opened the new docks at Cardiff, the press reported the following reception: "Almost simultaneously with the entry of the royal yacht at one end of the dock, a couple of steamers, crowded from stem to stern with little children, the inmates of various local benevolent institutions, swept in at the other. On one of the steamers were hundreds of trimly-clad waifs and strays; on the other were many deaf and dumb children, on whose behalf a large banner conveyed a message to His Majesty in these simple but eloquent terms: "We cannot shout, we cannot sing, but we can love our gracious king!" Some hearts cannot demonstrate as others, but they can love. But others of us can shout. Let us join with the children of the first Palm Sunday and say "Hosanna in the highest" and also "Crown him Lord of all."

Historic Entries Into Jerusalem

The Orient has ever been the region of the barbaric display of splendor and luxury in jewels, weapons, horses, tents, and armed men. Jerusalem has often been the goal of such cavalcades, preceded by a great preparation of the highways at the fords, at the steep ascents from rivers, and over the rocky hill-country of Judaea. The coming of the Queen of Sheba to listen to the wisdom of Solomon; the coming of Helena, wife of Constantine, to find the Holy Cross; the arrival of the Crusading Kings to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, were all occasions when the pomp and splendor of the world dazzled and impressed all who came toward Jerusalem. Heralds and royal messengers thronged the highways, proclaiming peace or pardon, promising rewards to those who were loyal, or issuing warnings and threats to those rebelling against the coming conqueror.

The most wonderful and impres-

sive sight of modern times at Jerusalem was the coming of the German emperor several years ago. It was planned with all the spectacular paraphernalia of both Orient and Occident, including both the traditional preparation for an ancient monarch and the added glory of the most enigmatic of modern kings. The royal messengers came, followed by the toil of thousands in preparing smooth paths for the royal cavalcade, which numbered thousands of men, soldiers, horses, tents, and banners, with a display perhaps never to be seen again by anyone now living. At the moment of his royal appearance the heralds were there, but they had no message; the question was on every lip at the time and has been ever since—"Why has he come?" The world understands now why he came.—Rev. F. E. Hoskins, D. D.

A New Sort of Triumph

How different was this Palm Sunday processional from the return in victory of Rome's generals! Here was a conquest of human hearts by acts of service, tenderness and care. Here was a Prince of Peace riding in the midst of his friends. Under the spell of that matchless personality rich Simon the Pharisee, outcast Zacchaeus and the poorest Samaritan peasant could walk side by side. What a tribute to the character of Jesus that they could see, even for a day, the Anointed of God in the village Carpenter of Nazareth, the wandering Preacher of Galilee, the genuine Democrat who looked impartially on Dives and Lazarus, the Man who had not where to lay his head!

Jesus enjoyed their appreciation, though not for one moment did he overestimate its value. Jesus always prefers the "Amen Hallelujah" of the impulsive to the cold sarcasm of the cynical Pharisee. The great problem today, as then, is to combine warm enthusiasm with reasoned loyalty that will stand the practical tests of life. Too many of our rallies and revivals are as temporary in their effects as the zeal of these well-meaning Jews.—Rev. G. D. Allison.

Recent Triumphal Entries

Our boys coming home were welcomed. General Pershing coming home was welcomed. We especially recall the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem, December 10, 1917. W. T. Massey, who was there, thus wrote about it.

"I write this after witnessing the official entry of General Allenby, his staff, and the military commanders of the detachments of French and Italian troops. It was a ceremony fully worthy of the cause for which we are fighting. There was no great pageantry of arms, no display of the pomp and circumstances of a victorious army. The Commander-in-chief had a small staff guard, less than 150 all told, of allied troops. There was the quiet ceremonial of reading the proclamation of military law and of meeting the notables of the city and the heads of the religious bodies, and the official entry was over.

"At 8 o'clock in the morning the Mayor of the city and Chief of Police came out under a flag of truce. The Mayor, who holds his high civic position as a member of the Husselny family, which possess documentary proof of direct descent from Mohammed through the Prophet's daughter, offered to sur-

render the city. The formal surrender was arranged for at noon on December 8.

"Between the offer of surrender and the formal acceptance there was sharp fighting in the outskirts of Jerusalem, the Turks fighting more stubbornly than at any period of the operations, and meeting bayonet with bayonet. Troops were operating from the south and east and drove the Turks down the Jericho road. This was the military position on December 9, at noon.

"At noon through the suburbs the people flocked into the highway and welcomed the Commander-in-chief's representative by the time immemorial method of clapping their hands, while old women and girls threw flowers and palm leaves on the road. The ceremony of surrendering the city was very brief. The General gave the Mayor instructions for the maintenance of order, and had guards placed over the public buildings outside the Holy City, but no soldier of the King passed within the walls that day. Though the sound of guns had hardly ceased the people felt secure and happy.

"From the outskirts of Jerusalem the Jaffa road was crowded with people who flocked westward to greet the conquering General. Armenians and Greeks stood side by side with Moslems dressed in the brighter raiment of the East.

"The flat-topped roofs and balconies held many people crying aloud a general welcome, and it was in the streets where the cosmopolitan crowd had assembled that one looked for and obtained the real feeling of all the peoples.

"General Allenby entered the town on foot. Outside the Jaffa Gate he was received by the Military Government and a guard of honor. Drawn up on the right of the gate were men from English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh countries. Opposite them were fifty men afoot, representing the Australian and New Zealand horsemen. Inside the walls were twenty French and twenty Italian soldiers from detachments sent by their countries to take part in the Palestine operations. Allenby entering by the Joppa gate which is known to the Arabs as 'The Friend.' Inside the walls was a crowd more densely packed in the narrow streets than that outside.

"The Commander-in-chief, preceded by aides-de-camp, had on his right the Commander of the French detachment, and on his left the Commander of the Italian detachment. Following were the Italian, French and American military attaches and a few members of the General Staff. Guards of honor marched in the rear. The procession turned to the right into Mount Zion and halted at the Citadel.

"On the steps at the base of the Tower of David the proclamation of military law was read in four languages in the presence of the Commander-in-chief and many notables of the city. The terms of the proclamation promised that every person could pursue his lawful business without interruption, and that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest of customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the great religions of mankind would be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they were sacred. It

clearly made a deep impression on the populace. While the proclamation was being read, guns were booming to the east and north, and the droning of airplane engines overhead told of our flying corps denying passage for observers in enemy machines to witness the event which gladdened the hearts of all Jerusalem.

"Reforming, the procession moved up Zion street, to the Barrack square, where General Allenby received the notables and heads of the religious committees. The presentation over, the procession returned to the Jaffa Gate, and Allenby left Jerusalem."

Other Examples of Triumphs

David was welcomed by singing and dancing women, out of all the cities of Israel, as he came back from the slaughter of the Philistines. Herodotus records that when Xerxes was passing over the bridge of the Hellespont, the way before him was strewed with branches of myrtle, while burning perfumes filled the air. Quintius Curtius tells of the scattering of flowers in the way before Alexander the Great when he entered Babylon. Monier saw the way of a Persian ruler strewn with roses for three miles, while glass vessels filled with sugar were broken under his horse's feet,—the sugar being symbolical of prosperity.—Prof. Isaac Hall.

The Triumphal Procession to Come

Jesus riding in his triumphal procession was an object lesson, a living parable, setting forth the fact that he was a king; that his kingdom was at hand; and also "the spiritual dignities and glory of the reign of Christ." All the ideas that were incarnated in his career and emblazoned in his final sufferings and death and resurrection, are destined to be triumphant.

Palm Sunday also prefigures the entire history of the church here below. The history of the church is the march of the glorified Lord Jesus across continents and centuries. He advances on the earth as on the road to Jerusalem, with the calm majesty of a sovereign; he takes possession of things and of men; he makes them his instruments and his servants, just as on Palm Sunday he used the ass which did not belong to him, and drew forth a glorious homage from all those mouths which on that day had no voice but for him. Saluted by the songs of all the churches in all the countries where his name is known, advancing from nation to nation, he marches towards the final domination of the whole world.

The commerce, the railroads, the printing press, the inventions, the wealth, the whole of our civilization, are aiding his triumph, paving his way, and advancing his glory.
—P.

GOOD FRIDAY

THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS

(The Word of Forgiveness)

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

Text (the first word): "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Luke 23:34.

We may well believe that all of our Lord's words as he hung upon the cross have been preserved and come down to us. John was there, with his intense love and quick ear. The three Marys were there—Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. How attentive their love must have made them. Many other women were there, and doubtless the other disciples. Many scoffers were there, as Mark tells, (15:29-36), who also would catch up Christ's words, though in a different spirit.

Yes, I think we may well believe that all the words that Christ spoke have come down to us, the so-called "seven utterances" including them all. Of the seven Matthew records one, Luke records three and John three.

Have you ever noticed the very wonderful way in which these seven utterances represent seven most important phases of Christ's character and work? The first is the word of Forgiveness: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The second is the word of Salvation: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," spoken to the repentant robber. The third is the word of Love: "Woman, behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother." The fourth word is the word of Atonement: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—consummate testimony of what sin is and of what Christ suffered to atone for it. The fifth word is the word of Physical Suffering: "I thirst"—the word of physical suffering as the fourth was the word of spiritual suffering. The sixth word is the word of Triumph: "It is finished." This is but one word in the Greek, though translated by three. It has been called "the greatest single word ever uttered." No man since the world began could say that word as Jesus said it. His a perfect, complete human life—yet no mis-

takes, no omission, no shortcomings. It is finished! Triumph! Atonement complete, because the offering was of a perfect life, human and divine. There is another word, a seventh word, the last word, and it is the word of Reunion: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit"—spoken at 3 P. M., the time of the Jewish evening sacrifice, the crucifixion having taken place at 9 A. M., the time of the morning sacrifice. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The thought of the Father had penetrated and possessed our Lord's whole life; what wonder that he now turned to the Father with perfect confidence?

But let us now think only of the first word: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This is the word of forgiveness. And what a word it is for us poor, weak, straying, sinning people! And what a word for this whole wandering world that is so far out of the way!

An old Roman said when the Christian system was being introduced: "This system cannot stand because it is founded upon a cross, upon the death of its own Leader, upon a catastrophe; it cannot stand." And yet we know that that is just why it does stand.

A native priest came to Bishop Warren of India to ask what this gospel was that he was preaching. For answer the Bishop told him the story of Jesus' prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The priest listened with increasing perturbation, and at the end of the story sprang up and cried, "Get out of here! Get out of India! You will convert all our people if you talk to them in that way. We have in all our religions no story of love like that!"

There is no other such story as that. And it is this story Good Friday tells to us again, appealing to our hearts. This day tells that story to men everywhere, and is attracting them toward our Christ. It is the story which if rightly told will convert the world, for Christ himself said, "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Let us not forget it, that the first word, Christ's very first word from the cross, was the word of forgiveness. That does not imply that sin is a small thing. No, it only causes us to wonder the more how evil doers ever come at their notion that sin is so trifling an affair. Surely the costly expiation for sin shows it to be no trifle. But it is true that Christ's prayer in-

cluded many persons. It included all who had any share in the mockery and crucifixion and death of Christ. It included the Roman governor, who had given authority to crucify him. It included the Roman soldiers, whose duty it was to see the sentence carried into execution. It included the Jewish priests and rulers who cried out for judgment. It included the multitude who were sitrred up by their religious guides and rulers. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Some knew more than others. According to their greater knowledge was their guilt. According to their ignorance was their personal share in this prayer, offered from the cross. "Father!" It is a word of confidence toward God and of love to his enemies. "Father, forgive them." He mentions the sweetest relation, as when children would obtain anything at their parent's hands cry, "Father!" "Father, forgive—forgive them!" Word of pardoning mercy. Wonderful, is it not? God is great in Sinai. The thunders precede him. The lightnings attend him. The earth trembles. The mountains fall in fragments. But there is a greater God than this. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsting, dying, he cries, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy.

I have read of a soldier who was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, as his name was mentioned, "everything has been tried on him." Just then a subordinate officer stepped forward, and, apologizing for the liberty, said, "There is one thing that has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the other, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" said the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He thought a moment and then ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of the offense, the Colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we have resolved—to forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement. Tears started to his eyes as thanking his officer he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No, from that day forward he was a new man. It is said that from that day on a better conducted man never wore the uniform.

"Father, forgive them!" "Father, forgive them!" Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy.

A man in a special service once said to a Christian worker: "I am such a helpless, miserable sinner there is no hope for me. I have prayed and resolved and tried and vowed until I am sick of my unavailing efforts." "Do you believe that Christ died for our sins, and rose again?" was the reply. "Of course I do." "If he were here on the earth in bodily and visible form, what would you do?" "I would go to him at once." "What would you say to him?" "I would tell him that I am a lost sinner." "What would you ask him?" "I would ask him to forgive and save me." "What would he answer?" The man was silent. "What would he answer?" The man was silent. "What would he answer?" At last the light came into his eyes, and a smile of peace stole over his face as he whispered, "He would answer, 'I will.'" And the man went away believing, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and since that time, it is stated, has been working faithfully for the Christ who saved him for nothing!

For nothing! Freely! "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The first word from the cross—it was the word, the blessed word, of forgiveness.

Let us not forget, and remember it all the better from this Good Friday meditation, that we have the same Saviour still.

I read the other day that the heart of Kosciusko, which is buried in a bronze urn in Switzerland, is about to be taken back to his native Poland for whose liberties he fought so faithfully in 1791 and 1794. The act is natural and beautiful. The dreams that Kosciusko dreamed more than a century ago are now coming true, and the removal of the heart to Poland will encourage all patriots to believe that justice and truth must triumph in the end.

But here, to-day, I want to apply the thought to a greater than Kosciusko. The heart of Christ is with his people, has

never left them a moment through all the reeking centuries. "I am with you," he said, and has made good his word. The heart of Christ is in the midst of his people's struggles—with Jews murdered in cold blood; with the Armenians martyred by Turkish hatred; with every sufferer, every worker, every servant. And his heart is not dead and dumb, but alive and full of tender speech. It keeps alive our faith. It comforts us in our sorrows. It brings us life in the midst of death. It is the heart of his great forgiving, redeeming—his great unfailing love.

There is a picture recently published which shows a company of wounded soldiers at Lakewood, New Jersey, going through calisthenic exercises, but the title struck a deep note of sympathy: "The Invisibly Wounded." Their scars in battle were hidden, yet awfully real. The empty sleeve did not dangle at their side, nor the frightful furrow of shrapnel glare from eyeless sockets. Their wounds defied the scrutiny of the curious. The patients felt the ache from wracked nerves and deranged digestion growing out of barrage fire, gas attacks and trench fevers, and the doctors knew the stupendous price such had paid for liberty and would continue to pay for years. But only the very thoughtful could doff their hats at the sight of these martyrs for a race's emancipation. "The invisibly wounded!" The "five bleeding wounds" of our Saviour were very visible. Yet, as some one has said, "The suffering of Christ's soul was the soul of his sufferings."

Let us not try to glide over, or ornament, or in some way dress up this simple story of the cross, because we think it lacks power to-day. It does not lack power. We lack the wisdom to tell it in its simplicity and trust in the result.

I have read of a young boy who confided his experience to his mother after a church service. "Why, mother, when the minister was telling about Calvary, I could just see Jesus going up there, and the cross, and the people; and just when I was most interested, the minister stopped—and went on with the sermon."

May it not be true that some of us preachers or teachers or parents rest too lightly upon the unadorned Gospel narrative in our eagerness to find devices that will create interest in the story? It may be that some to whom we are seeking to carry the gospel lose interest when we "go on with the sermon."

It is one of the blessed facts that Good Friday brings us back to the Cross and to the simplicity of the story of Christ's redeeming love.

WATCHING AT THE CROSS

By Rev. T. W. Hooper, D. D.

Text: "And sitting down, they watched him there." Matt. 27:36.

Let us try to imitate their example while reading these lines, as we gather around the cross, and "see One hanging on a tree, in agonies and blood." Not that I would attempt to describe them, for they are familiar to us all. But let us recall those scenes, that the memory may bring back to us the words, "This do in remembrance of me."

Did you ever sit by the bedside of a dying friend? Did you ever wipe off the death damp that gathered upon the brow? Did you ever draw nearer and nearer to the beloved form that you might watch the last heaving of the breast, and feel the pulsations that feebly issued from that heart that was about to be hushed and still forever? If so, can you ever forget that solemn scene?

Perhaps it was in the bright daytime when all nature was flooded with the golden sunshine, and the birds were singing as merrily as if death had never entered our world. But around your heart no sunshine was playing, and upon your soul no sweet music was falling to break the awful stillness of your grief. Or perhaps it was night, and the cold winds were sighing in unison with your grief, or the tempest without was howling in befitting dirge, and keeping time to the surges of your overwhelming sorrow. The lamp was shaded, every footfall was hushed, even the noiseless step of death itself was unheard, save by the dying sufferer.

And now, to recall your feelings, as your heart was rent on that sad occasion, let me ask: Who was it that was lying there in these agonies of death? Was it some precious little infant that God had given to gladden you—a sunbeam, a bright little sunbeam that God had darted into your mother's heart, to fill it with a holy radiance of light and love? And as you bent over

the crib, or held it on a pillow, was it flickering like a candle in the socket, until death had quenched it forever?

Was it the manly form of a noble and indulgent father, whose every impulse had been kind and generous; who had never spoken an unkind word, but whose thoughtful affection had fastened his soul to yours, as by hooks of steel? Or was that the gentle voice of your tender-hearted mother, that called you so feebly to her bedside, as her thin hand was clasped in yours, or laid on your head, as with her last breath, she commanded you to the God of the covenant?

Was it a husband, loving and manly, who had thought of every want and supplied it, and who had stood like the sturdy oak, around which the ivy of your affections, with all the tenacity of a woman's love, had clasped its tendrils? And was that manly form now hushed and still? Were those eyes never to sparkle in responsive love again? Was that voice never to tell you of its cares, and unburden itself into your willing soul forever?

Was it a wife, whose voice had ever been the sweetest music, and whose heart had ever been a well-spring of living, gushing water, from which you might drink draught after draught, and yet never exhaust it?

In any of these cases, there is a bitterness of sorrow, which no human language can describe. There is a sacred sadness that lingers still around these painful memories. There is a scar still left, which bleeds afresh at the merest touch. But remember "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

But remember we are sitting near the cross to-day, and on that cross there is dying one whose smile was sweeter than an infant's, whose generosity was greater than a father's, whose tenderness was more touching than a mother's, whose provident care was more attentive than a husband's, whose love was stronger, and deeper, and more lasting than that of any wife that ever lived.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

This is but a faithful expression of his unchanging and undying love. There was no carnality, no self-interest, no diminution of that love, under any circumstances. "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end." Yes, he loved them unto death, and this very love was the ground of his crucifixion. "God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

Take it in any light we please, and there is something wonderful in this death of Jesus Christ our Lord. We read of the martyrs, and admire their fortitude that stood the test of the rack and the flames. But they had the animating power of the Holy Ghost to sustain them. We read of patriots, who risk and lose their lives in defence of their country, and we admire their gallantry and their heroism. But here was a being who had power to save his own life, if he had chosen to do so, and who cried out in his agony: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—thus showing that divine agency was all directed against him, instead of upholding him in that supreme time of need. And then, the greatest wonder of all is that every one for whom he died was an enemy of his and hated him with a perfect hatred.

Come then and watch this day by the dying Saviour, if you would see something, and know something of the mystery of grace. And as you listen to the ring of the hammer that nails him to the cross, remember that it is your sin that gives strength to the muscle of that Roman executioner. It is your intense hatred against God that sharpens the spear point that pierces, and lacerates his bosom. It is the burden of your guilt that weighs like a mountain upon his soul, until he cries: "It is finished," and then "gives up the ghost."

But we must change the figure if we would get nearer to the reality. We have spoken of the deathbeds of our loved and lost. We have wept with broken hearts, while we saw them, in the peaceful quiet of our homes, falling asleep in Jesus. This is sad enough, and our very hearts are broken again when we revert to such solemn scenes, so familiar to us all. But conceive, if you can, that your own father was to be hanged for some infamous crime against the State. Imagine, if you can, that he was unjustly condemned to be crucified. Follow him in the midst of a clamorous multitude, who demanded his execution, and only

laughed at, and derided your passionate appeals for mercy and compassion. Think of your own son as being nailed to the cross, instead of Jesus, the Son of Mary. She stood there amid that mixed multitude of heartless wretches that cared not for her cries.

Yes, "Mary, the mother of Jesus," was there, standing at the foot of the cross to which her Son was nailed. She watched every thrill of anguish that contorted that quivering form. She saw them and heard them as they derided his sufferings, and jeered at his dying cries.

And now, just imagine, if you can, that you were in her place, and that this was your son, instead of hers, and remember that he, who hung upon the cross that day was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." They charged him with treason against Caesar, but they well knew that the charge was false, and even their suborned witnesses did not agree in their false testimony.

But conscious of his perfect innocence he allowed himself to be treated as if he were guilty, and suffered all the shame of that ignominious death of the cross. He did not rebuke them when they crucified him between two noted thieves, and even in the very article and agony of death he forgave the penitent, and looking down with infinite pity and compassion, prayed—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

O the sweet wonders of that cross,
On which the Prince of glory died!

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze,
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

GOOD FRIDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

What Good Friday Means

During the great war some men of the West Yorkshire Regiment were marching through the long, narrow street of a village near Rheims, when a man suddenly dashed out of a house-door on the right. Immediately a number of rifles cracked in front of the troops, and the man fell dead. He proved to be a man of the Royal Irish Regiment who had been taken prisoner the previous day and was held in the house where the Germans were in ambush. Although he knew that the slightest movement on his part would mean death, as soon as the British were near enough, he made the rush, which, being followed by the firing of the rifles, disclosed the enemy's ambush. His body was carried into a house until the fight was over, and then the men buried him. One who took part in the ceremony said: "There wasn't a dry eye among us when we laid him to rest in that little village."

Jesus gave his life for others. That is what Good Friday means.

Faith in Christ.

Charlotte Elliot came to Cesar Malan and asked how she could become a Christian. The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple. You have but simply to come to Jesus." And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner, will he take me just as I am?" "Yes, he will take you just as you are, and no other way." And then she said, "If he will take me just as I am, then I will come," and she went home to her room, sat down at her desk and wrote the beautiful words of the hymn,

"Just as I am without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliot came to Christ, and thousands of others since, in the words of her hymn.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Across the Chasm

Over a deep gorge in Arizona lies a great tree, forming a natural bridge. Ages ago it fell in its prime, apparently a failure. Yet, gradually changed, it is now a tree of solid agate. It has become of noble use and great value, being used by countless human feet to cross the chasm.

Christ himself seemed a failure, yet he has become the bridge between earth and heaven on which his redeemed may pass over. Once rejected—now honored.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

What Jesus Did

A clergyman was speaking to the fishermen on the shore at a town in the east of England. His subject was justification, and he was trying to make it plain to the men what Christ's work on the cross really was. At last he cried: "Now will one of you tell me, in your own words, what did the Lord Jesus do there?" An old salt looked up, and with the tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, said, "He swapped with me!"—William S. Rainsford, D. D.

Killing Their Saviour

"For your lives!" cried the Portuguese captain of a Spanish slave ship to a band of naked negroes, as he pointed to an English ship which had been in hot chase of him for some hours. "Fight for

your lives!" he cried out, as he gave each man a weapon. And the deluded and terrified negroes did as they were told, and in doing so they killed and wounded their best friends, who had come to deliver them. So Jesus came to set the captives of sin free; but the Pharisees rose against Jesus, and the very men he loved and came to free they urged on to kill him.—Rev. B. Waugh.

That Is For Me

The boys were marching down the long street between lines of eager folks who had gathered to say farewell. One young officer had told his wife and his mother that their farewells had better be said before his company passed in review down the street, because, he explained to them, when he marched by with his men, although he would see just where his loved ones were standing, he would only perhaps smile at them and give them a nod as he passed, for he must look straight ahead as he expected his men to do, on this day when they were starting for the front.

When the troops passed on and on through the crowds, many a man or woman looking upon them was saying, "That is for me. They are going in my behalf. They are going to do what I cannot do, but it is for me and others like me." Well, who with any heart would not feel that way? Such a sacrifice as that comes home to us with a directness that we cannot deny.

And yet—and yet—every sacrifice that any man has ever made pales into a faint suggestion of sacrifice, when we lift our eyes to the cross of Jesus. We honor a man who lays down his life for a cause, and rightly so. What shall we say of one who gathered up into himself the bitter sin of the world and bore the guilt of it away from us as far as the east is from the west? After all, it is not so much what we say about one who did that, as what we say to him right now. Do you keenly recognize to-day that Jesus was on the cross for you? Are you just a passer-by in the throng with no heart for what he did for you?—Philip Howard.

The Flowing Tide

A story is told of a woman who came to a minister, carrying in her hands a mass of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" "Yes, it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "No, I cannot say that I do. What does it mean?" "That is I," she answered, in great distress, "and the multitude of my sins, which cannot be numbered." The minister spoke calmly to her, and inquired where she had got the sand. "Down on the beach." "Go back there," he said, "and take a spade with you. Heap up a big mound of sand; pile it as high as you can. Then stand back on the shore and watch what happens to it when the tide comes in." Of course when the tide flowed in it completely swept away the pile of sand. And so when God forgives sin, he takes it away as completely as the incoming tide carries away the heaped-up sand.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The Heart of Christ

In one of the battles of Scotland, Douglas, the leader of the Scottish freemen, saw that his clansmen were wavering. He had carried to the battlefield in a sacred urn the heart

of Robert Bruce, the founder of the Scottish nation. Suddenly he sent for this precious relic, and standing in front of his troops he cried, "Soldiers, this is the heart of Bruce. I follow it, and whosoever loves it, let him follow me." Then he flung it as far as his giant strength was able, right into the thick of the enemy, and plunged after it. Instantly the clansmen rallied and followed their leader to rescue the heart of Bruce from the hands of the enemy, and, needless to say, they won the day. So Jesus Christ, our glorious Leader, is going before us. His heart of love and self-sacrifice is far in advance of our slow and timid steps. He is calling to us, "Who loves Me, let him follow Me." He has gone before us into the place of service, into the slums of sin, into the lands of darkness. What though others may choose to live for pleasure, ease or earthly ambition, let us hear him calling, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

Took the Sting

A little child was in the garden with his mother when a bee stung his mother on the palm of her hand. The child huddled close to the mother and cried, for fear the bee would sting him, too. "Look," said the mother, "the sting of the bee is in the palm of my hand. He cannot sting you also." And so Jesus has suffered the sting of death for us.

And Him Crucified

An Indian chief told this story: There came a preacher who wished to show us that there is a God. We answered, "Do you think we don't know that? Go back where you came from." Another came and said, "You must not steal, you must not get drunk, you must not lie." We answered, "You fool! Do you think we don't know that? Teach that first to the people you belong to." After that came Christian Henry Rauch to my hut and said, "The Lord of heaven bids me say he will make you blessed and deliver you from your misery; for this purpose he became man and shed his blood." As soon as he had done speaking, he lay down quietly by my bow and tomahawk and slept as sweetly as a child. Ah! I thought, what a man is that! I could strike him dead, but he has not a fear. I could not forget his words. I dreamed in my sleep of the blood of Christ shed for me. Thus through grace the awakening among us began. Therefore, I say, preach Christ, our Saviour, and his birth in Bethlehem, and his death on Calvary, and his redeeming grace, if you would find an entrance among the heathen.—Herald and Presbyter.

The Cruel Scourging

Dr. Alexander Whyte tells the story of a man who dreamed that he saw Jesus tied to a whipping-post with a soldier scourging him. He saw the whip in the soldier's hand, . . . and when the dreamer rushed forward, intending to stop him, the soldier turned around and the dreamer recognized—himself!

We often think how cruel those men must have been who scourged Jesus, but whenever we do wrong, we, too, cause the heart of Jesus to bleed with sorrow and pain.

But the Doctor!

A great surgeon operated on a poor boy whose foot was twisted out of shape. The operation was

successful, and a friend came to take the little invalid home. He said to the boy, "What a beautiful hospital you have been in!" "Yes," said the boy, "but I like the doctor best." Then the friend spoke of the nurses and their kindness. But the boy replied, "Yes, they are kind, but I like the doctor best." When he brought the boy home his mother was charmed to see her son again. She fell on her knees and looked at once at his foot. "Why, it's just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed with delight. All the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor who made me walk." There is not one of us for whom Jesus has not done a thousand times more than the surgeon did for the boy. Yet we have rarely spoken of Jesus and insisted on making him known to others.

COMMUNION SUNDAY

REMINDED: A COMMUNION SERMON

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

Text: "And they refused to obey, neither were mindful of thy wonders that thou didst among them." Neh. 9:17.

Many of us live in the presence of good books which are covered with dust. We need to be mindful and appropriate the thoughts and impulses of these books by taking the books and reading them. We need to re-read many of the books we have read. In our houses are many, many excellent things which we need to re-appreciate, and that thought introduces us to an idea of the need of humanity to be continually reminded. We have thoughts enough in our brains for our ordinary purposes, and probably for our extraordinary purposes, but we need to be put in a mind to call for them. We have experience enough to do better than we now are doing. It is a disgrace to us at our years that we are not living a more perfect life than we are; and the chief reason why we fail is because we are not reminded. We do not take out from our memories the book that will help us or the thought that should inspire us. The direful human need of being reminded seems to have been present in the mind of Jesus when he instituted the Lord's Supper. He saw how weak we would be. He knew that you and I would feel weak and sinful. He saw us to-day and provided that we should be reminded of him. We often think, why should we go through this ceremony over and over? It is because we are so weak and so foregtful that we need to be told to use the means that are right at our hands all the while.

I took up an old book and brushed off the dust. One of the young ladies of the house came in and I said, "This is an excellent book, I never read that before." She asked me what it was and taking it from me and turning it over she called up the stairway, "Mamma, here is Uncle Jeff's book we have been looking for so many years?" It had been right in the parlor all the time. They needed to be reminded of it.

I. There is no Christian so good, no life so pure but what needs to be continually reminded of his weakness and sin and of the necessity of repentance. Christ saw that and instituted a supper that we might repent.

Years ago we had a divorce case which was withdrawn from court. My partner who took the settlement of the case told me afterwards why the people withdrew their case and went to live together again. It seemed impossible for those two to be reconciled. I prophesied that they would not again live together for four weeks. But so far as I have known since they lived together for twenty years in happiness and peace. It was a bitter quarrel, the details of which I need not recite, for there are many others like it, humanity being the same the world over. They seemed to hate each other with a love that had soured into the worst kind of spite. They could not think or speak of each other without using the bitterest language and the hardest expressions. At Christmas the wife's parents sent to the husband for her clothing which was in the house. He sent home all her things, including two little red shoes.

Either by accident or intention, I do not know which, those two little red shoes were placed on the wife's bureau in her room as they were packing the things away. When the wife came into her room alone, alone after the loving years, alone, without husband or child, she saw those shoes. The little one who wore them was in her grave. The reminder crushed that heart to repentance indeed. She fell before the bureau itself, as before an altar of God, and pledged herself before God to think less of herself and more of the little one that was on high, and pledged herself to loving kindness. The thought of which she was reminded was, "What does our little child think of us, quarreling this way over her grave; and in sight of her little red shoes?" Repentance—all she needed was to be reminded. A loving letter from the wife speaking of the shoes, asking him to come. She took the shoes down and showed them to him. It needed nothing more. Hearts gave way and their hatred became love again, deeper and richer than before. They entered their home again and fitted it up anew, and while I know not the history of the subsequent years, I do know that up to his death a little while ago, they lived together as the world thinks in the sweetest domestic peace. They needed repentance. They required

a little reminder. Christ understanding that phase of human life and nature instituted this supper to remind us of him and that we, too, might appreciate what he has done for us and repent.

II. I suppose that Christ saw that we needed to secure more love. He knew that the best way to make us love him was to induce us to love each other more. The Lord's Supper awakens our love to one another and to him. It does it by way of a reminder.

III. God saw that the world would need hope. Christ saw that we would come to the house of God almost hopeless, and that we would need to have hope strengthened and aroused and for that reason he instituted the Lord's Supper.

Do you remember how Lord Palmerston when he had gotten to 68 years began to feel that he was old, and said, "I am getting old, I will soon be laid aside. There will be no further use for me." But Palmerston went to a library in order to find some particular subject and while looking for it he took down the life of Wesley, and found that Wesley preached and taught with unabated strength when he was eighty-six years old. Palmerston's hope began to rise and then he happened to hit on the life of Cato, and found that Cato was married as a young man when he was on towards the nineties. He found that Cato influenced the world more after he was eighty years of age than during all his previous life. Then Lord Palmerston found in the same library on the same day the life of Julius Caesar, and he read that Julius Caesar had never been a soldier or never visited a military camp until forty-nine years of age. According to Lord Palmerston he learned that there had been wrought out in human life the greatest things man has ever done between fifty and sixty years of age. Then he declared, "I did not get what I went to the library to secure, but I secured what was far better—hope." And so Palmerston wrought out the great things for England after that year. He needed hope, that was all, and these books "reminded" him.

How often we have gone to church almost hopeless, because the world seems to have treated us so sad. There comes to us there some expression regarding heaven, where there is prosperity and rest, where there is no more oppression, where justice

is done, where forever and ever the soul lives in supernal joy. In the church we get a suggestion that heaven after all is near to us, and though we have been to the grave this week the hope of heaven is aroused; although we have lost this week the hope of heaven comes in, and the person is reminded of the provision made for him in the future; and the sorrows and cares of this world disperse like a cloud. What we want this morning is to be reminded of heaven. There is hope and plenty of it, but we must be reminded.

IV. Jesus saw we needed thus to be encouraged for the battle of life. For a reminder will give courage. You know when the battle of Santiago came on the Commodore encouraged his fleet by running up the sign, "Remember the Maine." It only needed that they should be reminded of their duty to their country, that America required their services. Napoleon understood it and at a critical time would remind his men of France and of her glory, and what she expected of them. Nothing has done more for England than the running up to the mast head many times since the time of Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty." That rouses their courage, their patriotism. They are not new men, but they have received a reminder. So when we come to the Lord's Supper to-day let us remember the sin of the Israelites who were not mindful of God. Let us recall his statement: "Lo, I am with you always!" Let us remember that he has said that, and let us meditate upon it, "Lo, I am with you, each one, always." Now if that be true, and we know it is, then he is here to-day. "I am with you all the days, every day, I am with you here to-day." Let us gather at his table this morning, reminded of that wonderful saying of his that he would not leave us comfortless, but would come to us. He will be here when we sit at his table. He will remind us of our sins, and we will repent of them, and he will remind us of his salvation, and we will take it, and he will remind us of his merciful kindness towards us, and we will trust him, and he will remind us of the fact that all things work together for good to them that love him, and we will believe it.

THE KEEPING OF THE HEART: COMMUNION SERMON

By Rev. Charles Carroll Albertson, D. D.

Text: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. 4:23.

In the Holy Scriptures the term "heart" everywhere is used to represent the inner nature, the moral quality of man, the seat of purposes and passions, of loves and hates, of choices and determinations. In this sense it is used in the verse, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Perhaps the word character more nearly than any other stands for the whole content of the word heart in its Biblical meaning. Character, it has been said, is what we are in the dark. Reputation is what we are in the light.

Reputation is precious—far more so than some people think. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It was "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind" that prompted the fathers of our Republic to explain their course in the Revolution. So, had this proverb said, "Keep thy good name with all diligence," it had been wise counsel.

But there is something worth so much more than reputation that the text advises us to keep it "above all other keeping." Indeed, the advice is even stronger than it reads with this phrase thus intensified. It is an exhortation to guard it above all other guarding. Then it must be either a treasure of which we may be robbed, or a disputed territory upon which an enemy looks for a chance to dispossess us. It is both. The heart—character—conscience—whatever we may call it—is at once a possession and a position, a treasure and a fortress; perhaps we do well to say it is a treasure in a fortress.

"Keep it," says the proverb. Give up all else, if necessary, but keep this; for out of it are the issues of life. Keep thy body, for out of it are the issues of health. Keep thy mind, for out of it are the issues of knowledge. Keep thy purse, for out of it are the issues of wealth. Health, knowledge and wealth—are not these the issues of life? We must find out how God thinks of life. How does he think of it? Look at Christ. Get his definition of life. It is not length of days. He threw away his life as a little thing. It is not culture. It is not houses and lands. He had none. The only tax he had to pay was a poll tax. What

did life mean to him? It was a word as wide as humanity, as long as immortality, as high as heaven's Great White Throne. To him life had eternal meanings; life here on earth was in fact a "cross section" of eternity.

I. Out of the heart are the issues of life. Destiny is of the heart. How necessary then to keep it, to guard it! But we cannot guard it alone. Can one man guard the Kohinoor? A company of British guards is ever around the case that contains it, in the Tower of London. Great treasures must be greatly guarded. None of us can keep his own heart. Many have tried and failed. Out of our failures, our moral failures, we are driven to God. He is a great Keeper. That is one of his many names. Our hearts are among the things we commit to him "against that day." Against what day? The judgment day—the day that shall reveal the secrets of all hearts.

II. But a kept heart does more than commit itself to God. It subjects itself to oft inspection. It prays, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." This word "search" is a very intense one. It means "to dig deep." Does God need to "dig deep" into our hearts to know us? No; he knows us inwardly and utterly; but we can know ourselves only by his searching. "In thy light shall we see light," says the Psalmist. "Know thyself" was the philosophical adage of Thales. How can we know ourselves so well as by subjecting ourselves to the searching light of God?

It is easy to deceive one's self as to his true moral state. There is a species of self-deception that has the quality of self-hypnosis. There was Samuel Pepys, an officer in the admiralty under Charles II. When he died, people said of him he was a good citizen, a faithful officer, a moral man of many admirable qualities. But he left a diary written in shorthand and a century and a half after his death it was decoded, and what a revelation it was! He had written down his secret as well as his open deeds, sparing nothing. He never meant that it should be read by any other eye than his own. He made bare his heart, and with all his estimable qualities as an officer of the Crown, his heart as he reveals it was both selfish and sensual. One cannot help wondering if ever he reviewed that record, and if so, how he escaped self-loathing and disgust. How mean and sordid it looks

in print! He was a good reporter of his own inner life, but did he ever look at it with judicial mind? It is a good thing for us often to sit in judgment on ourselves. And this we can not better do than in the spirit that seeks to acquire God's viewpoint and God's judgment of the heart.

"There is now therefore no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." No condemnation? That means no judgment! Is it so? Is our judgment day passed when we pass from death unto life in Christ? It is, and it is so because they who are in Christ daily submit themselves to God's judgment.

III. Is there any process so searching as that which attends the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is in a sense an inspection. Here we present ourselves before the Great Commander. He knows whether we are in soldierly habit and soldierly attitude. He knows how adequately or inadequately we are equipped. To prepare for the Sacrament is itself a sacrament of heart-searching.

IV. But it is more than an inspection. It is more than a searching. This sacrament, spiritually employed, is an act of heart-separation. Call it an act of heart-cleansing. We bring here tempers we cannot keep with us here; dispositions; prejudices; mental and moral obliquities. There is a sense in which the Lord's Table is a place of surrender. We may make it such today. We brought to this place burdens we should no longer bear, thoughts that are poisoning our lives, memories that "blight and burn." If we keep these, we cannot keep our hearts, and our hearts we must keep by God's help, and in Christ's presence, above all keeping.

THE SERMON IN THE SUPPER

By Rev. Andrew W. Blackwood, D. D.

Text: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." I Cor. 11:26.

The Church believes in preaching. But in many a congregation, such as the one of which I am pastor, there is one Lord's day every three months when there is no morning sermon. This day is the most vital of the quarter; it is communion Sabbath. I do not know when the local custom arose. Perhaps it has

been because there is no need for a sermon when the Lord's Supper is being observed.

The Lord's Supper is itself the most sublime sermon. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye proclaim (or show forth) the Lord's death until he come." The word here translated "proclaim," or "show forth" might equally well be translated "preach"; in the King James Version it is so translated in ten other passages. Let us for the nonce substitute this rendering, which is not so accurate as that of the American Revised Verson, but which is filled with suggestion. "Ye do preach the Lord's death." What sort of sermon is it, then, which we preach whenever we partake of the Lord's Supper?

I. It is an expository sermon. A sermon which explains and applies the Scriptures, whether a single text, a chapter, a book, or the entire Bible from one point of view,—is known as an expository sermon. The larger the unit the more difficult and delicate is the task of explaining it, and the more profitable is the result when the expositor succeeds. It is manifestly impossible to show forth all the truth about the Bible as a whole, or even about any large portion of it; the wise expositor contents himself with viewing the chosen passage from one point of approach.

"Ye do show forth the Lord's death." When we partake of the Lord's Supper we are preaching an expository sermon, and our text is not any minute portion of Holy Writ, not any chapter, or even any single book; our text is nothing less than the entire Scriptures, from the loftiest point of view. We are concerned with the Lord's death for our sins. What save this is the heart of the Old Testament, with its many paths leading up to the Cross of Christ? What save the death of Christ for sin is the glory of the New Testament, with its many rays of light streaming from the Christ of the Cross? The Lord's Supper is an expository sermon of which the text is the entire written Word of God.

II. It is a doctrinal sermon. The true expository sermon is always doctrinal. The modern man professes not to care for doctrine, but he forgets that doctrine is only the explanation of a fact, and that bare fact unexplained is worthless. The fact before us in the Lord's Supper is the death of Christ and the sacrament is to discerning eyes the explanation of this fact. The

death of Christ, aside from this explanation is tragic; but in the light of the sacrament, and of the truth which it portrays, the same fact is filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Why did Jesus die? "For the remission of sins." "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Paul tells us that if we eat and drink the Lord's Supper without discerning in it this truth about the death of Christ, we are guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. In other words, if the doctrine disappear, the sacrament loses its power, and becomes the opposite of a blessing.

For whom did Jesus die? He died for sins, but for whose sins? "This is My blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." "This is My body which is broken for you." "He loved me, and gave himself for me." The person who misses this note from the Lord's Supper misses the entire sermon. But the person who understands why Jesus died, and who accepts this sacrifice for himself, is by God's grace counted worthy to partake of this holy sacrament, and thus to preach the Lord's death until he come.

III. It is an illustrated sermon. The man on the street says that our expository preaching is too dull, and that our doctrinal preaching is too deep, or perhaps too muddy. The children often feel that there is nothing in such sermons for them. But if we follow the example of the Master, and of our prophets, such as Jeremiah, we shall clothe our deepest truth in a form which shall appeal to the eye and to the heart,—a form so clear, so beautiful, so compelling that all who see it shall be attracted and held. Such is the secret of the power of the Lord's Supper as a sermon. Its theme is the loftiest of the ages; its form is the simplest, and therefore the most sublime.

This illustrated sermon is clear, because it appeals to the reason through the eye. It is interesting, because it appeals to the heart through the common things of life. It is powerful, because it appeals to the will, by showing the heart of God suffering for our sins. This is not the whole truth which the Lord's Supper preaches, but this is much. If the Sermon on the Mount is powerful because it shows us clearly what we must do after

we have been saved, the Lord's Supper is more powerful by far, because by God's grace it makes us able to do God's will.

Let us therefore make more of the Lord's Supper. It bears a message of hope for the sinner and of comfort for the saint. Let us think more about this privilge and joy of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. Preaching is a glorious opportunity! Yes! But preaching is likewise a fearful responsibility. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do preach!" Brethren in the pew, what are you preaching? You hold us ministers firmly to the loftiest standards of life and of doctrine; that is well, but are not the same standards set before you? "Ye do preach!" May the Master, who first preached this sermon in the Supper, so fill your hearts and lives that by his grace you shall grow increasingly worthy of this high calling. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do preach the Lord's death until he come."

SOWING AND REAPING: COMMUNION SERMON

By Rev. J. T. Chynoweth

Text: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Psalm 126:5.

The text lends itself very readily to the thought of God's disciplinary providences. "Strength sorrow born" was the theme of a college oration when I was in my Sophomore year, and it was handled as only a young fellow just beginning really to experience life could handle it. In the old and simpler days how many classes chose as their motto "Through struggle to the stars," using the more sonorous Latin in which to express it. It will not be very difficult to see what solace might be found in the words of the text were this the real topic for today.

But I want to view the text from another standpoint, or rather I want it to bring to our thought another phase of truth. We are here and before us are the emblems of a broken body and a poured-out life. This man of which this feast is a memorial sowed in tears that he might reap in joy. Who may know what went on as he tarried all night in prayer! We do know that once more mere briny tears were not enough. Only bloody drops of sweat falling down to the ground would suffice to express the agony of his sowing.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews expresses the same thought in words chosen by the Holy Spirit: "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." Is it not a tremendous truth well worth our contemplation that every soul won from sin to the allegiance of the King furnishes his portion of the "joy" that was "set before him."

There is a picture which shows the scene when the first sermon was preached at Plymouth after the Pilgrims had landed. There is as yet no central place of worship. Every ounce of strength has been needed to fell the trees and to hew the logs necessary for their shelter. But the Sabbath day has come and amid the snows of winter and with only the sullen skies over them for a roof and with the white snow covering the ground the service of prayer and praise goes on. These Pilgrims sowed in tears—tears on leaving England, tears as they embarked for the stormy voyage, tears as they watched the Mayflower vanish in the distance as it took its homeward journey. Did they reap in joy? Many of them before the winter changed to spring lay under the white covering of snow with no mound to mark their resting-place lest the Indians should detect the ravages disease had made. Have they reaped in joy as they have noted the growth of the nation whose character they did so much to determine?

Let us not be too pessimistic in this age of discouragement. If they have kept in touch with the land which they sought out they have seen some mighty spiritual movements which must have brought joy to their hearts. They have seen American missions belting the globe with no place too far remote or too thickly strewn with dangers to make their descendants afraid. They have seen hospitals and dispensaries spring up as by magic in all parts of the habitable globe—made possible because America felt the call of the world's needy ones. They have seen the torch of political liberty carried in the hands of daring servants of Christ until literally republics have been born in a day where before despots ruled with iron hands. They have seen—but space will forbid the telling of all that America has brought to the world, much of it due to the impetus given by those who three hundred years ago sowed in tears.

Jacob Chamberlain made his name famous in the annals of American missionary movements. We are told that when he was

born his mother, as soon as she was able to rise from her bed, took him in her arms and going into an inner room dedicated him to the work of foreign missions. We are further told that each year she renewed the gift of her son and almost daily prayed for him that he might serve his Master on foreign fields. What must have been her joy when she saw him ready to embark for India and was thus to see the fruition of all of this sowing in tears. For it may not be necessary that the actual tears flow. One may have the determination and the spirit indicated by tears even though they may not drop from the eyes.

"Sowing in tears." That stands for a condition of heart and mind that is in direct opposition to the shallow optimism of the day which refuses to acknowledge the presence of the disease which is rapidly eating its way into the vitals of the nation. No one can sow in tears who believes that sin is but another name for environment or heredity and is a misfortune to be condoned when we understand the conditions under which the soul was born or has been reared. Why weep when all we have to do is to get the soul out of its bad surroundings and, by the use of the bath and change of raiment, effect a transformation in the soul's relation to divine law?

But if sin really is a transgression of the divine law—a law of which we are aware and which we could obey if we so desired —if there is peril to a soul thus disobedient and if there is no escape from this peril save as the soul accepts the terms on which pardon is a possibility, then it becomes those who feel for a lost world to get the spirit of the Master when on his knees he sweat great bloody drops of sweat or was ready to tread the stony pathway to Calvary if only man's sin might be atoned for.

I feel sure that Jesus saw something more in sin than just an emerging soul taking a fall preparatory to a higher rise in spiritual living. I surely believe that only those can really sow in tears who have the standpoint of Jesus and from that standpoint see man as eternally lost save as he finds redemption through a crucified Redeemer.

This is a thoughtful hour. We are under the spell of this Christ who sowed in tears that you and I might have joy. It is a time to think not so much of our obligations to God as our privileges in Christ Jesus. Think of the Archdeacon, up there in his hill-top church praying to be made a thousandfold more efficient

—and for what? That he might help to win a world to the Master. Surely this is worth shedding tears for. Surely it is worth pain and suffering that sometime we may rejoice—we and our Saviour together.

And there is no other plan. "Sharing in the sufferings of Christ" may not necessarily mean physical pain or physical death, though it may have such meaning in individual cases. Many a placid soul, like the mother of Jacob Chamberlain, has entered into this glorious fellowship—he who hears the cry of the world as Jesus heard it, he whose heart throbs responsive to the heart-throbs of a sinful world at Jesus' heart responded to them, he who appreciates the mighty power of sin to bind and enslave the human will.

And what goes with this seeing—he who sees only in Jesus' atoning work the remedy for this sin—all such have fellowship with Jesus in his suffering—all such must sow in tears. The very needs makes one heavy of heart until the remedy is brought to the needy ones. And if the promises of God are "yea" and "amen," then we know that those who do thus sow in tears shall reap in joy.

COMMUNION ILLUSTRATIONS

God Speaks

We once had a trained nurse in our home taking care of a sick woman. She was very fond of her patient and extremely anxious to please her and to see her recover. All day long she would attend to her duties and then lie down at night to rest. What I noticed especially was this; her ears were always open for the ringing of her patient's bell or for the sound of her voice. No matter what she was doing or what other noises were made, she could always hear the call that was meant for her.

Is not that to be our attitude toward the call of God? In the midst of all the noises that surround us, our ears are to be open for one special sound—the sound of God's voice. —S. D. Chambers.

Remembrance of Christ

"Do this in remembrance of me."

For a company of people to be perfectly quiet for a few minutes and for all to think of Jesus Christ, is a blessing to the whole community, and every home that is represented. Just to let his life, and character, his sacrificial death and resurrection bear their own testimony; without question, without argument, to let every man look into the Master's face; that is communion with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Lord's Supper

The Lord's Supper is at once a Memorial, a Covenant, a Communion, and a call to Separation.—William L. Pettingill.

Power House of the Kingdom

The "upper room" is the power-house of the kingdom of God. Wherever in the world one may find things being done for Christ, if one trace back the lines of power, they will be found to start from some "upper room." These are days of great revivals. Great things are being done, and the power of God is falling upon multitudes of men, even men of the world. The power is not in a man, not in an organization, not in a great aggregate of influences and conditions. It comes from the "upper room" in which the people are called to tarry "far ben" with God many days.—Sunday School Times.

The Goodman's House

The unnamed faithfuls are the overwhelming majority. We know the few names of leaders. The great crowds who follow the leaders remain unknown. Who was this man in whose home the Lord's last passover and the first Lord's Supper were eaten? No one knows. What was he? Every one knows,—a faithful personal friend of our Lord Jesus.

Those were serious days for friendship with Jesus. The plot against his life was definitely settled upon. Jerusalem was the center of the plot. Things there were at fever heat. The utmost secrecy must be observed. This man had much to risk. He may likely enough have been a man of property and position. But the Master asks the use of his house. And he gave gladly what was asked regardless of the danger.

The Master knew his name, and has not forgotten it. He gratefully appreciated this simple token of friendship when things were at their worst for him. There is an advantage in being one of the unnamed faithfuls. We know within ourselves that whatever we do we do for Jesus' sweet sake alone,—not for any credit. No crowds will know about us. But he will, and so the faithfulness may be purer.—Rev. S. D. Gordon.

Experience at the Lord's Table

What if the Master had left us without instituting this Supper? How many precious lessons and experiences we would have lost. The scene is a most beautiful one when, reclining at the table with those who had been his nearest followers, he tells them the meaning of his love and sacrifice. This experience may be ours when we meet at his table.—Rev. John Timothy Stone, D. D.

"He took the Cup"

Some years ago there lived in a thatched cottage at the head of a Scottish glen a poor Highland widow. It was a poor home, but on a cupboard was an old cracked cup, covered with a glass globe, as though it were an object of considerable value. That old cup had a history. Years before, one autumn day, a carriage with a lady inside stopped at the door of the lonely cottage. The lady asked for a little water, and it was brought for her by the woman in this very cup. To the old woman's astonishment she afterward learned that the lady who had used the cup was Queen Victoria. The fact that her lips had touched the rim of the old cup consecrated it, and made it an object of great value to the old widow. Since Christ's lips have touched the cup it has become sacred to us.—Rev. William Hay, B. D.

French and Americans at Communion

It was in a little French Presbyterian church at Sammur that I witnessed one of the most impressive scenes of my whole experience. Rev. J. L. Hood, the religious work director, had arranged with Pastor Dumas for a special communion service to which had been invited both the French congregation and the officers in training at the artillery school. Among the French congregation I saw only two men, and they were over 60 years of age. Pastor Dumas told me that practically all of the male members of his congregation had either been killed or were at the front. His own 17 year old boy had just left the previous day to go into training. Mingled with this little flock gathered in the chancel to receive the holy communion I counted ninety-four American officers and a large number of enlisted men. It seemed to me that it was prophetic of a new day for the church both in America and in France.—Rev. R. W. Veach.

Seeing Him Again

"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come."

Among my most treasured possessions is a pair of gloves which I gave to my mother on her last birthday. If I take one and breathe into it, immediately it assumes the form of her hand, the hand which was ever stretched forth to serve and soothe. I do not need such aids to recall my mother, but there is nothing which makes me thrill, as if in her very presence, like that glove stamped with the impress of her fingers. And so it is with this sacrament. The simple service is stamped with the impress of Jesus. In our minds we can reconstruct him.—Sunday School Chronicle.

The Life-Current

A physician, Mary F. Cushman, M. D., of Farmington, Me., writes of a case described to her by a prominent and very skilful physician, when transfusion of blood was tried in order to save a life,—a little child, upon whom every art of the medical profession had been used in vain. Death was near, and seemed inevitable; and the infusion of healthy blood was suggested as a last resort. The child's father volunteered to give the blood needed; and with every precaution, slowly, but steadily, the life-current from a vein in the strong man's arm was conducted into the blood stream of the almost dying child.

The operation successfully completed, there came a surprise. The doctor said: "The child was well at once. There was no convalescence. I never before saw such a recovery!"

What an illustration this is of the soul's cure! Dying of sin, all other means ineffectual, receiving the life of God in place of the old polluted life, at once a new creation, alive unto God, the life more abundant throbbing in all its being. And the father's love, the father's sacrifice, just a faint suggestion of the cost of our new life!—Charles G. Trumbull.

Getting the new View

"It was just after the service of the Lord's Supper, and a girl stood silent and alone in the vestibule of the church. She was in the beautiful dawn of young womanhood, brilliant, attractive, a leader among her companions; but some of the older

church-members were a bit anxious lest she should be a little too eager for the 'good times' that beckoned her from every direction; lest she should forget that she had once responded to the Master's voice saying, 'Follow me.'

"But to-day her cheeks had lost a little of their color; and in her eyes was a new expression, a depth unknown before, even though they were very close to tears.

"'What is it, Miriam?' asked a kindly, gray-haired woman with motherly kindness: "is anything troubling you to-day, or, ... ?'

"'Oh, no, Aunt Lydia,' the girl answered eagerly; 'It is only that—I never knew what it meant before. Sometimes it has seemed almost foolish to me—you all taking that bit of bread so solemnly. But to-day it came to me, "In remembrance of me." Oh, isn't it wonderful?'

"'Yes, dear,' said the other lady; 'and it will grow more wonderful the longer you live.'"

Remembering the Living Christ

A converted Mohammedan was called before the authorities for reading Christian books; but before judgment was passed he begged to be allowed to ask a question. "I am traveling," he said: "I look around for some direction and discover two men; one is dead, the other alive. Which of the two am I to ask advice—the dead or the living?" "Oh, the living, of course," all cried out. "Well," he added, "why require me to go to Mahomet, who is dead, instead of to Christ, who is alive?" "Go about your business," were the words with which he was dismissed. In the Lord's Supper we are remembering the living Christ.—H.

Have any been Omitted?

"Drink ye all of it."

One day in a large church the communion service was about to be concluded. As the last members served at the altar were about to retire, the minister asked: "Have any been omitted?" A woman kneeling at the board said that it seemed to her as the minister asked this question that she could see women arise from the countries of the earth,—from Japan, Korea, Africa, India, and China. They seemed to arise and cry out, "Yes, we have been omitted. No one has ever broken the Bread of Life to us."

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too!'"

"'Give us,' they cry, 'Your cup of consolation,
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed.
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast.'"

—The Revivalist.

EASTER

HE IS NOT HERE: FIRST EASTER MESSAGE

By Rev. Arthur Peirce Vaugh, D. D.

Text: "He is not here." Luke 24: 6.

Earth's most famous shrines of pilgrimage are spots esteemed sacred because they entomb the ashes of those great ones whom myriads of fellow mortals have reverenced, followed, loved and crowned, held in deathless memory, and often worshiped—sacred, because the honored dead are there.

One heaven-tuned, rare day of June, letter-perfect to the poet's song, we made the delightful river journey down the Potomac from the city of Washington to Mount Vernon; and all the hours of that day were crowded with interest and emotion, because of the memories that dwell in the one-time dwelling place of the man who, above others, guided and safeguarded the establishing of our country's independent government. Everywhere around the estate are preserved the relics and possessions of the one once master there, and all are interesting; but the chief emotion, the deepest reverence of every American focuses upon the simple tomb. All that is material, all that the earth could hold of the nation's "Father" is there.

Beyond the Rio Grande, where it wears its deep canyon through the multi-colored mesas of New Mexico, the weathered ruins of ancient Puye surmount the high cliff, burrowed with the human warrens of a considerable city. Populous for centuries, then abandoned more than a thousand years ago, the cliff-dwellers had kept the secret of their burial places well. Archaeologists had excavated much without solving the riddle, when one summer a decade ago an exploring party located the Puye cemeteries, and carefully took out many skeletons for scientific study. But the crumbling dust and bone, the ashes of uncounted generations of men who inhabited the great cliff still rest undisturbed on that high mesa crest, looking out over the far wild sweep of the Rio Grande. The dead are there.

In the heart of the mountains of Peru the titan stones of

Cuzco, city of the Sun-worshipers, are wearing to dust. Magnificent dreams those old temple architects had, and splendid engineers and stone cutters to embody them, directed by weird astonomer-priests who knew of solstices and sun declinations milleniums before scientists of our blood had even imagined them. Mighty terraces and giant stairways flung up the mountain side, and at the summit the sun temple, and back of it the burial-place of the Sun-worshipers. With the passing ages the race has passed into oblivion. We do not even know to whom in blood and culture they were related. But on the summit of the Andes, behind Cuzco—their dead are there.

In perfect autumn weather, when flame was beginning to flash and flare over the maple forests, we made pilgrimage to Nara, the most ancient capital of Japan. Dark, cathedral-columned groves of cryptomeria, open glades and parks dotted with deer, lakes and lotus pools and wisteria arbors, and throngs of pilgrims, buying fairings in alleys of souvenir booths, or worshiping in the incense-laden dusk of enormous temples, constitute the ensemble of that great memorial shrine. To Nara yearly the emperor makes pilgrimage in state, attended by royal princes, ministers and councillors, to worship at the graves of the imperial ancestors, the gods from whom the Japanese believe themselves descended. The earliest historic emperors were buried there, and there still thir spirits dwell; so delicate food and rare wines and perfumes and reverent prayers are offered to them, the dead, entombed there.

Following the westerning sun to the hills of India and, at Delhi, find the Taj Mahal, in beauty of structure the most splendid tomb man's hand has ever reared. The motive that called all its rare design and exquisite artistry into embodiment was the invariable motive—the presence there of the beloved dead.

To millions of Buddhists the most sacred spot of earth is the great bell-shaped temple of Ceylon, where, they believe, rests the dust of the heart of Buddha.

One morning as sunrise lined all the dome of heaven with burnished gold, we crossed the Nile flood at Luxor, and urged our little donkey out over the cultivated flat where Thebes once stood—Thebes of the Hundred Gates, that ruled the world. Up the face of the cliffs that rim the Nile plain we trailed, and

dropped into the Valley of the Dead, with its utter solitude, empty of every living thing. There the Pharaohs had driven deep shafts into the rock heart of the mountains and hewn out secret galleries, where they should rest from age to age in mummied quiet. For safety in time of invasion they were hid more remotely, but found again; and now if you will you may see in Cairo the great Rameses and Seti, parchment faces and leathery hands exposed beneath torn mummy wrappings; dust that once ruled millions. Men that controlled the then civilized world are there among the dead.

Crossing to Europe, the Appian Way, leading from the gate of Rome out over the level plain, was an avenue of the princely dead. Here the Mistress of the World buried her nobles, her generals, her Caesars, and over them reared marble memorials. The marbles have been stolen or are crumbling, the walls are tumbling to earth; but beneath them still—the dead of Rome are there!

The English race has one Westminster Abbey, where kings have been crowned and kings have been buried; and there are buried the dead that the nation delighted to honor—warriors, benefactors, dreamers, reasoners, statesmen and missionaries, poets, painters, singers—the notable, the loved. To Britain Westminster is Westminster because her dead are there.

So we have belted the round globe, standing uncovered a moment at the famous shrines of five continents, and every mile of the way we have passed over unnamed dead. And all the trackless roadways of the seven seas have swallowed and hidden deep the dead of ages. The floors of the sea are very populous.

We live but a brief term of years, in one century three generations entering their graves. In one hundred years earth has three new outfittings of humanity, who inhabit it and use it, then go to rest in it. For unreckoned generations the tombs have been filling, until the cities of the dead outnumber a thousandfold the cities of the living. There is no spot but that you may say, The dead are here!

How those still, narrow houses of death multiply in our own day! Five million new white crosses down the pocked fields of western Europe! Five million rough-fashioned crosses down through the marches of Russia and Poland, the mountains of Galicia and Greece! Other millions across the reaches of Ar-

menia and Mesopotamia! And in the infested seas! How hastily earth's cities of death have widened their boundaries to receive vast populations, newly naturalized!

Since Cain and Seth, back in the world's first dawn, in strange inexplicable fear and the first amaze of death, buried their father and ours, Adam, the man who should have been immortal, who had right to eat of the tree of life, but sinned and died—since that first grave men have in unanimity been gathered to their fathers. Tombs ever increasing, and in every tomb the dead.

This invariable fate was shared by three men, who, one Passover feast, died at Jerusalem on the hill of execution just outside the city wall, under sentence of the Roman governor, Pilate—died as criminals. But, strangely, two members of the supreme court of the Jews took down the body of one of the dead from his cross, laying it in a new tomb in a private garden near Calvary. Watched by weeping women, they closed the door of that tomb, just as myriads of other tomb doors have been closed in all ages.

That tomb was occupied. Men knew that the dead was there, just as in every other tomb in all the vaults of time. The next day a Roman officer came with the governor's seal and affixed it on that tomb door, the power of Rome thus guaranteeing that the dead was in that tomb, and must stay in that tomb. Death was the penalty to any one who should break the seal or take the dead away. So Joseph's tomb joined that somber multitude of tombs in all ages in which, without exception, the dead are found.

Then a new dawn breaks with the sweet glory of spring, the music of bird-song, the fragrance of lilies; and as the light comes into Joseph's garden troubled women find an open tomb, and a white messenger with a word never spoken in any other of mankind's innumerable tombs—this word: "He is not here!"

Not here! But in every clime, in every zone, the dead are permanent, unchanging tenants of their narrow houses! In Nara tombs, the fine dust of myth-clouded emperors, the gods of Old Japan. In Ceylon, Buddha's heart wastes in its jewelled urn. By the Nile pitch-swarthed Pharaohs lie in imperishable sleep. Above Cuzco the sun worshipers rest on their mountain

top as centuries pass. The dead are there! Only in Joseph's garden a tomb is empty, and an angel saying, "He is not here!"

The mourning women were frightened and speechless. His closest friends marvelled and disbelieved. How could the inevitable rule of death be broken? Priests with much money taught soldiers under death penalty to say that disciples had stolen the body from the tomb while they slept. But the angel said on, "He is not here! He is risen!"

It has been and is the imperishable faith of the church throughout the Christian era, that our Lord, having risen as the first fruits from the dead, entered as our pattern and forerunner into mansions of greater glory prepared for him, and likewise for us all. "Because I live ye shall live also," he said. First fruits premise a complete harvest to follow. We are the harvest; we, the dead, that have peopled the tombs of the ages; we, the dead, shall awaken!

I look on to another miracle morning—distant? Or near? It will be at dawn again, I think, when light is reborn after night. It will be spring, sweet with flowers, sparkling with dew, when life returns out of the earth, when "creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

On that new greatest Easter morning every tomb in every land shall be open to the dawn as Joseph's was, by the same divine power. And over every tomb and the flashing waves of the seven seas the resurrection angel shall stand again, and shall say of us, every one, the same words: "He is not here!" Those places that have known the dead shall know them no more.

This is the certain faith of the believer; this is the great hope of Easter morning.

THE TEN EPIPHANIES

By Rev. W. Frost Bishop, D. D.

Text: "To whom also he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Acts 1: 3.

The word epiphany means to "show one's self." It is applied to the manifestations of Christ to his disciples after his re-

surrection and prior to his ascension—"to whom he showed himself alive after his death by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

The sun rises in the east. And so the season is called Easter, in which the Sun of Righteousness rose from the dead.

We now call attention to the order of these epiphanies as significant.

I. Our Lord first appeared to Mary Magdalene alone. Here the crown of first distinction was placed on the brow of Love. Her biography is given in three words: "She loved much."

II. He next appeared to a band of holy women, hastening from the empty sepulchre to announce the resurrection to the apostles, in obedience to the angelic command. Here the second crown of distinction is placed on the brow of Obedience. A single utterance of old Samuel would have made the man immortal alone—a truth we are so slow to learn—"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; to hearken than the fat of rams."

III. The third manifestation was to Simon Peter alone, the penitent disciple. Another biography in three words: "He wept bitterly." Of this private and purely personal interview nothing is said—a most striking illustration of the beauty of silence about such matters and a stinging rebuke to those who needs must publish the secrets of a restored friendship. Praise God for the early distinction of penitence. If our love is not what we could wish, and our obedience far from what it should be, we are comforted to know that godly sorrow for the past may yet place us high—even third from the very highest—in our Master's regard. In this interview Simon Peter was forgiven, but the man never forgave himself.

IV. The fourth epiphany was to honest doubters, the two who were journeying to Emmaus. It wrings the heart with pity even to-day to read those age-old words: "We trusted that it had been he!" The loss of faith is a painful thing, and far too little sympathy is extended to those who by reason of natural temperament find it hard to believe, or who from various causes are the unwilling victims of honest doubt. Chilled by such lack of sympathy, such fears are rarely expressed in words. But, by

the order of manifestation here, we learn that in the Saviour's divine regard after the tribute to love, after the reward of obedience, after the distinction of penitence comes the Master's condescension to the perplexity of honest doubt. Whether about the divine origin of Christianity or its doctrines or in regard to personal experience or with reference to the providential dealings of God—whatever be the cause of the perplexity, in due time the Risen Lord will manifest himself to the man whose doubt is honest. The prayer of the men of Emmaus was: "Abide with us." Let his be the same, and all shall yet be well.

V. At the close of this first Easter Sabbath occurred the fifth epiphany, which inaugurated the Lord's Day as the Christian Sabbath. The manifestation was to all the apostles,—except Judas and Thomas,—and other disciples, assembled for public worship. Our Lord inaugurated this first day of the week as a day of public worship by placing honor upon it in (1) the removal of fears, (2) the confirmation of faith, (3) the casting of light upon the objects of hope, (4) the correction of errors, and (5) the giving of the Holy Ghost—features that have nobly characterized it from that hour to this. All the recorded appearances of the risen Lord seem to have been on the first day of the week. Hence it is called in Scripture "the Lord's Day." The day of Pentecost likewise was the first day of the week. The revelation to John on the Island of Patmos was also on the first day of the week. Great honor has the Risen Lord placed upon this day.

The period of these manifestations covered in all likelihood six weeks, embracing seven Sundays—one at the beginning and one at the close—the period being called in round numbers "forty days."

VI. On the second Lord's Day occurred the sixth Epiphany, or the manifestation to Thomas, the sceptical apostle, whose wretchedness of soul had continued unabated for a whole week, but was removed with joy and gladness on this day, when he met with the rest of the apostles for public worship. If the fifth manifestation inaugurated the Lord's day, when Thomas was absent, the sixth manifestation proclaims the preciousnes of that day, when he was present and for very joy was constrained to utter the five immortal words, all of one syllable, "My Lord and my God!" He might have remained at home on the Lord's day till

doomsday and it is probable he would never have seen the Risen Lord. There is no such agency for the removal of doubts and fears as public worship on this day.

VII. A week later, and upon the seashore in far distant Galilee, occurred the seventh manifestation, which was made to seven of the apostles. A main object of this epiphany was Peter's restoration to office. When publicity had accompanied degradation, publicity also should accompany restoration to public function. In this seventh scene, which is indeed the "third" as stated by John to the assembled apostles, Peter was publicly charged to feed and govern the Lord's flock along with the rest of the apostolic band. There is no primacy of Peter here. That view misses the point of the function as a restoration. Like all else in the Bible connected with this mystical number "7," there is world of symbolic meaning in the miraculous draught of fishes then made, which pictures nothing less than the final glory of the Church when the redeemed shall be counted and at last drawn to the restful shores of eternity.

VIII. The eighth epiphany, the mountain meeting in Galilee, was in many respects the most remarkable of all. Tremendous emphasis was placed upon it as "the meeting" par excellence designated by the Saviour for Galilee—the district where he had chiefly labored, where he had the bulk of his disciples, and where consequently he was best known. The mountain selected was what had previously been the Mount of his Transfiguration, to which his whole Church on earth was now called to assemble, and where now there seems to have been a kind of Second Transfiguration. The meeting appears to have lasted all day, so that those who had known him best and longest before his death might now come, and during the long hours of that wondrous day might approach him, not once or twice, but many times with their tests and questionings. Withdrawn into the seclusion of this mountain scene during the hours of this livelong day the best witnesses on earth had the best possible opportunity to satisfy themselves that the "Lord was risen indeed." The manifestation of this transfigured person, so unlike the body of humiliation that they had known, might well produce doubt in the minds of some which is duly reported to us. This meeting of the whole Church on earth, under such singular circumstances of advantage—a meeting moreover that had been

thrice predicted and was in consequence attended by so great a number of witnesses—was to prepare the rank and file of the Church for the impending conflict by a revelation of Christ's glory and qualify the private members of the Church as witnesses of the resurrection, who in after time should back up by their individual testimony the preaching of apostolic men; as St. Paul reports was the case. Such was the great meeting in Galilee and such its noble purpose.

IX. The ninth manifestation was to James the Just, the Brother of our Lord. He was not a disciple of our Lord at first, and even after he became such his faith was clouded by Jewish prejudices, which it was the object of this interview to remove. He was an apostolic man of great eminence, the moderator of the first Synod of Jerusalem and author of the Epistle that bears his name in our New Testament. As the interview was personal to himself, we know nothing of what transpired. Its purpose was to terminate with the man himself and to affect others only in an indirect manner through him. Hence only the fact of its occurrence is mentioned. We pause only to reflect, that when God calls a man to a special work, he will give him a special preparation for it.

X. The tenth and last manifestation terminated with our Lord's ascension into heaven. It was connected with Jerusalem and Olivet—beginning probably in Jerusalem, continuing all night and terminating with the ascension from the Mount of Olives the next day. Its object was to expound to the apostles the mediatorial kingdom of Christ and to impart to them the Apostolic Commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Such were the ten epiphanies. There is hardly a leading doctrine in the Christian system that was not in some form brought forward during those memorable interviews. There is hardly a phase of Christian experience that is not brought into review in the words spoken by our Lord during this remarkable period.

In view of the wealth of the revelation about the future state herein made known to us, one feels like putting to the child of God the question of Jonadab to Amnon: "Art thou a king's son, and lookest so ill?" People still call eternity the "bourne from which no traveller returns." Has none returned?

People still speak of the future state as "the great unknown." Is it, after the revelations of these forty days, an unknown state? Even believers continue to ask: "How are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" Do we not know that Christ was raised up and with what body he came? His risen body is the typical resurrection body, and with no great difficulty we can obtain quite a definite idea of what his risen body was and what it was not. When we hear all this pagan talk from a child of God, with the New Testament in his hand, one feels like changing Jonadab's question to read: "Art thou a Christian, with nothing better than a heathen's hope?"

ON THE WITNESS-STAND FOR THE RESURRECTION

By Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D.

Text: John 20:1-18.

I. The first witness for the resurrection of Jesus whom we will call, out of those available in this Scripture, is "The first day of the week." Just pause to think what a tremendously convincing witness this is. If you or I, or if the mightiest man on top of the ground to-day, or the most important and influential society of scientists, should decide that it is time to take one day out of the seven and signalize it in some way so that it would forever stand out above the other six days as a peculiar day, as a holy day, as a day of rest from labor, do you think it could be done?

The answer is, it never has been done in all the history of the world except with two days—the seventh and the first, and each of these has a great religious significance back of it. The one is just as well authenticated as the other. If the Sabbath of the Jews is a historical fact, traced clearly to the sabbatical laws of the Old Testament, then the Lord's Day, or Sunday, as it is commonly known, the "first day of the week," now on the witness-stand, is just as clearly a historic institution connected with the resurrection of Jesus and with nothing else under the sun.

"But suppose," some one says, "there was some mistake, some delusion about the resurrection of Jesus' body, and his disciples, and his age, and subsequent ages, were misled for so long that the delusion became fixed as a fact too firmly to be set aside."

It is just as easy to suppose that Moses was mistaken or under some delusion about the Ten Commandments; that his age and succeeding ages were misled about a Sabbath day's having been instituted, until it was too late to correct the error. Has any one suggested that the seventh day is an accident? Are they telling the Jews or the Seventh-Day Adventists that, and laughing out of the corners of their mouths at the silliness in believing an exploded delusion?

Well, the evidence of the "first day of the week" is just as invulnerable. Before you can shake it you must blast it out of all the statute-books with dynamite; and, when that is done, there won't be any books or statutes left, only red anarchy. You must make it so that a check or a contact dated on Sunday is just as good as one dated on any other day. You must go to all the mills and factories that are closed on Sunday, and the theatres and base-ball parks, and the stores and offices, and convince the proprietors that this thing of keeping the "first day of the week" is all a snare and a delusion. You must overturn business and society and history and public sentiment before you can take one iota from the testimony of this witness that Jesus came out of the sepulchre on the "first day of the week," and so it has been accepted as a holy day by one-third of the earth's population.

II. Second witness—a runner. You see Mary Magdalene running to tell Peter and John that Jesus had risen from the dead. Either she had seen an empty tomb, or she was determined to pretend that she had.

You know enough of psychology to realize that people do not run when they have a lie to tell. Try to think of a courier coming from a battlefield to tell a king that his army has won a victory, when in fact they have been defeated and he himself has fled in disgrace from before the enemy. You know what he will do; he will run as long as he thinks he is watched, and then his pace will slacken. If he had a real, glorious victory to tell, he would run all the way as hard as he could. You watch him, and you can tell by the way he travels whether he is bearing the truth or bearing a lie. A man with a lie in his mouth is a mighty poor runner. His mind and his muscles are not correlated for swiftness. A conscious lie makes a man lag; it would have made

Mary Magdalene lag, instead of running with all haste and eagerness to tell Peter and John.

You know too well how it was when you were a boy at school. Your brother had done well and had been praised by the teacher,—won a prize, maybe—and he set out to get home as quickly as he could and tell his mother. You had played hooky and been punished, but you had made up a tale that you hoped would save you from a whipping at home. But that tale didn't put the same speed into your legs that the truth put into your brother's legs. Ordinarily you could outrun him, but not when he bore a glad truth and you bore a lie. You know very well that is the exact psychology of the situation.

Half a truth is mightier than a whole lie. Mary Magdalene knew only half the truth; she knew that the tomb was empty, but she thought some one had taken Jesus' body away—the gardener. The larger half of the truth, that he had risen from the dead, had not dawned on her. The sun was rising, but it had not half risen yet; still, the little that she saw impressed her so as a truth that she did not wait to see the sun come up above the horizon, but ran like a race-horse, with a truth to tell.

III. Third witness—obsessed by error. We put this witness, Mary Magdalene, on the stand in her own behalf. If you have ever been in a court of justice and heard a witness with a theory questioned, or if you have ever served on a jury with a man who was obsessed by a previous misconception of the case, you have the Mary Magdalene type of witness. She already believed that the dead body had been taken away. She acted honestly and consistently on that theory. Everything she did and said was to establish that end. She was obsessed by that idea that there was no room in her mind for any other idea to gain a foothold. You have seen a person of that kind. Whatever he did while obsessed by an error was perfectly honest and sincere. Therefore, when the obsession was dispelled and he saw the truth, he was worth twice as much as a witness as one who had been predisposed from the beginning to see the truth.

Mary Magdalene is that kind of witness or juror. She said to Peter and John, "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb." She stood "without at the tomb weeping." She said to the angels, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." She said to Jesus, supposing him to

be the gardener, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Up to this point she was the most obtuse, stubbornly unfriendly witness one could imagine—incapable, apparently, of seeing the fact. But, when such a witness does see, the very reluctance of the past makes the subsequent testimony of double value. So, when she "cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord," she was really a stronger witness of the resurrection than Peter or John, who, though "they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead," and "went away again unto their own home," were still more predisposed to believe than Mary.

IV. Fourth witness—absenteeism. The fact that Peter and John and the other disciples, we take it, went away to their homes after they had come and seen the empty sepulchre puts them also in the class of unwilling witnesses. We think it must have been to their temporary home in Jerusalem, and not back to Bethsaida yet, for they seem to have been in the house that night when Jesus appeared so mysteriously.

They got more than they were expecting when the resurrection truth was forced home on them. It is true that a man will come to believe a lie if he wants to believe it badly enough and if he keeps on telling others that it is true. No fact of human psychology is more fully attested than this.

But reason it out for yourself whether Peter and John could have been in this fanatical, self-deceived class.

Suppose, for instance, that your school team is playing a game against a rival team. They are honestly outclassed and doomed to defeat right down to the last half of the last inning. You and a chum sitting beside you are so disgusted and chagrined that you slide out of your seats, and say, "Come, let's go home; there's nothing doing here." So off you go together; you have given it up.

Then comes a sudden and wholly unexpected turn in the play, and your team wins; but the other side cry, "Fraud!" and their partisans believe it, and they accuse you and your chum of duplicity in helping to foist a rotten trick and a rotten decision on the public.

But your answer: "We! Why, we had gone home eating

our hearts out with chagrin, and were trying to get out our Latin for next recitation when we heard the yelling."

They have "nothing on you" as accomplices to a fraud.

V. To sum up the evidence. It requires but two uncontradicted, unimpeached witnesses to a court of justice to make a case. Here we have four witnesses who testify, from different points of view, that Jesus must have risen from the dead. None of them can be impeached as impostors, as fabricators of favorable evidence. The first one, anybody is perfectly welcome to smash if you can. The others prove their sincerity by the highest tests that Professor Munsterberg would have accepted. We believe that the great mass of plain, unprejudiced people will go on accepting evidence as satisfactory. The attempt to laugh or to bluster it out of court is answered somewhat as the art-loving public is answering the demand of the futurist that all the accepted works of art shall be burned or sold as junk, to make way for real art that is to come from the cubist's brush.

Mr. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, has recently obtained from the Martelli family of Italy two notable works of the Florentine sculptor, Donatello, of whose productions Italy is so jealous that the government has forbidden that any pass from the Bargello collection unless the Martelli family places another in its stead. This they have agreed to do. And so "David, the Conqueror of Goliath," and "St. John" have come to America at a princely price in spite of the futurist school of critics.

And so, in spite of unbelief and opposition, Jesus Christ, "the Conqueror of Death," the "Son of David," should come into all our minds and hearts as worthy the place he claims—the Lord of heaven and earth.

RESURRECTION NOW

By Rev. Henry van Dyke, D. D.

Text: "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Colossians 3:1.

Resurrection is a great word. It has a power to stir the mind, a charm to quicken the imagination and an attraction to draw the heart. It is more than a sublime fact in the past. It

is more than a glorious event in the future. It is an experience in the present. It is happening to-day. There is a Resurrection Now. There is triumph over death for which we do not need to wait until the garaves are opened. We may have it at once. St. Paul felt it as he sat in his Roman prison writing to his friends at Colossae. Worn, and feeble, and aged before his time, bound with chains, waiting for his trial before a cruel and bloody Caesar, St. Paul knew even then that he was a risen man. By faith in the things that are unseen and eternal he had already won the victory over the world.

But this risen life is under a law. Like all other forms of life it has a condition which must be fulfilled in order that the life may continue to exist and expand.

If we can learn even now the secret of rising from the dead, there is no other knowledge worthy to be compared with this. And surely the subject is appropriate. It is the season when nature has put on a new life. All round us the visible emblems of vitality are unfolding. The old earth, after her long sleep in winter's lap, stirs at the touch of summer, stretches her arms, smiles like a child waking at sunrise, and laughs with a thousand melodies of joy. How beautiful it all is. How deeply it speaks to our longing hearts.

What does it mean to seek those things which are above? Where is it that Christ sitteth on the right hand of God? Surely not in some distant region, invisible and inaccessible to mortals. To read the law of the risen life thus would be to rob of its meaning and its power for the present moment. God is not secluded in some far off heaven. He is dwelling and working in this very world where we live. He sitteth close beside us, breaketh bread at our tables, walketh with us in the city streets and among the green fields and beside the sea. The "things that are above" are the things that belong to him and to his kingdom, the spiritual realities of a noble life, whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report. These are the things that we are to seek. We are to turn away from that which drags us downward and makes us like the beasts, and follow after that which draws us upward toward the likeness of Christ. That is the law of Resurrection Now. Those who have risen must be ever rising. The resurrection life must be an upward life.

Let us try to carry this law into some of the different spheres of our existence.

I. Look first at the aspects of the natural world in which we live. Are there not two sides here—a lower side and a higher side—one which ministers to sense alone and another which ministers to spirit?

When we look only at the sensuous side we may read nature as a grocer's account book, but when we look at the spiritual side we begin to interpret nature as a divine poem. There are some people in the world, and very decent people too, to whom the returning summer can not mean much more than it means to a comfortable cow—a time of physical pleasure, when there are no more blizzards, and it is easy to move about, and there are plenty of green things to eat. But there are others to whom it means a blossoming of thankful thoughts, a rapture of gentle affections, a promise of new and immortal life. I once heard an Englishman, looking down upon the glittering, motionless billows of the Mer de Glace remark that "all that ice would bring a lot of money in the hot season at Calcutta—don't you know?" The poet Coleridge, in his "Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," hears those silent cataracts of frozen splendor singing the eternal praise of God. It is always open to us to choose, my friends, whether we will fix our regards upon the lower or upon the higher side of nature.

II. In the sphere of human intercourse we find the same division between the higher and the lower. There are two paths in love and friendship. One leads downward, with pride and folly, selfishness and lust as guides, toward the earthly sensual, and at last the devilish. The other leads upward, with purity and honor, generosity and self-sacrifice as guides, toward the celestial, the ideal, the God-like. Love is a fire; sometimes it kindles a harbor light to guide the heart to peace; sometimes it kindles a false beacon to lure the heart to wreck. There is a friendship which saves, and there is a friendship which ruins.

III. When we turn to the region of art and literature do we not find two paths here also? There is noble music which cleanses the heart like a tide from the sea, sweeping away all things that are low and base, filling it with high thought and generous desires. There is mean music that plays upon the strings of sensual passion and vulgar mirth, strumming and

tinkling a fit accompaniment to the reckless dance of ephemeral souls above the cataract of fatal folly, or beating a brutal march for the parade of pride and cruelty toward the pit of death. There are pictures that immortalize the great moments of history, the fine aspirations of humanity, the fair scenes of nature. There are pictures that lavish all the resources of the most consummate art to perpetuate the trivial and the vile. There are dramas that speak of heroism and virtue, and purify our hearts with pity, fear, and love. There are plays that present life as a coarse and tedious farce, or glorify indecency and unfaithfulness, or make a bitter jest of the impotence of all goodness and the tragic failure of all high aims. There are books which store the memory with beautiful images and gentle pleasures and fine ideals. There are books which leave a bad taste in the mouth, and weaken every fiber of spiritual courage, and poison the springs of imagination at the fountain head. It is for us to choose in which of these two paths of art we will walk.

IV. Look now for a moment at the great common sphere of human labor, and see how the two sides of life are contrasted here. In one aspect, all the varied toil of mankind is only the mass of separate efforts by which each individual earns daily bread and amasses wealth, little or much. He who thinks of it merely in this aspect, drops into it as a mechanical routine, plods along in it like a horse in a tread-mill, now resolutely, now wearily. The only possible result of all his toil is what he can get out of it for himself. And that is limited by his capacity for eating and drinking and putting on of raiment. The human being who looks on labor from that side is certainly seeking the things that are beneath.

But there is another way of regarding the toil of life. It is a divine task laid upon mankind by the Creator for the conquest and cultivation of the natural world. When we begin to perceive these things we see a new meaning in our work, whatever it may be. We can make it a vocation; a mission; a secret, divine enterprise.

V. Yes, friends, this division between the things that are above and the things that are beneath runs through our whole life. Even religion has a higher side and a lower side, and upon our choice between these two sides depends the influence which religion is to have upon our destiny. There is a type of religion

which consists chiefly of abstract doctrines embodied in a system, and another which consists chiefly of outward ceremonies arranged in a ritual. In one case all the stress is laid upon the correct statement of these doctrines; in the other case the emphasis falls upon the punctual performances of these ceremonies. When the system is subscribed, when the ritual is observed, all is done that is necessary to salvation.

Far be it from me to say that creeds are useless. Nor do I dream that there can ever be a church without some forms of worship. But when we mistake these things for the reality of religion, when we rest in theme and repose upon them as sufficient to insure our personal salvation, then we forget to seek the things that are above. Inevitably such a religion must become a sensuous, selfish, sinking religion.

Far above it shines that blessed state of daily dependence upon God and intercourse with him, of real fellowship with Christ and likeness to him, of constant service and sacrifice for our fellowmen, in which alone pure and undefiled religion is found.

Will you take a motto for your spiritual life? It is not an inscription for your tombstone: "Resurgam, I shall rise, when earthly life is over, when the graves unclose." It is a watchword for your hearts: "Resurgo, I arise, I am delivered, I am quickened, I begin to live upward, through Christ, for Christ, unto Christ."

RESURRECTION AND LIFE: EASTER TALK TO CHILDREN

By Rev. James Learmount

Text: "Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life." John 11:28.

There is a fine old story of Homer's about the siege of Troy. Troy was a city with high walls. The son of Troy's king carried off a beautiful Greek maiden named Helen, always called now Helen of Troy. All the Greek kings and princes laid siege to Troy with the hope of getting in, conquering it, and rescuing Helen again. The siege lasted ten long years, and there seemed no prospect of getting into Troy. But just then Ulysses, inspired by Minerva, propounded a scheme which was full of craft and a very smart piece of stratagem. The chief Epeius, who

when in his own country had been famous for his skill in sculpture, was directed to construct a gigantic wooden horse. This was done, and having been made hollow inside, a large number of the best warriors, under the leaders of Pyrrhus, were hidden inside. Then in the night the horse was pushed close up to the walls and left there, the Greek ships and soldiers sailed away as though they had given up the task of taking Troy as hopeless—but they did not go far. Next morning the horse was seen by the people of Troy, and, after some discussion, and against the warnings of some, the horse was drawn into the city. Nothing happened until night, but then when the Trojans were in a heavy sleep, after having drunk much in celebrating the departure of the Greeks, a little door was quietly opened in the side of the horse, the soldiers slipped out, a fire was lit as a signal to bring back the Greek army, the gates were thrown open by the men who had been in the wooden horse, and Troy was taken.

There is a great resemblance in that story to the other story of which we are thinking so much this Easter time. The great City of Death had for centuries been impregnable to every assault, every one of the millions who had lived to take it, but they had all failed, and so the old world was just a huge graveyard. But Jesus set to work upon that awful city, he died, and he rose again, and the City of Death was conquered for ever. In rising from the dead he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. And now, all the people, who, like Helen of Troy, were kept prisoners there, have been freed, and death has now no more dominion over us. Christ was the resurrection and the life.

But why the double term? Why resurrection and life? Surely it means that he himself is the life of everyone raised; they are like him; everyone raised by Christ can say in a manner, "I am Jesus"; it is his life they have, and his life they will ever after live. The whole verse reads, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

So that it is better than ever now for all who believe in Christ. There is no death; death has been conquered; and the death of the body now is just an incident in our life itself—

which is eternal. The great things now is to be in Christ, to take him as Saviour, and then we shall never see death.

In a letter written to the Spectator some time ago, Mr. Henry Attwell tells of a touchingly pretty remark made by a little girl four years old, which he thought was worth recording. Her father was walking with the child through the village cemetery, when, pointing to the graves, she asked wonderingly, "What are these for?" Somewhat puzzled to give an answer, the father said, "They belong to the people who have gone to heaven." "To the angels?" "Yes." "Ah!" said the little one, "that is where they have left their clothes." The little one was right—the body is only the clothes. And now, since Jesus died and rose again, we never think of our departed friends as lying in the grave.

The grave of Albert Durer, the great painter, is in the cemetery of his native city, Nuremburg, in Germany; on his tombstone they have put the word Emigravit—he has emigrated, gone to another country. That is the truth. Nothing can die that is related to Jesus, He is the Lord of life.

The early Christians knew that. Over one of the burying-places in the catacombs of Rome there is an epitaph which says: "Tentianus vivit"—that is, "Tentianus lives."

Not long ago I was sailing up the river Tyne, and I was much interested in the great ships that were under construction in the numerous shipbuilding yards. And this thought came to me: "What are they building for?" And the answer came: "They are building for the great sea out beyond the river." And that is what we are doing—the great unknown sea of the eternal world lies beyond us, and here on earth we are building our life-ship that is to sail in the infinite sea of eternity after this earthly life is completed. How careful we ought to be in selecting the materials we put into our ship, our character. Those vessels building on the Tyne will all be inspected and tested before they are allowed to go out into the great sea for which they are being made. The strength of the material and the quality of the workmanship—all are known. See to it that in all your building you keep ever before you the thought that there is no death, that life just goes on—ever on. But remember also that Jesus lives, lives to help you to live the risen life now, to live the life that will be the same now and when on the great sea of life. The ship in the shipyard is the same ship that goes

out on the sea. And we will not be changed when we pass out into the great ocean beyond.

Luther in a moment of peril and fear was found sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on a table with his finger the words, "Vivit! Vivit! He lives! He lives!" That is the truth for you all through life in trial and difficulty and peril. He lives! He lives! You can consult him any time; you can have his help and strength at any moment. He is the resurrection and the life!

LOVE, LONELINESS AND LIFE: EASTER SERMON

By Rev. George Ernest Merriam, D. D.

Text: "But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping." John 20:11.

We think of Easter morning as a time of spring joy, and yet we find her who was honored by the first appearance of the Saviour weeping. We read again the account as given by St. John, the Beloved, and we hear the angel say, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Soon she turns to find another standing without the tomb. It is Jesus, though she knows him not, and he asks, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And we can but echo the words of the angel and the question of the Messiah, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Out of the answer of that question, we will find flowing three of the deepest undercurrents of human existence—love, loneliness, and conscious, abounding life.

I. Why did Mary Magdalene weep? Was it not because of her love; love for One who had done so much for her, who had been so much to her, and who now was "taken away"?

"Love," we are told, "is the greatest thing in the world." Can we doubt it?

Shall we think of love lightly because it is not a material force, because it is so frequently inaudible, because it is ever invisible and intangible? We must remember that love is like other great forces in this universe about us; silently it does its work like gravitation; varied is it in its activities like the manifestations of electricity, whether in the phenonena of nature, or operating through the inventions of men; a mighty force is it in all our lives, like the sunlight which plays about the giant tree, saying nothing, seemingly doing nothing, but vouchsafing its only possibility of life and growth and usefulness.

You remember what the glimmer of the sun was to the prisoner of Chillon. It linked that dungeon life to the outer world, those "mountains high" seen but dimly through the barred windows. How then can we estimate what the light of a new life was to Mary Magdalene when, at the word of the Master the sevenfold darkness which had settled down upon her was suddenly dissipated, fading away into the brightness of full-orbed day? From that hour of freedom we hear nothing concerning her until that other crisis when, with the disciples and the other Marys, she was bereaved of One who had come to be all in all to her. But how much the silence tells, especially when we note that her next appearance is at the foot of the cross.

II. Mary Magdalene was weeping because of her loneliness, a loneliness that came as the direct result of a love that had filled her heart in the past and which caused a deep yearning in the present.

Is there anything more universal than loneliness? Whether on the outskirts of civilization, in the log cabin of the pioneer far-distant from any neighbor, or in the heart of the city block in the crowded tenement house, how frequently the human heart knows the meaning of this word—loneliness? Even in the midst of home, the home of culture and wealth and sympathy, loneliness is not unknown. There are troubles we cannot tell even to the heart that beats with our own. Our inner life is a universe in itself; at times we find ourselves in absolute solitude, save for him in whom "we live and move and have our being." Happy are we indeed if we are conscious of that other Presence.

Can we wonder, then, at Mary Magdalene? Perhaps her only friend, at least the only friend who could understand her, the one who had proven her Saviour from some terrible thralldom had been "taken away." This was the cruel thrust of her poignant grief. And this was the cry with which she met the disciples; this was her answer to the angels; this was the burden of her speech to the gardener,—"They have taken him away."

Ah, the sadness of those words. No philosophy can blunt the sharp edge, lighten the crushing weight, or stem the overwhelming tide of bitter reality; father, mother, child, friend,—"taken away." We cannot minimize the pain. But might we not ask whether or not our grief brings comfort or greater sor-

row to the loved one who is thus enshrined in tears? I remember a picture entitled "The Pitcher of Tears." A stone wall separated this world from the world beyond. In the foreground was a weeping mother, in the background a crowd of angelic children at their play. Just on the other side of the division wall stood a little child, a mere baby, burdened with a heavy pitcher filled with maternal tears. The attitude of the body, the look in the eyes, each tells how the tiny lad is eager to be at play with new companions who beckon him, and how he is hindered by the thoughts of the dear parent, whose grief is not his comfort but his heaviest burden.

Does not such sorrow often keep out some intended blessing? Certainly this was the case with Mary Magdalene. Christ stood by her, but she did not know him. "Blinded by her tears she saw but dimly." So you and I, in similar hours when problems are great and discomforts many, lose our faith, and loneliness steals upon us. Yes and that self-same loneliness steals us from our friends, steals us from our God and steal us from our own best interests. Is there such loneliness in our hearts? Does it render the memory of friends painful or happy? Does it make Christ unreal or real? For it has been well said, "We need to be more alone with God that we may learn, as only in solitude we can learn, the sweet secret of his Fatherhood."

In every hour of grief Jesus Christ stands by us and says, "Why weepest thou?" and adds for our consolation the words, spoken in the early days of his ministry, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Mary was not without excuse for her answer. Can that be said of us? Loneliness without Christ is unutterable loneliness, but with Christ, the loneliness that must needs come upon us at times should but serve to remind of higher and more intimate fellowship with him who is a Saviour to the uttermost.

III. She seemed to have lost her very life, and therefore, again, she wept. She had learned to depend more and more upon this Saviour who had freed her from a thralldom at once multiple, mysterious and titanic. He had become her life, her all.

The more we do for others, and the more they do for us, the more do we miss them when they are gone. The boy or girl who is robbed of either parent sobs out his or her grief, and the burden of that grief is this,—"My very life, my source, my stay,

my inspiration is gone." Again, the mother looks into the eyes of son or of daughter, over whom she has watched from earliest childhood, for whom she has toiled and sacrificed and suffered, when suddenly she sees that life taken from her very arms and borne into the great Unknown, and her stricken spirit inarticulately utters the same moaning cry, "My very life is gone." Yet again husband or wife is bereaved of the one who has become another self, more dear than self, infinitely more precious than length of years or any conception of wealth, fame or pleasure that is related to the mere self, and the heart cannot still its passionate cry, "My life is gone."

Even in such an hour, what is our grief to the sorrow felt by Mary Magdalene? We have the hope and surety of reunion, if we believe the words of him whom we have accepted as the Prince of Life, as very God of very God. Some such idea may have crept into the mind of Mary as she listened to his words in those weeks and months of busy ministry. Some thoughts she may have had of a life beyond the grave, conducted thither under the safe and tender escort of this Friend of friends. If so, how absolutely that hope had perished as she thought not alone of the High Soul done to death by the cruelties of the cross, not alone of the poor tortured form buried away from the sight of men, but now, alas, as she thought of the sacred body as stolen, carried away she know not whither. What did life mean to her? What was there left to desire save death itself? As we have heard a widowed heart exclaim, "Death! That would be too easy."

Yet let us learn from Mary's experience. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary." She knew the voice, and instantly all was changed. The mourning heart of Mary was reached and transformed. Her pulse beat more quickly. The tears vanished from her eyes as a mist that disappears before the rising sun; a thrill passed through her entire being; in an instant she lived once again the months that had passed since the shackles dropped from her mind and spirit; and once again the future beckoned with its hand of hope and expectation. How quickly she turned that she might not lose the slightest inflection of his voice, the slightest changing expression upon his countenance. One word expressed the response of her heart, a Hebrew word, "Rabboni," which is to say, "Master," or "Teacher."

Now she understood, as she did not before, what he meant when he said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Then would she have embraced him had it not been for the "Touch me not," of the Lord. How eagerly she must have listened to his message to the disciples, the commission which she was to bear. Could she ever forget the way with which he spoke of the heavenly Father, the pronoun which linked each with the Great Jehovah of Israel and linked each with the other; "Say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God and your God." Mary Magdalene began to live once more. She came to the disciples and told them, "I have seen the Lord."

Can we say that, "I have seen the Lord?" For that is the important question of the Eastertide. Do we know his voice, do we see his face even when the tears have been wiped from our eyes? For he does appear to us, and he does speak to us, if only we are looking for him.

On Easter Day love must rule in our hearts, but what shall it bring? Shall it bring loneliness or shall it bring life? This is a question that will be answered by our conception of love; whether it be love that is purely human, or love that is also divine. For it is divine love alone which can comfort in the hour of loneliness when it comes, and it is divine love that can give life eternal to human souls.

EASTER ILLUSTRATIONS

Easter Represented

In a certain seminary a prize was offered for the best design for an Easter card. All labored hard except one, who seemed kept from trying by a lingering illness. She felt the disappointment keenly. On a flower stand in her room stood a rose bush whose flowers were gone and leaves withering, and by its side a beautiful lily just opening. She could think of nothing but the awarding of the prize. Pointing to the ugly caterpillar on the rose-bush, she said, "That is just like me." Her friend replied, "Out of such caterpillars, butterflies are born." Soon after, lo! on the lily was a beautiful butterfly, which had left the skeleton of the caterpillar in the rose-pot. The sufferer cried out, "I have got the design for my picture." And lo! when the award of prizes was made, her picture of the butterfly on the lily gained the prize. Out of her sorrows she rose to a new life.

Living Crown

An ancient legend tells how a monk in days long gone by found the crown of thorns which had encircled the Saviour's brow. He laid it on the altar in the chapel on Good Friday, and he and his flock looked with reverent awe on the dreadful

relic, so rugged, so cruel, with its awful stains of blood. Very early on Easter morning, the monk came to the church to remove the thorn-crown, which would be so strangely out of harmony with the bright thoughts of Easter Day. When he opened the door he found the chapel filled with a wondrous perfume. The early sunlight, shining through the eastern window, fell upon the altar. There the monk saw the crown of thorns still living, but it had burst into roses of rarest loveliness and sweetest fragrance.

Not Dead

"Asleep in Christ." At the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon in Boston, Dr. A. T. Pierson, said that the telegram announcing his death came at three o'clock in the morning, and, being unable to sleep, he read the New Testament through from Matthew to Revelation to see what it said about death. And he noticed that after the resurrection of Jesus the apostles seldom used the word death to express the close of a Christian's life; but "sleep," "at home in the Lord," or "depart," "loose the moorings," as of a vessel about to set out on the sea. What a comfort to the Christian to think of the loved ones as being "Asleep in Christ," instead of having ceased to be.—Harry H. Crawford.

Man a Migrant

These birds that are blown northward on the first breath of spring do not belong here. They are migrants and by and by will depart for a sunnier clime. Man is a migrant in this world. He has on him the marks of another world. Man has an instinct of immortality and he trusts it. Nature never disappoints deep instincts but provides their appropriate means of satisfaction, and we cannot believe this yearning for immortality is an unnatural and cruel exception. "O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and we cannot rest until we rest in thee." Man is a migrant to a sunnier clime.

Easter Banishes Fear

A little child played in a large and beautiful garden with sunny lawns; but there was one part of it, a long and winding path overshadowed by trees, down which he never ventured; indeed he dreaded to go near it, because a foolish nurse had told him that ogres and hobgoblins dwelt within its darksome gloom. At last his eldest brother heard of this fear, and after playing one day with him, took him to the entrance of the grove, and leaving him there terror-stricken, went singing throughout its length, then returning and taking the little fellow's hand, they went through it together. And from that moment the fear had fled. So Jesus, having passed through the valley of death, gives courage to his people. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

Christ in our Midst

A French painter has recently made a sensation in Paris by the manner of his work. He fitted up a cab for a studio, and drove about the streets, stopping here and there to make sketches of places and things he saw. People did not see him shut up in his cab, looking out upon them through his little window, and taking his pictures of the nooks and corners and byways of

Parisian life. He thus caught all manner of scenes and incidents in the city's hidden ways. He then transferred his sketches to canvas and put Christ everywhere among them. When the people saw his work, they were startled, for they saw themselves in their everday life, in all their follies and frivolities, and always Christ in the midst—every kind of actual life on the canvas, and in the heart of it all —the Christ. Suppose this painter were to visit our town this year, and photograph us in all the events of our home life, our church life, our civic life, what kind of pictures would he see? Whatever the kind, Jesus will surely be "in the midst" of every event of the day.

A Sign and Seal

Christ's resurrection gives us a certified Christianity, an accredited salvation. It is the pivotal fact of Christianity. The founder of other religions—Confucius, Zoroaster, Brahma, Mohammed — have died; but where is the evidence that they ever rose from the dead. It is the resurrection of Jesus which is the absolutely unique fact of Christianity, the demonstration to the believer of its absolute certainty.

The Way Across

She was only a tiny girl, unused to traveling, and it happened that in the course of the day her train was obliged to cross two branches of a river and several wide streams. The water seen in advance always awakened doubts and fears in the child. She did not understand how it could be safely crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared, and furnished a way over. Two or three times the same thing happened, and finally the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence. "Somebody has put bridges for us all the way!" she said in trusting content. That is how we find it in life. God has built bridges for us all the way.

Easter is the way across. That is, Christ's resurrection is the way across. Rest in the Easter message. —H.

Alive

The Christian can say, "I have a body, but I am a soul." Death takes the body, but there is nothing that can take the soul that is rooted and grounded in him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Death is an incident, a happening, an adventure between the cradle and the grave. Charles Frohman, on the deck of the sinking Lusitania, said, "Why fear death? It is the best adventure of all." Emily Dickinson said: "Death is the porter of my Father's lodge, the hired man to let down the bars for the tired sheep to enter it, under the shepherd's care, to the securest fold, their wanderings done, their bleatings at an end." Job said: "There is but a step between me and death." He could have said: "Death is but a step for me into life."

They Do Not Die

The Indian Witness is authority for the story of two Korean woman who stood watching a funeral procession on its way to the foreign cemetery. "What sight is this?" asked one. "The burying of the good missionary's little son," answered the other, sorrowfully. "That is very, very sad," replied the first, sympathetically. In Korea

a son is by far the most precious of all possessions. "Yes," it is very sad; but not so bad for them as for us," said the other. "They know something that makes them sure that they will get their children back some day. We know nothing about how to get ours back again."

We do not get our children or any of our dear ones back to us here in the world; but we know that we shall go to them. Of a good woman it was said:

"She did not die;
She was too near an angel.
One morn near break of day
Hand in hand with some unseen
evangel
She went away."

Of Enoch it was said he "walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Of the Christian's death the words apply: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."—H.

Plan for Eternity

If every man's life is a plan of God, then our life-plans ought to include heaven. Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Death is not death. It is going to be with Christ.

Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back of the garden. Amy found the nest. It had four speckled eggs in it. One day, after she had been away for some time, she ran into the garden to take a peep at the speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells. "Oh!" she said, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken." "No, Amy," said her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away." So it is in death; the body left behind is only an empty shell, while the soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away.

This is a simple and familiar little story; but it contains the exact truth. It tells us again the fact that Easter is the first-fruits of a full harvest, and that harvest is life—life eternal, immortal.—H.

Easter Life Gives Freedom

Did you ever watch the inflation of a balloon and note how, as the heat filled it, it struggled like a thing alive to free itself from the earth and soar heavenward? And did you think how typical that was of the old, old battle between the flesh and spirit that mankind is fighting? And when the last cord that bound the balloon to the earth was untied, and it rose with victory stamped upon every fibre of the canvas, did you carry the analogy further and picture the dominion that the death of a Christian gains over all that which is of the earth earthly and sinful?

Reflected Light

"How do you know that Christ is risen?" someone asked an old fisherman, whose faith in Jesus seemed very simple and sure. "Do you see those cottages near the cliff?" he replied. "Well, sometimes, when I am far out at sea, I know that the sun is risen by the reflection in those windows. How do I know that Christ is risen? Because I see his light reflected from the faces of some of my fellows every day, and because I feel the light of his glory in my own life." A reflector of

Jesus! You and I may be that. His glory may shine through us.

Resurrection

Among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveller, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

Shall Never Die

When Rufus Choate, one of the greatest of New England's able statesmen, took ship for Europe in search of health, a friend said to him as he stepped on board the vessel, "You will be here a year hence;" thereby meaning that in a year's time his health would be restored and he would return to his work. "Sir," said the great lawyer, "I shall be here a hundred years hence, and a thousand years hence." In a few days Rufus Choate was dead, having landed at Halifax unable to continue his voyage. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Destroying the Seeds

A Persian fable says that the earth was created a great barren plain, without tree or plant. An angel was sent to scatter broadcast the choicest seeds on every spot. Satan, seeing the seeds on the ground, determined to destroy them. So he buried all the seeds in the soil, and summoned sun and rain to make them rot away. But while with malignant feeling of triumph he smiled on the ruin he had wrought, the seeds which had been buried away to rot germinated and sprang up, clothing all the earth with plants and flowers, and in beauty undreamed of before. And a voice from heaven said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The burial of Christ was thought by his enemies to be the end; but in truth the grave was but the necessary way to his final and glorious victory.

The Call

Thomas Spurgeon tells us of an epitaph in a little English churchyard which lacks nothing in simplicity. The headstone over the little mound bears just these words: "Freddy!"—as if some one called, —and underneath, "Yes, Father," —as if some one answered.

Jesus' Epitaph

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading for them all, "here lies." Then follows the name with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of the good qualities of the deceased. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus! It is not written in gold nor cut in stone, it is spoken by the mouth of an angel; and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."—Rev. S. Baring Gould.

Our Hope

A Moslem once boasted to a missionary that his religion had something that Christianity could not show. When Moslems go to Mecca

they find there at least a coffin, but when Christians go to Jerusalem they find only an empty grave. "That is just the difference," said the missionary. "Mohammed is dead; but Jesus Christ is not in the tomb, He is risen. In that fact is our hope."

Remember Life

The Bible is a book of life. The theme of the gospel is life. Christianity is a religion of life. The teaching of its Divine Founder is not composed of scraps of midnight darkness but is patterned after the Eternal Dawn. The note of despair is never found in its hymnology, but always the ring of hope, the paean of victory and the song of triumph is uppermost. It is "Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

The Trappist monks never spoke to each other save when they met face to face and then it was "Memento Mori" "Remember death." The Russians have a better saying. Just as we greet each other on Christmas morning with a "Merry Christmas" they say to each other on Easter morn, "He is risen" and the answer is "He is risen indeed." —The Christian Herald.

Jesus' Funeral Sermons

A good many years ago, when I was a young man, I used to spend the summer in Chicago, and when the ministers were gone away, they used to send me to attend funerals. One day I was called suddenly to attend a funeral. There were to be a great many business men not Christians there. I said, "This is my opportunity, I will give them a Christian sermon." I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, and I found that he broke up every funeral he attended. The dead couldn't stay dead where he was."—D. L. Moody.

Death is Colonization

There was once a famous cape reputed to be the fatal barrier to the navigation of the ocean. Of all those whom the winds or the currents had drawn into its surrounding waters it was said that none reappeared. A bold navigator determined to surmount the obstacle. He opened the route to the East Indies, acquired for his country the riches of the world, and changed the Cape of Storms into the Cape of Good Hope. So Christ has proved himself death's conqueror and made the grave to be for us the gate to life.

The Easter faith points us not to the graves in our cemeteries, but to the gates of heaven—those gates "whose key Love keeps on that side and on this side Death." As some one has beautifully said, "Death, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration."

Easter Incentive

"Where shall I go after I die?" asked a dying Hindu of the Brahmin priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation.

The Brahmin priest replied, "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped."

"But," said the Hindu, "where shall I go then?"

"Then you will go into a singing-bird."

"But," said the poor man, "where then shall I go?"

"Then," said the priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower."

The man flung up his hands in agony, and cried, "But where shall I go last of all?"

Thank God, this Easter-time answers that question for us. Jesus died and rose again, and he is now preparing a home for us in heaven. Because he lives we shall live also, and live with him.

One of the very strongest incentives to missions is the privilege of making this great truth known.

Heart Trouble

A brilliant lawyer in New York City some years ago spoke to a prominent minister, asking him if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead. The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took the material offered in proof and studied it. He returned to the minister and said, "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But—" he then added, "I am no nearer being a Christian that I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really with my heart."

Through the Vale

A chamois-hunter in Switzerland fell through a chasm in an ice-field and crept for a great distance along the passage formed by a stream beneath the ice. At last he came to an end of the passage; but the water, he thought, must find an exit, so he boldly plunged into the frigid current, and was swept on through the darkness. In a few minutes he was carried out into the bright sunshine of the lovely Vale of Chamouni. That is the way a Christian dies.

Easter Victory

A handsome newspaper picture, after the close of the war, showed American veterans in Paris—on Bastile Day, when France and her Allies were celebrating their victory—marching under the Arch of Triumph, through which only victors may pass. What an inspiring, thrilling scene it must have been!

But there is going to be another far more inspiring, thrilling scene some day. It is when a great gathering comes together in the presence of the Captain of our salvation, the great Victor of time and eternity, Christ Jesus; and these persons in his presence will all be victors also, having overcome through faith in their Captain and his shed blood. For "this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."

Carrying out His Policies

A great manufacturing concern in England has just within its gate a panel upon which the names of the heads of the concern are painted. Opposite each is a movable slide which tells the visitor whether that member of the firm is "in" or "out."

The name of the founder of the concern stands first, and the slide has read "out" since 1876, when he passed away.

It would seem that to the remaining members of the firm the founder is merely "out." His policies are still adhered to, he still governs, though the world knows him no more.

A few years ago a business man approached the son of a man who

had recently died, came to him hoping to be able to carry through with the son a questionable deal which the father had refused to have anything to do with. He painted in glowing terms the financial returns which he affirmed would come to both of them.

"My dear sir," replied the young man, "my father still runs this business. I cannot swerve from his policies."

Christ has not gone from the world. He is alive. He is the risen Christ. Are we carrying out his policies?

ARBOR DAY

THE TREES OF THE LORD: ARBOR DAY SERMON

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Text: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." Ps. 104:16.

I confess to an inordinate passion for trees. Sir Walter Scott going about Abbotsford with Tom Purdy setting out firs and larches, commands my admiration more than Mr. Gladstone "lifting up his axes upon the thick trees"; for I would almost as soon see a deadly weapon raised against a child. For over thirty years I have been sending communications to the religious press from "Under the Catalpa." A tough, hardy veteran tree he is too —set out more than forty years ago by the man who came into this street soon after Dr. Samuel H. Cox built here his "Rus-Urban" cottage. There is not much beauty in the old fellow except in June, when his limbs are laden with most luxuriant masses of white blossoms. They soon wither and strew the ground with black rubbish that does not improve the grass; and in the spring there comes down another shower of long brown seed-pods. In spite of these inevitable nuisances, I rejoice in the stalwart catalpa whose broad green leaves have a tropical luxuriance, and whose limbs have wrestled with the storms of nearly fifty winters. I once spied a lady gathering up the leaves and stuffing them into her reticule. She said she was the wife of a Western missionary, and was intending to take the leaves home and sell them for an approaching church fair! I assured the good woman that I appreciated the compliment paid to my old arboreal companion, and would be glad if she would come and clear my yard every year of the faded and fallen glories which had outlived their usefulness.

I. The Bible is full of trees; from the time when Adam and Eve sat under their shadow in Eden, on to that splendid vision of the New Jerusalem, where the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Absalom's oak, and Elijah's juniper, and Jonah's gourd, and the sycamore which hoisted little Zaccheus into notice, are all

familiar to every Sunday-school scholar. Our Lord hung one of his most solemn parables on the boughs of a barren fig tree, and drew one of his most apt illustrations of the growth of his kingdom from the mustard which becomes tall enough for the birds to nestle in its branches.

II. There is a great need in these days of cedar Christians; for a vast deal of brash and brittle timber finds its way into the Church. For want of vigorous inward Christ-life these stunted church members have no spiritual growth. There is not vitalizing sap enough in one of these professed Christians to reach up into the boughs of his outward conduct—nor strength enough in the trunk of character to stand up straight. There he is—just as he was set out in the soil of the Church years ago, no larger, no broader, and no richer in graces than he was at the start, and the caterpillars of worldliness have spun their ugly webs all over his branches. He is a cumberer of the ground—drinking up God's air and sunshine, and yet adding no beauty or fruitfulness to the cause which he represents only to disfigure it.

III. A cedar Christian not only grows, but he grows in all atmospheres and through all weathers. However the wintry gales might rage over Lebanon's stormswept heights, the "trees of the Lord" toss the tempests from their elastic bows, and stands as fast and firm as the everlasting mountains underneath them. In the Church of Jesus Christ are just such hardy specimens of godliness,—storm-proof, gold-proof, temptation-proof. They never bend and they never break. They never compromise with sin one single ell. Popular hurricanes smite against such men; sometimes when preaching plain truths that make sinners gnash their teeth; sometimes denouncing iniquity in legislative halls, as Adams and Sumner and Giddings did; sometimes uncovering sepulchers of uncleanness, as Anthony Comstock does; sometimes risking life for the cause of Christ, as Livingstone did in Africa, and brave old John G. Paton did in the New Hebrides. The fiber of such cedars of the Lord never bends or cracks. Opposition only makes their roots strike down deeper, and the trunk of their testimony for the truth stand firmer.

IV. It is not the winds of opposition or persecution which bring down church members very often in our days. They are in most danger from secret influences and besetting sins which

gnaw out the heart of their religion. And when the community is startled by the defalcation and fall of some prominent man in the Church or the Sunday-school, it is only the crack of a piece of timber that had been worm-eaten by secret sin long before. Christ's genuine cedars are sound to the core. There is a solidity in the fiber of the wood which not only enables them to bear a heavy strain, but will take on the bright polish of "the beauty of holiness." As Solomon built the trees of Lebanon into the most conspicuous portions of the Temple, so Jesus Christ appoints cedar Christians to be the lintels and the door-posts and the stately pillars in his spiritual temple. These are the trees of the Lord whom grace has planted, and whose "fruit shakes like Lebanon."

V. It is an arbor day in the Church when the converting power of the Holy Spirit creates such witness-bearing, sin-defying and bountiful fruit yielding Christians. Planted by the rivers of water, their leaves never wither; they continue to bear fruit even in old age; they are always full of sap and green. Death is only their transplating into the realms of glory.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TREES

By Rev. George Ernest Merriam, D. D.

Text: "Who his own self bare our sins in his body on the tree." I Pet. 2:24.

It is safe to say that few people would admit that they had no interest in trees. It is equally safe to say that but very few really appreciate the trees. Many who are conscious of the material value of trees or of the comfort which they provide on a hot day by the dusty roadway are blind to their artistic beauty and, above all, to their spiritual lessons. But no one lives who may not catch the higher conception and the inner poetry of the forest, if only the heart be attuned to the Divine.

If you have not yet learned to love these noble creations of God, and to speak to them by name, begin your lessons at once.

The oriental delighted in the riddle which represented life as a tree—a singing tree, every leaf of which was a mouth, and every leaf joining in the great concert of praise. Surely the Christian life is like a mighty elm, reaching toward heaven with its trunk of, it may be, four-score years, its branches and twigs,

better known as months and weeks and days, in its countless leaves and leaf-bracts—the moments and the seconds of active thought or thoughtful action.

I. He who finds sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks, will find tongues in the trees. Among the definite lessons taught by these monitors of the forest, the first, chronologically and socially, is that of hospitality. The original home of our ancestors was probably in the trees; as, until recently, in certain islands of the Pacific, so once everywhere, save for the occasional cave or natural fortress among the rocks, man could not easily find a safer retreat than among the branches of the overarching and thickly intertwined tree-tops. Here he could easily build his temporary or his permanent home; his sleeping chamber thus became comparatively secure, at least, from hostile tribes and the wild beasts of the thicket.

Our hearts should cling closely to these staunch old friends of the soil, for the modern man is apt to think of the tree as a guardian of wealth, rather than as a nursemaid to his emotions. The cry of the modern forester, a cry well taken and well echoed by every thoughtful person, has as its burden the wastefulness of the axe, and the drought and the poverty of soil that follows upon the devastation of the wooded hillside. I have read of an Indian farmer who could not rest satisfied until he had cleared from his land the hundreds of black walnut trees which, to his mind, encumbered the soil by preventing the larger harvest he desired. Thirty years later his entire farm was worth only a few thousand dollars, whereas he himself estimated that, if he had left the timber, it would in itself have been worth a million dollars at least, as agents from England and France were scouring the United States, buying up old logs, stumps, and such trees as they could find of this variety, that they might work over the increasingly rare and valuable wood for purposes of veneering.

But you and I cannot think of the tree merely in its monetary value.

Not only is the forest the natural place to find the flower and the fern and the running brook, but from the wooded mountain top comes the water supply for the thirsty city, in the days and months when otherwise the reservoirs would be empty.

Just so, Christ is the perennial hope of the Christian—at once the water and the wine, as well as the bread of life. In his

pledges and in his unfailing care there is ever a balm for the heat of the day and the wounds of time, a protection from every menace of life. So the Christian Church should be, like its great Head, a mighty banyan tree, reaching out its multiple shade and shelter over the human race. And we must not forget that on both sides of the river of water of life stands the tree of life, bearing tweve manner of fruit, yielding its fruit every month and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

It was a canny Scotsman who said to his son, "Be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing while you are sleeping." The growth of the tree is, indeed, slow as you watch it day by day, but how rapid if you count it by the decade!

Is it any wonder that the State of Massachusetts cares for its shade trees at the roadside more carefully and tenderly than many philanthropic institutions do for the orphans of our land? All hail to every tree-planting association, wherever it may exert its beneficial influence.

II. Yet the growth of the tree is but a symbol of the growth—so much more rapid, so much more marvelous, so much more delicate and intricate, so much more permanent—of the human spirit. Every Sunday School, every Christian Endeavor Society, every Church is a forest where human saplings are growing up in their most natural and normal surroundings. In the center of this cathedral-like forest stands the Son of God, saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." We think almost scornfully of the lack of vision on the part of men in the past who failed to see the value of their forest-clad land, so rich in future possibilities. So, too, we talk of the conservation of Nature's wealth. But are we any wiser when it comes to our own opportunities and privileges as we deal with the seedlings of the kingdom? What of the child-life in our factories, in our sweatshops, and our worst tenement sections? We read a great deal about the matter, but what are we doing to check and remedy this evil?

The Chinese have prided themselves on the art of dwarfing various kinds of evergreen trees. You doubtless have seen specimens that you could carry easily on your arm, and which were said to be a thousand years old. Yet I have felt no thrill in looking upon these ancient monstrosities as I have felt when

studying one of the creations of Luther Burbank, or when reading of his ability to hasten the growth of trees so that certain specimens in his dooryard have towered two hundred per cent higher than the parent stock. Shall we permit the powers of greed and of darkness to dwarf the child-life of America? Or shall we see to it, as far as it lies within the realm of our influence, that they grow into larger stature and into broader service than has been possible to us? It is said that Dr. Jordan presented as an object lesson to a class in Stanford University seventy-three different species of apples grown on a single tree in the garden of the wizard of Santa Rosa.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control, against such there is no law." Better than seventy-three varieties of apples are such fruits of the Spirit as Paul here enumerates. And that child, whose life is so grafted that there is the possibility of such a harvest, will, like the Lord Jesus, advance "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men."

III. You do not need to climb a tree to measure its height. So, too, you need not know the history of a tree to know its worth; you have only to partake of its fruit. That is the best standard of its value, a better standard than its girth or its height combined. And what is true of the tree is equally true of a man. Neither his avoirdupois nor his stature, his fine looks nor his culture, his position nor his wealth—none of these things, but the things that you see him do, the fruit of the spirit that is within—it is this that marks and makes his manhood. In the pine and the oak and the maple and the willow there is the power of propagating life as truly as in the peach or the pear or the plum. When shall we learn to appreciate the truest fruits, the most significant works of life?

IV. In looking upon a spreading chestnut tree what is it that impresses you most? You forget for the moment its outreaching hospitality, you forget the accumulated growth, the net result of the years gone by; you forget even the harvest of nuts, though the ground may be covered with the long, open burrs; you remember one thing—the fact of the preparation. Significant indeed are the years of growth that have preceded the bearing. More significant by far was the original burr, the original nut, from which came the life of this nut-bearing Hercules. Said

the Hindoo father to his son: "Bring me a fruit of that tree, and break it open and see what is there." When the obedient son replied, "Only some small seeds," the father continued: "Break one of them, and tell me what you see. Then answered the boy: "Nothing." Said the wise old Hindoo: "My child, where you see nothing there dwells a mighty tree." Hence comes the saying, "In a nutshell." The wisdom of God and his kindly providence, the lessons of growth and fruitfulness are all summed up in that little cell of compact nutrition within the kernel of the nut. It matters not what kind of nut it is; the lesson is the same, the lesson of preparation. And, mark you, it is not preparation on the side of the nut, but on the part of the Creator; it is not your preparation nor mine that eventually makes us great and good and fruitful; though, thanks be unto God, we may have our part therein. But the shame of life is that, if we are not great, good and fruitful, we bring to nought the plans of Deity himself, we throw away the resources and the possibilities placed in our hands, and, like the fig-tree, our life is blasted because it fails to fulfil the prophecy which was made in the seed-time of our existence.

V. There is another lesson. When the tree's life is ended, its work begins. We may speak thoughtlessly of this or that as being but "worthless lumber," but the metaphor has lost its meaning; in this era lumber is anything but worthless. It may be sawed into the rough boarding for the walls of a house, to be covered over by silvery shingles; it may be worked into the most costly furniture to adorn the parlor or for use in the living room; it may be cut into little bits and used in the mosaic center of some article, the artistic excellence of which means an almost priceless value. To be sure, that value exists not for itself, but for others; moreover, this value increases as the generations go by, and men dwell upon its antiquity and regard it with ever-increasing interest.

So Christ's life was of worth to others, not to himself; and it culminated in his sacrificial death. The atonement, the influence which brought God and man together, making man realize that he and his Father were at one, and that each dwelt in and for the other—that atonement commenced in the hour of Nativity and culminated in the hour of Crucifixion. As with Christ so it should be, in some lesser measure, with his dis-

ciples. Let us remember that we cannot live to ourselves alone. We have a duty toward others.

You have seen the arboriculturist cut out from the inner part of the trunk every bit of decayed material and fill the opening with protecting cement. And you have approved of such care and expense that these objects of beauty might prove a joy, if not forever, at least for another decade or more.

So it seems to me that the tent work of evangelistic committees in our great cities and the revivals that take place from time to time are well worth while; for they heal the cleft that has come and make strong once again the human life that, without such assistance, was doomed to speedy decay and death. We, too, should have our share and make our sacrifice, in the name of Christianity and of its Master, to save these wrecks wherever possible, that in time may yet become monarchs of the forest. How much better, nevertheless, to prevent any and all waste among the saplings and the smaller trees; let them be so trimmed and trained that, in the years to come, they will be not only objects of majestic beauty, but most precious in the building of society and in the forwarding of the enterprises of the Kingdom. It will be done only as we bring to the hearts of men the spirit of the tree-life, the spirit of growth and of fruitage, the spirit of obedience to the laws of life, and the spirit of continual service and eventual sacrifice.

THE GOOD NEWS OF OUT-DOORS

By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.

Text: "And the Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Genesis 2:15.

There are many gospels but, after all, only one Gospel. For a gospel in its derivation, as well as in its modern meaning, is simply good news. To-day I would speak of the Gospel of God in the garden; the good news of out-doors. God taught man this good news by putting him in a garden to dress it and to keep it. Alas! man forgot the Gospel as soon as he could, by taking himself out of the garden. All good news may be reduced to this: God is, God is good, God has revealed himself to men. Tidings that deny this or ignore it are not good tidings. The philosophy, the university, the system of ethics, the book, the

man, that does not directly or indirectly lead to God, has no good news for the world.

The books of Matthew and Mark and Luke and John are pre-eminently our gospels because they reveal God the Father in the face of Jesus Christ—the express image of his person.

But there are other good tidings in book and brook, in bird and tree, in science and discovery, in ancient manuscript and modern sermon, in everything that reveals and drives home the tremendous truth, "God is, and is the Rewarder of those who diligently seek him."

To-day I would speak of the Gospel of Out-doors, the great good tidings of God in his beautiful world. But let me not be misunderstood at the outset. I do not think that the Gospel of Out-doors is a substitute for the Gospel of In-doors; that because a man can find God in the woods that therefore he does not need to look for and listen to him in the church; that the Gospel of the brook takes the place of the Gospel of the Book.

It is often very shallow and specious reasoning that talks of worshiping God in the long-drawn aisles of the woodland rather than in the church dedicated to his name, and hallowed by human prayers and aspirations. Such talk is often a sop to conscience, a mere excuse to the inward monitor that condemns a Sunday on the golf-links or at the fishing-pool.

I. Nay, I would go farther than this and declare that he who does not find God in the Sanctuary and in his Word will not often find him in his works, for God must be in us first, to interpret God without us.

The lightning flash or the dash of the waterfall does not reveal God to the mere materialist. In the one he sees so many volts of electricity; in the other so many horse-power that may drive a mill. The bird does not sing of God to the gross unbeliever or the flower tell of his beauty and fragrance. We must take something with us into the woods if we would bring anything back. We must know the secret place of his tabernacles, what it is to be hid in his pavilion, if we would see him in the snowy landscape of December or the budding leaves of May.

II. The opposite of this, alas! is true of many a man. "God cometh and findeth nothing in us." God cometh in the thunder-cloud and we do not hear his voice. God speaks in the whirlwind and we do not recognize his majesty. God meets u

in the quiet voice of the zephyr, in the modest upturned face of the spring violet, or the fringed gentian in the fall, and we do not see or hear, because (Oh! dreadful fate for a child of God!) He hath nothing in us.

So, in order to understand the Gospel of Out-doors, we must have the gospel of the secret place with God, the good tidings of the Quiet Hour alone with him, the joyful news which Jesus whispers to us when we hear him say, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Then, whenever we walk abroad, God will find something in us, and some way of speaking to us. Every tree and shrub, every flower and fern, every star in the heavens and every fleecy cloud that veils them will say to us, as Mt. Blanc shouted in the ears of Coleridge, "God, **God**, GOD, **GOD**."

III. Especially is the Gospel of Out-doors an efficacious antidote for the peculiar evils of our own day and generation. If by some master-stroke the slums could be transported to the Vermont hills or the Adirondack woods or the South Dakota prairies, as Adam was put forth in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, half the problems of our present-day civilization would be solved.

If at the same time with this removal of the submerged tenth, the equally submerged members of the Four Hundred at the other end of the social scale, the men and women submerged in the petty requirements of society, submerged in selfishness, greed and indifference to their country, their political duties and their fellow men, submerged in depths of moral iniquity that so often culminates in the divorce court, if these men could also be planted in another garden and made to dress it and keep it, pretty nearly the other half of our national problems would be solved, "for justice will spring out of the ground, and righteousness will look down from heaven."

No nation was ever overthrown by its farmers. Chaldea and Egypt, Greece and Rome, grew rotten and ripe for destruction not in the fields, but in the narrow lanes and crowded city streets, and in the palaces of their nobility. So let us thank God and take courage as we see in our day the movement countryward; the "abandoned farm" no longer abandoned; the long and ceaseless line of hardy immigrants moving northwestward to take up the yet unfurrowed fields; the fascination of

nature study for our boys and girls, indeed for "the call of the wild" heard in these days from so many quarters and in such eager, imperative tones.

Surely the history of the creation is repeating itself, and again is the Lord God taking man and putting him in a garden to dress it and to keep it.

Just as the slums were becoming more slummy, reeking more and more with the moral filth of the gutter; just as the commercial spirit seemed to be prostrating itself absolutely before the dollar sign, saying, "We will have no Gods before thee"; just as our complex, artificial life seemed to be lording it completely over the slower, simpler life of our fathers, God opened fresh fields and pastures new to jaded humanity, and at the same time created in a reaction a hunger for the soil and a love for out-doors such as it had not known before.

Whatever may be said against the athletics of the day, and a strong case can be made out against the brutality of some, the gambling spirit that goes with them, the undue absorption of the American people in the sporting page of the daily paper, this thought mitigates, if it does not cover, a multitude of their sins, that they are the practical preachers of the Gospel of Out-doors to a multitude that otherwise would know little about it. Few of these sports can be indulged under cover; none but the most degraded and degrading are indigenous to city life. The acknowledged moral superiority of American students to those in Continental universities, which every traveler must admit, is due in no small part, I believe, to the rigorous training of the college and the high physical standard demanded of the trained athlete. Over-indulgence, impurity, licentiousness, has received a staggering blow among educated American men.

But my subject is not one of abstract theory, it is not limited to the farmer or the athlete or to any particular class of favored mortals, for God's air and sunlight are free to all. God's pictures are painted on nature's ever varying canvas for every one. It is only a matter of our looking. To every one who has legs to walk and eyes to see, they are all free, for God never shuts up his best gifts in a gallery or makes them dependent on the size of our bank account.

IV. What, then, may the Gospel of Out-doors do for each one of us?

1. It may bring us back to the simple life which this feverish, artificial age so sadly lacks. "The least crumb of reality," says Charles Wagner, "an ant at work, a child at play, a leaf falling to the ground, has always strangely fascinated me. The attraction of living things is inexhaustible. Each one of them by an irresistible movement becomes a sign lesson, symbol. There is no rivulet, however small, that does not conduct to the sea. There is not a hidden pathway in the valley which, step by step, does not lead up to the heights. The whole creation talks to him who knows how to lend an ear."

2. Then is this out-doors and upward look especially needed by the so-called educated man, whose learning smells altogether of the library or the laboratory. There is an intellectual exclusiveness which is only one shade less offensive to God and man alike than the snobbery of wealth; an educated Philistinism that is as ruthless in its prejudices and as narrow in its outlook on life as the view of a Patagonian. Books, books, and what can be dug out of books, or put into books, is all of life to some. Such need to learn that

"One impulse from the vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

3. Then there is a blessed freedom that comes only to the man of outdoors,—a liberty of spirit, an unswathing of the bands of convention and custom, an expansion of soul which comes to those who know God in nature.

But if we would quote poetry, let us turn to the poetry of the Book of books, for the Gospel of Out-doors is chiefly interpreted by the Bible and in turn largely helps us to understand the Bible. When the psalmist would declare the greatness of Jehovah, he takes us out-doors with him, and bids us look up at the stars, and mark the fleet winged chariot of cloud, and listen to the voice of the wind.

We turn to that wonderful poem called the Book of Job, the book which Froude declared, when it was fully understood, would be seen towering up alone, above all the poetry of the world, and we hear Jehovah himself rebuking the one-sided arguments of Eliphaz and the youthful presumptuousness of Elihu

as well as the despairing pessimism of Job's wail of anguish, by taking them all, as it were, out-of-doors, and showing them his invincible might in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, a sight which calmed their nervousness and rebuked their littleness, and led Job to cry out in lowly reverence: "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee . . . . wherefore I repent in dust and ashes."

And this is the way God brought the patriarch to himself; not by argument, not by philosophy, but by declaring his might and beauty in the visible world.

When Isaiah, stern prophet of retribution as he is, tells of God's goodness to a repentant people, he must go out-of-doors to find his similes. In the mountains and the hills, in the fir trees and the myrtles, he finds the symbol of God's everlasting loving kindness.

But not only David and Job and Isaiah, but he who spake as never man spake, takes us into the open with him. His greatest sermon was preached from the pulpit of a rough hillside while his audience sat upon the grass. He stood in the stern of a little boat, tossing upon the gentle waves, while his hearers lined the shore. He tells them of the lilies, one of which he could perhaps pluck as he spoke, and hold before them. He talked of the birds, which perhaps sung to the people while he talked about them. The mustard seed is not too small, and the mountain which might be removed and cast into the sea is not too large, to illustrate his lesson of faith. He went fishing with his disciples, and spent his nights of prayer not in an oratory, but on the mountainside.

Then, as we close, let us come back, led by our Lord's gentle hand, to our thought at the beginning, that the good tidings of out-doors, like every other gospel, is to bring us to God the Father, through his Son Jesus Christ.

Nature hath many voices, but one theme. Many instruments are in her orchestra, but they are all tuned to the same key. They all tell of his infinite might and majesty and power. Think, then, I pray, as you walk abroad, of hills and valleys not alone as agricultural possibilities; of leaf and tree not only from the forester's standpoint; of purling brook in summer or icy

lake in winter not simply as places for sport; but of each as a messenger to lead your spirit upward and onward.

"Oh what a glory doth the world put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings."

Aye, and these eloquent teachings shall not narrow and dwarf our souls by telling us of anything sordid and mean and selfish, but they will speak of duty and privilege, of love and hope, of right and wrong, of man and God.

ARBOR DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Loving the Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree, that may, in Summer, wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

So writes Joyce Kilmer, he who died on the battfields of tree-dead France.

And surely God must have had a joy in making trees; such joy as a poet has in making poems in his small way; and surely God must have wanted to call the attention of the world to his trees and to their spiritual lessons, for so many times in the Book of books he puts it into the hearts of those who speak and write his words down to use trees as figures of speech to make emphatic or tender, or pertinent, some great spiritual truth that he wishes to convey to mankind down through the coming generations.

And so God made his trees not only to be useful to mankind with their food and shade, but he also made them to teach mankind spiritual truths.

The Bible, from beginning to end, is full of trees. The Bible is like a great highway from the beginning of time until the end of Revelation, and all along that great highway from the Atlantic Coast of Genesis and the Creation, to the Pacific Coast of the Book of Revelation the great highway runs, and along its sides, shading the humanity that walks its myriad way, feeding and comforting, are trees; trees of every kind.—Rev. W. L. Stidger.

The "Hungry" Tree

In Idaho there exists a species of the acacia tree that attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves in coils

each day at sunset. When the tree has thus settled itself for a night's sleep, it will flutter violently if touched, and if you shake the branches it will emit a nauseating odor strong enough to bring on a headache. In Idaho it is called the "hungry tree."

Loving Trees; Loving Life

Trees have been a favorite theme of poets. Roderick Dhu writes of the evergreen pine; Gray, in his "Elegy," of the yew tree's shade and of the rugged elm; Bryant of the apple tree, Longfellow of the birch and the cedar in his "Evangeline," and Bayard Taylor of the palm tree. Samuel Walter Foss says of the tree:

"Who loves a tree he loves the life
That springs in star and clod;
He loves the love that gilds the clouds
And greens the April sod,
He loves the wide beneficence,
His soul takes hold on God."
—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Plant a Tree

"Jock, when ye hae naethin' else to do ye may be aye stickin' in a tree; it will be growin', Jock, when ye're sleepin'," said the old laird in "The Heart of Midlothian," and this advice is just as good to-day for every citizen who has access to a bit of ground.—Atlanta Constitution.

Lesson From a Tree

There is a singular tree in Cuba —the yaguey tree—that affords a striking illustration of the progress and fatality of sin. This tree begins to grow at the top or midway of another tree. The seed is carried by a bird, or wafted by the wind, and, falling into some moist branching part, takes root and speedily begins to grow. It sends along a kind of thin string-like root down the body of the tree that is occupied, which is soon followed by others. In course of time these rootings strike the ground, and growth immediately commences upward. New rootlings continue to be formed and get strength, until the one tree grows as a net with the other inside. The outside one surrounds and presses the inner, like a huge girdle of snakes, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At last the tree within is killed, and the parasite, that has taken possession becomes itself the tree. What a picture of the enslaving and fatal power of sin as it attaches itself to a man, and with his consent is allowed! It may have a small beginning, but soon binds him as with cords, gains increasing mastery, and presses upon his very life. He is held in fetters by its powers, till at last the tyrant overcomes the victim and triumphs over its prey.—Reformed Church Messenger.

Need of Sunshine

In some places flowers will not grow because they do not get sun enough. Does not this suggest the dangers of overcrowding in cities?

Good Seeds and Good Deeds

The seeds of some trees are extremely small. They are adapted to transportation by wind or water. Every spring, for instance, along our northern streams the air is filled with flying seeds of poplars and of willows. The seeds of the pine, the maple, the birch, the elm, are likewise so distributed. In time of storm the winds will often carry

such seeds to distances almost unlimited. On the other hand, the seeds of some most common species are carried by the birds and dropped to come up in unexpected places. Such are the seeds of the barberry, red cedar and even of the oak, surprising to relate. A blue-jay has been known to carry the acorns of a burr oak to a distance of three miles, dropping the nuts all the way along at various intervals. It is therefore not difficult to see that even the most surprising cases of the upspringing of forests may yet be explained by reference to the ordinary sequence of seed and shoot.

And good deeds may be small, but they multiply and grow and fill the earth with blessing.—H.

The Legend of a Flower

There is a beautiful legend that long ago when nature's great loom had ceased its spinning and the flowers blossomed, each one was assigned by the Creator its place to live and grow. Bands of buttercups trooped in yellow waves to the meadows, the silent lily's pallid cheek was pressed close to the heaving breast of the water. Everywhere bright-winged flowers took up their stations on the waiting earth—everywhere except on the lonely hills. Then he who named their places asked softly, "Who will be content to dwell in these barren spots?" A shy, unheeded blossom answered, "Where'er thou sendest me I will abide." Then said the Creator: "Thy race shall be forever blessed, because thou art content with a lowly place." And still on the tiny, coral-tinted flower that blessing abides. Every spring many people eagerly search the hillsides for the fragrant blossoms of the humble little trailing arbutus."

The Legend of the Mignonette

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had a daughter who was the most beautiful princess ever seen. She was so amiable and good that people forgot how beautiful she was and spoke only of her goodness. She had long, golden curls; and when the maid combed them and the fine hair tangled, the princess never cried or became cross. When the king and queen had to go on long trips, the princess did not cry or pout to go with them. She was so lovely and good that the queen of the fairies heard of her and determined to reward her. So she went to the palace and entered the presence of the princess.

"I have come to tell you," said the fairy, "that I have heard of your beauty and kindness and have come to reward you. Here are three wishes. Choose which of the three you want, and it shall be yours, always. First, you may be a bird, to go from one end of the earth to the other with no one to say nay or interfere. Second, you may be a butterfly, with no care in the world, only to be gay and happy and beautiful and to charm those who want to be happy during a summer day. Third, you may be a flower whose sweet perfume will cheer those who are unhappy, soothe them when they are ill, and a cheerful companion always."

Then the princess said: "If I were a bird, I might fly too far from my home and friends and forget to return, so I will not be a bird. If I were a butterfly I might think more of my pleasure and ease than of my duty, and my beauty might

cause me to be vain. So I will be the flower, to help and comfort those who may be in need." Then the fairy queen waved her wand, and the princess became the flower mignonette.

The Time For Planting

Every tree has a time of planting. As a matter of fact, trees may be moved at any time, but it is safer and much more convenient to handle them when the leaves are off. In fall or early spring the bark adheres more tightly and is therefore not so liable to injury. The tree is resting. Here, however, is an elm transplanted in August growing well, but undoubtedly retarded by the change. Probably, all things considered, the spring is the best omened season for the planting of a tree.

Every good grace of character has a time for planting. The best time is in the spring-time of life.—H.

Industrious Nature

For walnuts, oaks, hickories, chestnuts, the only fortunate method, or at least the surest method, is to plant the seeds where you wish the trees. Would you learn how nature plants such seeds? Visit the forests in early autumn, and you may easily discover. She throws her walnuts to the ground with the falling leaves. These cover the seeds, but by no means deeply. The soft husks rot away, and the frosts of winter freeze the hard nuts through and through, spreading but not loosening a seam that fast binds the two halves together. The thawing of spring completes the work, sets free the halves of the otherwise unpierceable shell and permits the emergence of the imprisoned shoot. The husk probably still holds enough to keep everything yet together until possibly a spring freshet dashing by over the alluvial bed where the parent walnut stands bears the germinating nut away to leave it buried farther down in some bank of drifted sand. Here the young tree makes a start in life, sends up a slender stem, sends down a long stout root to stay waiting the demands from the upper world when these shall come, as come at length they will, from spreading branch and leaf. Perchance there is no freshet to carry the nut down the stream. Possibly a hungry squirrel carries it in the opposite direction, only to leave it forgotten at the last in some hollow stump or by some rotting log. No matter. The process is just the same. So nature plants a walnut.

How industrious and provident and wise is dame Nature in her operations! How many the lessons she may teach us!—H.

My Garden

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Brown.

Indian Legend of the Maple

The maple has so many legends that one of them at least deserves mention. Hiawatha is said, among

other things, to have given maple sugar to the people, though this is disputed by others, who say a lazy squaw, to avoid getting water, used the syrup to cook in, and so discovered a new confection, which must not be taken as an excuse for laziness, however. But Hiawatha's exploits were many; he gave thorns to the roses because he loved them, to prevent animals from molesting them; he stole the first tobacco from a giant, and the smoke of it, as he blows it about in the fall, makes the haze of Indian summer. The blood from sundry cuts in his flesh flowed to stain the red willows, and the blisters from his sunburned back became lichens on trees and rocks.—E. Young.

ASCENSION DAY

THE EXPEDIENCY OF THE ASCENSION

By Rev. Milford W. Foshay

Text: "It is expedient for you that I go away." John 16:7.

The expediency of the ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ is one of those truths whose blessings are not so readily accepted and received into the daily experience as some others. A strong feeling, frequently voiced, obtains for many Christians that it is a great misfortune to have Jesus beyond the reach of personal consultation.

Is it, then, a misfortune that Jesus has ascended to the Father, rather than to have remained among his followers? It will be sure to strengthen our faith and quicken our activities, if we consider the matter from the standpoint of Jesus himself. In this way no such mistake will be made as is made, and not seldom, when we try to view this truth from our individual standpoint alone. By seeking Jesus' own interpretation of his act, this unique event which took place nearly two thousand years ago will not be merely a bit of ancient history whose mention of imminent occurrence brought consternation to the little group of disciples, and whose contemplation has been a source of perplexity to many Christians ever since; but it will become an occurrence whose Spirit-directed influence may touch vitally and helpfully every twentieth century follower of the Lord Jesus.

I. In the first place, Jesus stated simply and explicitly, in the text, that it was expedient for him to go away. So it does not really matter what may be our feelings and conceptions, our thoughts or desires in relation to this procedure. If they run contrary to our Lord's statement they are wrong, consequently injurious, if we persist in holding to them so as to permit them to influence our tendencies. He knows. We conjecture. And the sooner we can get rid of our imaginings for his certainties the better it will be for us. This is not always easy to do: and in this particular case, to learn what we can of the meaning of

his assertion, from his own explanation, and, following this, what we may learn from human experience—this will be to align ourselves on the side of all that is progressive in and loyal to the work of the kingdom of God.

II. In addition to the bare statement of the desirability of his removal from among his disciples, Jesus helps us to an appreciation of its certainty by giving a reason for the action: "... For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." That this was a great and sufficient cause in the mind of Jesus for his departure is apparent. While the force of this reason may not readily be felt, yet it may be made to grow upon us. This is the way in which to reap its benefits. He goes on at once to state the work of the Spirit, in a brief but broad way which makes the salient features put before us startlingly impressive. The operation of the Spirit would be revealed by showing the world, in a convincing and convicting manner, the sin of rejecting a Saviour whom God commanded men to accept. He would also convince the world of righteousness, because Jesus proved his righteousness by going to the Father, where only the righteous can go, adding thus to the weight of the reason why he should be believed on. The Holy Spirit would also show to the world that judgment had been rendered against Satan as the murderer of human life by the death of the innocent One, and condemned in that judgment by means of the resurrection. Here, then, is a necessary world-wide work to be done, which, Jesus clearly teaches, belongs to the Spirit and which cannot be rendered until the Son of man goes to his Father.

III. It is also by the operation of the Holy Spirit that Jesus, "at the right hand of God," assumes the Captaincy of that marvellous divine undertaking which is to terminate in the kingdoms of this world becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. It is the only method whereby he can bestow universal assistance, and whereby he can be with us, in a real sense, "alway, even unto the end of the age." This unveils the expediency of the Ascension in its relation to the individual. Not only can he and does he, from his exalted position, direct the great social and political changes out of which his Kingdom is evolving, but you and I may receive his aid at the same time in the affairs of our daily life, lowly, yet important to us.

For our Saviour is the Master indeed of all details! Warning his immediate disciples of the troublous times impending at the destruction of Jerusalem, he at the same time comforts them: "But there shall not an hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls." And the same strengthening assurance is for us since in his last prayer for his followers he says, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." So from the vantage ground of his ascension he ministers to his own in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, as he never could if localized in a body on earth. Through His Spirit, to each of his thousands of disciples he brings comfort, direction, hope, at the same moment. This would manifestly be impossible, were he where but one at a time could consult with him.

IV. One of the great objects of the Christian's life on earth—the reason why, when one becomes a Christian, he is not immediately removed to the heavenly sphere—is to secure for him such discipline and development as shall the better fit him for the life to come. He is to learn obedience and the ability to accomplish, when given his share of work in the vineyard of his Lord. The parable of the talents and the pounds, as well as many others, clearly shows this. Besides, the Christian's supreme work, to "make disciples of all nations," involves the highest and severest use of all his powers. The sustaining grace sufficient for him to undertake and carry forward this great endeavor is found in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Were he in the body, not one of us would move out to such a stupendous enterprise without trying to consult him personally. We should deem his advice on this, that and the other phase of our contemplated activity absolutely essential. With all Christians thus trying to speak to him, our individual turn could scarcely come in a lifetime; hence there would be no movement, no real endeavor on our part, consequently no development of our powers. All personal initiative would be paralyzed, lest we make a mistake.

This inevitably would lead to the decay of faith, for, under such conditions, its exercise could be almost lost. No matter how much confidence is reposed in the Lord, the disuse of faith, the failure to exercise it, soon converts it into a "faith without works, which is dead." But as it is now, in the wisdom of our

ascended Lord, he has left us general instructions for doing specific work; and the method is indicated by great principles whose application is left to us, under the Holy Spirit's guidance. To secure this direction calls for a quickened life, mental and spiritual. Hence, prevailing prayer is followed by joyful procedure. Every element of our character is alive to the Spirit's influence, and under the exercise of it, as obedient children, we grow toward "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

V. A striking benefit of our Lord's absence is very clearly seen in the earnest study given to learn his will as revealed in the record of his life and teachings written for our guidance by men under the power of the Holy Spirit. Were he here with us, and the New Testament in our hands as now, always there would be the inclination to ask him the meaning of his commandments, rather than waste time (as we should probably think it) in trying to find out for ourselves. Now we are obliged to give careful, prayerful and prolonged attention to his instructions. This enriches our lives in a way which ought to be recognized and appreciated to a greater extent than it is.

VI. Again, the manner of the Ascension forms a bridge between heaven and earth unlike and better than any other. And some such connection between earth and heaven, time and eternity, has always been dreamed of and longed for by humanity. Here we have its realization as an actual event, coupled with the promise of a return, the similitude of which never was conceived of by mortal imagination.

VII. For us, as well as for the first disciples, the coming of Jesus again seems more of a possibility because of the manner of the Ascension. It is taken out of the realm of the mystical and visionary, and put into the practical, which accords with the idea of a reign on earth. Hence his reappearance assumes a different aspect in our thought because of this character of his disappearance. His Ascension was real, personal, physical, visible —it was expedient that it be so—and his coming again will be "in like manner," and "every eye shall see him." We can feel, with a peculiarly impressive conviction, that he still lives because he was alive when he went away. Therefore heaven should seem nearer to us daily, because of the way in which the Ascension illustrates the method of the return.

Here, then, is the final great incentive to faithfulness Jesus' Ascension has not left us comfortless, because the Comforter has come to sustain us in our service, stimulate us in our activities, strengthen us in our times of weakness (who has not had them?), and, in the midnight watches of the soul, verifies the Saviour's statement, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"And this is not all. The toil, the sorrow borne, the hope are to have a fruitage beyond, just over on the other side of the grace which now sustains us. "In patience possess ye your souls." Why? "I will come again and receive you unto myself."

But can such a thing really occur? The greatest reformers die, and all we ever hope from them is the continuing influence of their examples and precepts. Not so with Jesus. He did not die when he left the world. His departure was absolutely different in kind from that of any other. The influence of his life and teaching does indeed remain. And it increases. But he himself is coming to bring to consummation what we have been trying to do in his name. "This same Jesus who was received up from you in heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven."

Thus is the apostle's statement intensified and illuminated: "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord," by the fact that we "shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Yes, it was expedient for us that he "go away," for without it there could not have been the daily stirring of that "blessed hope," "till he come," than which a greater incentive to faithfulness cannot be conceived.

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN

By Rev. John F. Cowan, D. D.

Text: "And when he had spoken those things, while they beheld he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." Acts 1:9.

In the first chapter of John we have the second person of the Trinity presented as the Creator of the worlds. In Exodus he is the angel of the covenant. In the Old Testament prophecies he is the promised Messiah. In the Gospels he is Jesus, the in-

carnate Word. In the epistle to the Hebrews and in the epistles of John he is the high priest of man, our advocate and mediator. In Revelation and other parts of the Bible he is the judge of the whole earth, and after the judgment he is to be king of the universe forever and ever.

The "forty days" and the eleven appearances of Jesus after his resurrection are usually taken up in connection with the resurrection; but this last appearance is interesting in connection with his ascension. Up to verse 6 he gives no new teaching; he merely repeats what he has told them before about the baptism of the Spirit; but the repetition is intensely interesting to us because it answers a question vital to the church and to individual Christians, "What resources have we to fall back on when severe stress is put upon our faith, and we need overcoming strength?"

I. Jesus did not tell these disciples, who were to be tried in fire as no Christians have been since, to fortify themselves in this way or that, to prepare this answer or that, to make friends with the priests or court favor with Rome; he simply told them to wait, to "wait for the promise of the Father."

We restless, fretting, fuming insatiably aggressive spirits find it hard to realize how just simply waiting can accomplish anything. It seems, in the fretful, pushing temper of our age. like so much time thrown away. I want to contrast the practices of two of my acquaintances to illustrate this point.

One is a business man, at the head of a large industry. He has branches all over the country and connections in Europe, and his life is one of almost incessant travel, conferences with branch managers, planning new buildings, etc. To him every minute is precious, and he considers every wakeful moment not used for advancing business, or some good cause, as lost.

As he rides to his office in the morning, his stenographer sits by his side and takes dictation. While his private railway car whirls him across the continent, his secretary is kept busy. There is no waiting, little resting; there are few hours or moments when the busy brain is not at work on the problems of business.

The other acquaintance was a busy city doctor whose office was thronged during office hours, who was on the hospital staff, and who was called frequently for consultations. He was an old man, and a remarkably well-preserved one. He told me that the

secret of his strength was waiting. He said that whenever he had to drive over a bridge at a walk, he dropped the reins, dropped his "cases," dropped his professional cares into the bottom of the river, and took a nap, if it was only "forty winks."

About once a year he put his practice into the hands of a young graduate, and went to New York or Philadelphia, took a room at a hotel, and shut himself off from the world, and waited and rested.

I am using physical and mental waiting to illustrate the kind of waiting the Psalmist meant when he said, "My soul, wait thou on the Lord." There are times, critical times, when the best work we can do for the Kingdom is just to "wait on the Lord."

II. But it was hard for these disciples to keep their eyes fixed on the "promise of the Father"; they wavered, and fastened themselves curiously on what is still, after twenty centuries, a matter of speculation. And Jesus brought them back with a sharp "but."

I was out in an oyster-dredger once. We sailed so far on one tack, and then a bush stuck in the bottom reminded us that we were at the bounds of the oyster-field we were dredging; and we tacked about sharply, and sailed back. Always have a "but" handy, to help you to keep your bearings. If you have any suspicion that you have switched off to an unprofitable line of speculation, pull yourself up with the "but." This to which I am giving so much thought may be true, or it may not be—but there's the "promise of the Father"; there's that sure and certain and unfailing truth to which I may anchor. There's nothing like a "but" to bring a man to his senses. I may not be a seer, but I can be a witness. I may not be able to tell the itching ears of the world what is going to happen to-morrow, but I can tell it what happened yesterday—that Jesus lived on earth, died on the cross, arose the third day, and ever liveth to intercede.

III. One good witness is worth a dozen poor prophets.

Sometimes we feel that the cause of Christ is in the same predicament as the negro accused of theft for whom the judge offered to appoint free counsel. The accused did not seem overenthusiastic at the proposition, and when pressed for his reasons

said, "I'll tell you, jedge, sir; I would like to swap that lawyer fer one good witness."

I must tell you the story of the witness who saved a thousand lives. His name was Mr. Lo, and when he was forty years old he was baptized as a Christian. He went back a hundred miles to his home, and began to witness for Christ; and in twenty-eight years he built up ten churches as a result.

But in addition to his work as an evangelist, though he had no knowledge of medicine, he did a magnificent medical work in rescuing those attempting suicide by taking opium. The violent-tempered hill-country folk to whom he belonged would on the slightest provocation swallow opium, so that their death might be laid to the charge of the one who had provoked them. That would mean immense trouble and ruinous expenses for the family implicated, and Mr. Lo was distressed at the terrible loss of life and the consequent fightings and lawsuits.

He could not rest until he had found a remedy. The missionary doctors supplied him with simple remedies, and in all kinds of weather he went forth on his errand of mercy. By his kindly and unpaid help he has saved one thousand Chinese from suicide. Not as a doctor, mind you, just as a witness.

Be a good witness in your prayer meeting, in your church, in your Sunday-school class, in your home, in your shop. One good witness may be worth more than a high-salaried minister or an expensive soprano.

IV. Where is Jesus now? The writer of Acts quotes the "two men in white apparel" as saying he was received up "into heaven." The Apostles' Creed says, "He sitteth on the right hand of God the Father."

No doubt the account in Acts reports the affair as it appeared to an eye-witness, namely, that he ascended toward the blue dome that we call the heavens. The statement in the Apostles' Creed is no doubt a reference to Christ's mediatorial office.

Where is Jesus now? If you mean by that question to try to locate heaven, it is a question in the same category with that of the disciples, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom?" Jesus would doubtless answer such curiosity again with a "but."

He is where your Mediator and Advocate can best serve you.

He is where he can interpret your poor, stammering, halting prayers. He is where he can best plead his atonement for your poor, limping, weak, yet striving, Christian life and testimony.

He is where if we sin, "we have an advocate with the Father." That's all the map of heaven I want. He went into a cloud; I am satisfied to let the unrevealed part remain clouded; are you?

V. When is Jesus coming again? We are told how he is coming back to earth. Do I believe that his second coming will be a reversal of the manner of his ascension? "Shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Will he seem to come out of a cloud? Why put the emphasis on the cloud? Why not put it on Jesus?

When will he come to earth again? The "two men in white apparel" did not say. Jesus himself did not say.

I think there is a reason for us in the reticence of Jesus and in the emphasis that Jesus did put on certainties. Peter might have gone away and written a book on the time of the second coming of Christ, but he went instead to the upper room, and waited in prayer for "the promise of the Father."

John might have sent out a call for a conference on the second coming of Christ; but he didn't; he, too, went to the upper room, and waited and prayed.

I think that what Jesus meant to have them feel, and what they did sense, was that the first coming of the Holy Spirit, so to speak, was the important thing for them just then, and not the second coming of Christ.

I have not a word of criticism of good men who put a great deal of emphasis on the doctrine of the imminence of the second coming of Christ, as many of the best men the church has ever known have done. It is well to hear and to consider carefully all that can be said on this subject; I would not belittle it.

And those men never fail to emphasize the mission and office of the Holy Spirit. To be receptive toward the Spirit whom Jesus sent into the world to witness for him—that is the point upon which power in the church and power in individual lives turns.

I used to live in a windmill country, where all the water was pumped by wind-motors, and some of the grain was ground by them, and the cream was churned into butter and the wood

sawed and the corn shelled, etc. And I have known windmills so sensitive to the movement of the atmosphere that on a day when it seemed to be perfectly calm, and you could not feel a puff of wind against your hot cheek, you might look up and see the arms of that mill slowly turning.

"So is every one that is born of the Spirit" of God. When you see that a church is cleaning up the lives of men and women, is influencing boys and girls to try to live the Christ life, inspires neighbors to forget grudges and love one another, etc., you know that church has the "promise of the Father," is honoring the first coming of the Holy Spirit, and will be all right on the second coming of Christ.

ASCENSION DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Ascended Christ

Once, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew, with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came, at length, and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss that I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me. In John 17 we hear Christ praying for us—just once, a few sentences; but we know that this is only a sample of the intercession for us that goes on forever. Nothing shall interrupt this pleading, for he ever liveth to intercede.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Will Come Again

During the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his "pal," with whom he had fought side by side, was missing; he immediately asked permission to go back over the field and get him. His officer advised him not to go, and said: "If you do, it will not be worth while. Go at your risk, but it will cost you your life." The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line, but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line. The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: "I told you you would lose your life. Was it worth while?" "Yes, sir," replied the dying soldier. "He said he knew I would come." The Master said he would rise again, and he kept his word. The Master says he will come again, and he will surely keep that word, too.

Ascended Conqueror

Christ ascended to heaven and led captivity captive; but only that through his victory he might make us also conquerors by his descending power.

Christ ascended to heaven and received gifts, not for his own enrichment, but that he might bestow upon us in the descending blessing.

Christ ascended to heaven that he might carry on his continual work of intercession; but only that its results might be felt in their descent to the earth.

Christ ascended to heaven that he might come into possession of the glorious kingdom; but only that his joy might descend to the hearts of his subjects and remain in them, making their own joy full.

Still With Us.

The Captain of our salvation has not withdrawn to a safe height, leaving us to fight his battles; but as the first martyr saw him standing in attitude of eager sympathy and swift help, so he is with all his struggling servants a presence nearer than all others, and never withdrawn from the trustful heart. His name is Immanuel,—God with us,—till the end of the ages, when he will take us from toil to rest, and "so shall we ever be with the Lord," who was "with us" while change and sorrow and conflict pressed us sore.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

Generous Spaces: Long Vistas

The ascending Christ preaches to us a gospel of encouragement. These lives we live would lose the cheap and dull and mean appearance they often wear in our own eyes, if we could only now and then unlink them from the associations of time, and link them to the associations of eternity. Any one human life, looked at by itself, is almost necessarily insignificant. . . What we need is to have opened to our sight the generous spaces and long vistas of the heavenly country. The ascension does this for us. We see our Elder Brother going up to take possession of his throne, and with something, even though it be ever so little, of his nobility, we are ourselves ennobled as we look.—W. R. Huntington, D. D.

Feeling Kinship

Christ's life here assures us of his kinship with us on earth; his ascension enables us to feel our kinship with him in heaven. Earth is not more lonely because of his return, but heaven becomes more clearly the home to which our hearts are to turn. He went before in order to welcome us when we are summoned to follow. But for the present struggle of life, also, his ascension has its significance.—A. W. Kelly.

Reigning in Heaven

In one of our villages in North India a missionary was preaching in a bazaar, and after he had closed a Mohammedan gentleman came up and said: "You must admit we have one thing you have not, and it is better than anything you have." The missionary smiled and treated him as a gentleman and said: "I should be pleased to hear what it is." The Mohammedan gentleman said: "You know when we go to our Mecca we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave."

And the missionary smiled and said: "That is just the difference. Mahomet is dead, Mahomet is in his coffin." And all false systems of religion and philosophy are in their coffins. But Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not here; he is risen. And all power in heaven and earth is given unto him. That is our hope.

Comfort in a Cloud

A suffering believer once remarked to a friend: "When I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received him out of their sight,' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides him. And so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

The Ever-Brightening Hope

"Yours in the ever-brightening and blessed hope." With these words a ministerial brother closes a brief personal note. The "ever-brightening" gave us an arrest of thought. The "blessed hope of the glorious appearing" of the Saviour whom we love overarches the sky of the believer's future. Blessed is the man to whom it is indeed an "ever-brightening" hope, for this can be said of those only who are "looking for and hastening unto" the glorious coming. It is like the "shining more and more" of the path of the just as it draws nearer "the perfect day."

The "ever-brightening" hope also suggests the darkening sky of the world's approaching night. The hope shines out brighter and brighter to the longing watcher, as the background sinks into deeper shadows of the coming tribulation.

Thanks be to God for the hope "that maketh not ashamed"—a hope "sure and steadfast," a hope immortal, unquenchable, a hope ever brightening as the darkness deepens into the night of the last tribulation.

Preparing a Place

Jesus went away not only to prepare a place for us, so that it will be ready for us as one by one we go home, but to prepare us for the place, to fit us for heavenly enjoyments and heavenly service. It is quite as essential that we should be prepared for heaven as that heaven should be prepared for us. The same double process is going on with reference to that part of our Father's house in which we may dwell in this life. He is opening doors of opportunity, and preparing a sphere, a place for us on earth, and also preparing us for the sphere he would have us fill, and the work he would have us do.

Fable of Ascension

The body of Romulus disappeared suddenly, and no remnant of it or of his clothing could be discovered by the most diligent search. One report is that he disappeared from the temple of Vulcan; another that he was holding an assembly outside the city when there was great darkness, fearful thunderings, and a resistless tempest, which terrified and scattered the people. When this had subsided, the people came together again, but Romulus could not be found. It was thence reported by the patricians, that Romulus had been caught up to heaven, and would be to the Romans a propitious god. Thus Romulus became one of the gods of Rome. This was confirmed by the oath of his devoted and famous friend, Julius Proclus, who

swore that he met Romulus while traveling on the road, clad in the most dazzling armor. Astonished at the sight, he cried out, "For what misbehavior of ours, or by what accident, O King, hast thou so untimely left us?" He answered, "It pleased the gods, my good Proclus, that we should dwell with men for a time, and having founded a city which shall be the most powerful and glorious in the world, return to heaven, from whence we came. Farewell, then! Go, tell the Romans that by the exercise of temperance and fortitude they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness, and I, the god Quirinus, will ever be propitious to you."

Effect of the Ascension

Note the effect wrought on the disciples by the Ascension of Christ —an effect, you observe, not of sorrow, but of joy. In place of being disheartened by the separation, they were mightily encouraged, and "returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." Shall we grieve that the Visible Presence is withdrawn, and that there is no longer on earth the mighty and mysterious Personage who put away sin by the sacrifice of himself and discomfited through dying the enemies of God and man? Not so! There is no reason for sorrow that he quits the earth on the wings of the wind. We could not detain him below, we would have him as our Mediator within the veil. This and this only, can secure to us those spiritual assistances through which we ourselves may climb the firmament.—H. Melvill.

WHITSUNDAY

PENTECOSTAL TIMES

By Rev. William F. Davis

Text: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place," etc. Acts 1:1-4.

Three facts stand out as we read the story of the Day of Pentecost:

First, the right and normal condition of the Church; second, that this should be its permanent condition, and third, that this is not its condition to-day.

The question is at once forced upon us, "Why do we not have Pentecostal times in the Church now? Should we not seek the reasons and ought we not try to remove the obstacles, if any there be, that stand in the way of such a bright consummation?

Are the days when the multitudes pressed about Jesus to be no more? Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened that he does not answer prayer? Have the days forever gone when the "Word of the Lord shall prosper" and men shall cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

If God will help us look at facts and conditions, let us try to see if we cannot get some ray of light and some glimmers of truth in answer to this question, "Why do we not have Pentecostal times in the Church to-day?"

I. Perhaps it is because the Church does not pray for this as it did in days of old. You will find that Pentecost never comes without prayer. Jacob "saw God face to face," but it was only after he had wrestled all night in prayer. Jonah sent God's message ringing through Nineveh till king and peasant sat in sackcloth and ashes, but only after he had prayed. Daniel faced lions and dangerous human foes, but you remember three times each day that window was opened toward Jerusalem. No time of blessing was ever enjoyed in the Church of God that was not preceded by prayer.

Does the Church now pray for Pentecostal days? Do those who visit churches here and there hear ministers praying and

people praying for Pentecostal outpourings? When God looks down from heaven and sees the father at the family altar and the mother at the bedside with her children at her knee, does he hear one great universal anthem of prayer from the whole Church, united with one accord in faith and triumphant for Pentecostal days? Of one thing we can be sure. Until God does see such scenes and hear such prayers, Pentecostal times will never come.

II. It may be that another reason why we do not have Pentecostal times is that the Church don't expect them—aye, worse—mayhap don't want them! There are churches, I am sure, where attendants would be very much put out indeed if the pews were to be filled with strangers and outcasts and publicans and harlots and sinners. If these people for whom Christ died were to crowd into some of our churches, as no doubt they would if Pentecost were fully come, the people already there would feel so uncomfortable that they would soon look for another corner lot on which they could build a church that they could call theirs!

The Church don't expect Pentecost. We have heard it said many times. "Oh, these were special ocasions and God does not do now as he did in those days." Does he not? Explain then how it was that the monk of Erfurt, single handed, shook the mightiest organization that this world has ever seen to its foundation! Tell me why it was that when Wesley and Whitefield preached in England, they had audiences of ten and fifteen thousands which hung breathless on their burning words! Explain how Spurgeon filled Surrey gardens and Exeter Hall for years and years with weeping thousands, if God does not work now as he did in Pentecostal times!

It is the enemy of souls that tries to persuade the Church that God does not work now as he used to. And so the Church does not expect it. The Church is even almost surprised when there is a moving in the tops of the trees, and when the waters of the silent pools are simply stirred.

III. It may be that we do not have Pentecostal times because we do not have Pentecostal preachers.

Preachers are human and we shall not arraign them overmuch. The day was when it could be said, "Like priest, like people," but the day now is when it might better be said, "Like

people, like priest." Preachers are too often what the people make them, and if you have any fault to find with the priest, look to his people. The demand of the people is for a preacher that will "draw," that will "take," that will "fill the church," not with sinners but with sitters, not with prayers but with pay-ers! And so the preacher is forced to make frantic efforts to do what the people want. In spite of himself, he thus gets his message from the people instead of from his God. He preaches what he thinks they will like instead of what God tells him they need. He takes up topics that will draw men to church, instead of Scripture that will draw men to Christ. This ought not so to be. It is not so, of course, in all cases, but it is lamentably so, perhaps unconsciously, in many. Preachers thus become man-made instead of God-made. They choose their profession instead of God choosing them. Pentecostal times will not come until we have in our churches Pentecostal preachers and Pentecostal sermons.

Con you imagine how that crowd would have looked that day, as they surged about the Spirit-filled disciples, if Peter had arisen and preached to them a sermon on "Friendship" or on "Candor" or on "Love of Praise" or on "The African War?" Prepared and anxious for the word of the Eternal, as that multitude was, it would have risen in righteous wrath and driven Peter from its midst if he had made such a hideous mistake. I don't believe that multitude wanted even magnificent music, or a beautiful ritual, or a splendid ceremony of any kind. What it wanted was the Word of God and it wanted it quickly.

When prayer and faith have prepared a people for a message, woe! woe! be to the ambassador of God who fails to give it straight from the throne itself! That was what Peter gave that multitude; or rather the Spirit gave it through Peter. He gave Scripture, not an emasculated Scripture, but the words of David, Joel, and the prophets of old, and he linked that Scripture to existing needs and circumstances. He gave his hearers Christ. Every word was made to palpitate and throb with Christ, not as an ethical teacher, a great reformer, a matchless character or an ideal man, but Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ enthroned and regnant, Christ the forgiver of sin and Christ the Saviour of men. And he gave it with such Holy Ghost power that men did not applaud him, but censured themselves. They

did not say, "What a great preacher Peter is," but "What a vile sinner I am." "Other preachers reach my ear, but Latimer reaches my heart," said a courtier of the long ago. Ah, when we have Pentecostal preachers and sermons we will have Pentecostal times in the Church.

IV. It may be that another reason why the Church and world do not have Pentecostal times to-day lies in the fact that the Church and world do not have Pentecostal ideas of religion.

Is there enough of conscience in to-day's conception of religion? When Peter pointed his finger at that multitude and thundered out his accusation, "Him ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," conscience like a feathered arrow pierced them to the heart. We talk a great deal to-day about morality and ethics and enlightenment and culture and "sweetness and light." Sin, rebellion against God, guilt and doom are regarded as old fashioned terms and as out of date. We have not fully learned what Chalmers learned after twelve years of work in the ministry, "that the system of 'Do this and live' gives no peace and is not worthy of obedience."

In the Church and world to-day we still have people who are trying to earn God's favor by a right life, utterly misconceiving the teaching of Scripture.

Till we get the Pentecostal idea of religion, that the best man is a sinner, that he is lost utterly and forever, no matter what he may do to save himself, and that until he has repented and believed in Jesus Christ, he is doomed to death here and hereafter, we cannot expect, or have, Pentecostal times in Church.

V. Perhaps the most potent reason why we do not have Pentecostal times to-day is that we do not have a Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was after the Spirit had descended that Peter preached and three thousand were added to the Church. Here, after all, is the *sine qua non,* the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Once we have secured that, all the rest will follow. Take cold iron and try to weld it; how fruitless is the effort. Hammer it, twist it, turn it, use utmost skill and it is of no avail. Put that iron in the fire, let it be softened and made malleable, then lay it on the anvil and each stroke tells, and it can be fashioned to our will.

The Holy Spirit must soften and melt men's hearts and then we may look for Pentecostal blessings in the Church.

How can we get that baptism of the Holy Spirit? That is the important question.

The Chinese tell a fable of a great potter of the long ago who was ordered to make a set of dishes for the Imperial table. He tried and tried; he used all his skill in order to bring out the beauty and the gloss that he desired, but all his efforts seemed to fail. At last, in utter despair of ever accomplishing his task, he threw himself into the furnace with his wares, and they say that such heavenly beauty never gleamed and glistened from mortal handiwork before nor since!

Would we know how to get the Holy Spirit for Pentecostal blessings and power? We must learn the secret of China's imperial potter and cast ourselves into the furnace of prayer, into the furnace of surrender, into the furnace of fire, and as God honored such devotion at Pentecost, he will assuredly honor it to-day!

PENTECOSTAL BLESSINGS

By Rev. Dekan W. Pressel

Text: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things," etc. John 14:26.

It is Pentecost! In one of our grand old Pentecostal hymns we sing:

"O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray,
Abide with us from day to day,
Thy temple deign to make us!
Let Thy bright beams, Thou Heav'nly Light,
Dispel the darkness of our night,
To joy and gladness wake us."

The echo of this hymn should arouse a Christian congregation to celebrate this festival day. (1) As a day of joyous remembrance; (2) as a day of earnest humiliation; (3) as a day of grateful encouragement.

I. "O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray, abide with us from day to day." That which Christ in our text before his departure promises to his disciples became a reality and a fact on Pentecost. The Acts of the Apostles tells us that when the days were fulfilled the faithful were found together, united by the bond of the one love for the ascended Lord, in the one obedience to his

Word, in the one confidence in the certainty that he would fulfil his promises, waiting for the bestowal of his power from on high. There, then, just as our first parents once noticed the approach of their God by the rustling of the evening air, they too felt the living and life-giving breath of Jesus as though seized by a terrible wind. They were fired with enthusiasm; they broke forth in laudation of the mighty deeds of the eternal God; they spake as though they were filled with sweet wine, and in many tongues gave utterance to the wonders of his grace; and in joyful contemplation listened to a discourse concerning the crucified and risen Christ; their enthusiasm was enkindled in three thousand converts, who came to repentance, and were baptized in the name of Jesus. They continued in the breaking of the bread and in prayer, in teaching and instruction, and came together daily in the temple, having all things in common, divided among themselves their goods and possessions, and together and with one heart they praised the Most High, and won the good-will of all the people. The Lord, however, added daily to their number those who were to be saved. Behold, this was the entrance of the Holy Spirit on that Pentecost day in accordance with the promises of the Lord. See, then, the Church of Christ was born and came into existence and into the world, like the dew from heaven. Behold in this way God's dwelling-place was established among men; his grace from heaven was implanted into the hearts of men, which came out of the heart of the Father in heaven and of his exalted Son to bless this miserable earth. Pentecost indeed! Truly it is a day of glorious remembrance! and, like none others, it urges us to pray, "O Holy Ghost, descend, we pray, abide with us from day to day."

II. "Thy temple deign to make us." Us, us—not only that assembly of people who two thousand years ago peacefully and contentedly, in faith and joy, celebrated the first Pentecost. It is we; it is we who ask for this boon now; the Christianity of to-day; our congregations, our families, our present generation with all its classes and conditions of men, with its entire society and in all its individuals. Oh, Christian friends, if we apply to ourselves the measure of that Pentecost, then this is indeed also a day of earnest humiliation. Then with groans beyond utterance we must pray on this festival day, "Thy temple deign to make us!" For if we compare ourselves with the Christians of

that great day, how can we do otherwise than in contrition of heart declare that we have been far from reaching the ideal and the fact of those days. There we see the presence of a new power on every tongue, because in every soul and in every heart the fire of the Holy Ghost had been enkindled; and therefrom came their intense love for him who had been sent by the Father, in whom we can and should love each other, he who is love itself. Feel the pulse of this present generation, and, alas, how sluggishly the blood of Christian life flows!

In large sections and parts of the modern world this life seems to be altogether gone, not a spark seemingly remains; but in the room thereof there glows with all the greater power the flames of selfishness, sin, and wickedness. Whenever we think earnestly of this, we feel and know it to be the case; and every honest heart confesses that the zeal is weak for the Lord and his cause, for him who has redeemed and saved lost mankind through his sufferings and death, and not through gold or silver. He has bought us; we are his; and it is his will that we should live in joy and eternal righteousness in his Kingdom, in innocence and blessedness. Certainly, in view of this contrast, the spirit of Pentecost is also a solemn institution for reflection and humiliation. If the spirit of Pentecost has no deeper lessons to teach us than that we accept the words of Jesus as the Word of the Father who has sent him; as the lamp and light of the truth, as the fountain of eternal life and bliss, as the rule of Christian faith and life, as the firm foundations and pillars of Christian prosperity and growth—if we learn this, embrace it, love it, cling to it, then how we must deplore the fact that so many have departed from the Lord and his Word in the carelessness, pride, and evil propensities of their hearts.

When, on the other hand, over against this, we see in the first Christian Pentecost the joy and happiness of the Holy Ghost, the faith and love of the primitive Christians, in whom the spirit of Jesus Christ has been implanted by the Holy Ghost, in whom the peace of which the world knows nothing has become a joyful reality, and love to God and love to their fellowmen is the controlling factor in their hearts, so that they live in peace, without contention and quarrel, without envy and strife, without anger and hatred, then, then indeed we see a condition of affairs with which our own day and generation presents a

lamentable contrast. In the thousands of contests and struggles that agitate the hearts of men and society everywhere there is one cry heard over all, and that is for peace. The Pentecost peace is found so rarely in our day and for that reason this festival is an admonition to earnest humiliation and prayer that the spirit of our times may be transformed and transfused by the Spirit of Pentecost from on high. In the spiritual bitterness and darkness of to-day this is the only fountain of hope and reformation.

III. "Let Thy bright beams, Thou heav'nly Light, dispel the darkness of the night, to joy and gladness wake us." Pentecost day also offers the Christian an abundance of material and occasions for most grateful encouragement. Did the great and glorious sun of the first Pentecostal day succeed in banishing all the darkness of that day, to scatter all the clouds? The Gospel has preserved for us enough of evidences to the contrary, and shows us that even then the world and its evil were arrayed against the Pentecost spirit with bitterness and determination. The multitude of those who opposed the Spirit was vastly greater than the number of those who submitted to his influence. Grace was then as little as it is now irresistible. Some mocked and scoffed, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost was only an occasion for an expression of their adherence to the world. Peter exhorted them to accept deliverance from an evil generation. Then already it appeared that faith is not of every man. Therefore it is not surprising that in our day, too, there should be many who fall away from grace, as there are many who do not accept the proffered boon of salvation at all.

The prince of this world is active now as ever against the influence of divine grace in our hearts and in the world. Yet notwithstanding this opposition, we have all reasons for reassurance that faith in the Lord and trust in his Word and promises will eventually gain the victory. Of this fact Pentecost gives us the testimony and evidences always. The Spirit, who as the Comforter was to take the place of the Lord in the hearts of the faithful came in reality, without again departing; and he has shown himself more powerful than the world ever since. Otherwise Christ vainly would have been wiped out of existence long ago. The Sun of the first Pentecost that came forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a

race, was no passing meteor. He has been a hero in the Church; a warrior whose armor has been impenetrable. The rays of this Sun which warmed and vivified the souls of the first disciples, and out of humble, frightened fishermen made heroes with hearts of iron, that Spirit has been alive in the Church ever since, as countless martyrdoms by fire and sword have testified in all generations. The rays of this Sun have always been powerful. Think only of the Reformation, the second Pentecost of the Christian Church, a new seal of the promises of Christ to his Church; and has the Church ever since not experienced the presence and power of this benign Spirit? Is not this grace, this present and living reality, in the Church of our God?

Therefore let not your hearts be afraid. He who has promised to be with his Church and his children always, even to the end of days, he is present with us yet in and through his Spirit, no matter what the dangers that vex and perplex us may be. We have ground for the certain hope of final victory in the Pentecostal promises and spirit. Let us therefore prayerfully, hopefully, and joyfully join in the petition:

"Oh, Holy Ghost, descend, we pray,
Abide with us from day to day,
Thy temple deign to make us!
Let Thy bright beams, Thou heav'nly Light,
Dispel the darkness of the night,
To joy and gladness wake us,
That we, to Thee
Truly living, to Thee giving
Pray'r unceasing,
Still may be in love increasing."

WHITSUNDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Day of Pentecost

The day of Pentecost was characterized by a great miracle, a great sermon, and a great revival.

The miracle was not only the inauguration of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit and the solemn investiture of the Church with its functions as a witness-bearing and world-reaching Church, but also a specific equipment of the Apostles for their work. The mighty wind and the tongues of fire were symbols of God's mysterious, vitalizing power and his illuminating and warming presence. The gift of tongues symbolized the bloodless character of the Christian warfare, and the power of the preached word.

The sermon of Peter was preached from the strange text: "These men are full of new wine," a text which disclosed the old tendency of the Sadducees to deny the miraculous. Even as today, men love to explain away the supernatural. Upon it Peter preached a plain, honest, earnest, doctrinal sermon which produced a wonderful revival.

There was nothing of rhapsody in the sermon, and nothing of uncertainty in its results. On the contrary we are expressly told that the converts continued steadfast—a statement especially encouraging to us in these days when revivals are disparaged and their results are considered transitory.—Francis L. Patton, D. D.

Greatest Unused Power

The following instance was frequently cited by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon: An American with an English gentleman was viewing the Niagara whirlpool rapids, when he said to his friend: "Come, and I'll show you the greatest unused power in the world;" and taking him to the foot of Niagara Falls, "There," he said, "is the greatest unused power in the world!" "Ah, no, my brother. Not so!" was the reply. "The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit of the Living God."

Emptied

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon reminded us that the wind always blows toward a vacuum. So in that upper chamber, the disciples were being emptied, and a vacuum was being made. The son of thunder was emptied of the thunder, that he might be filled with love. The doubting Thomas was emptied of his doubt, that he might be filled with light. The presumptuous and vacillating Peter was emptied of his presumption and his fickleness, that he might be filled with all the power of God. And then there came the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and God came into them and used them.

Power

The root idea of Christianity is men and women carrying on Christ's work in the power which fitted him for his service—the power of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

Imperfect Conduits

An inventor was talking about electric conduits. "Do you know that great power-house of the traction company on the avenue? Well, the manager will tell you that 40 per cent. of the electricity generated there is lost because of imperfect conduits. Think of that for prodigious waste! Almost half of the product of that great plant for nothing!"

Well might the inventor wax emphatic over this excessive waste of energy. But while he was talking our mind turned to a similar waste of greater power, and for the same reason. The thought is surely not irreverent that the very power of the Spirit of God is rendered unavailing because it must flow through human conduits that are imperfect.

Grieve Not the Spirit

A boy had a dove so tame that it would perch upon his shoulder and take food from his hand. One day he held out a tempting morsel, and, being in an ill-natured mood, just as the dove was about to eat he closed his hand. The bird turned away disappointed. He held out his

hand again, the dove came forward timidly, but once more the hand was closed. With drooping wings the dove went to the farthest corner of the room. Once more the hand was extended. This time the bird hesitated, finally it came forward slowly, hesitatingly, it was just about to take the food when the hand was again closed. Then the dove spread its wings and flew away, and the boy never saw that dove again.

The Holy Spirit may be grieved, effectually grieved. His gentle monitions may be slighted, his wooing influences so evil-entreated, that in sorrow he will retire or suspend his gentle ministry.

Controlled by the Holy Spirit

It is the great defect of the teaching as to the Holy Ghost in our day that evidences of his presence or the attractiveness of his fulness are based so largely upon mystical experiences or even upon power for service. Instead of shutting up this great, animating power to ministers, evangelists, religious services, and occasional spiritual experiences, what is needed is its extension into the rank and file of the professing church and into every business and occupation of life. Pentecostal seasons are blessed but they are exceptional, and by their very nature must be so. But the duties of life are ever with us. To have business men, students, mothers, and all controlled by the Holy Spirit would make a heaven of earth and of life. —Alex. Patterson.

The Spirit Gives Boldness

The Spirit will enable the witness-bearer to speak with boldness. "When they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, they spake the Word of God with boldness." What a change came over the disciples on the Day of Pentecost. A short time before, they were afraid to acknowledge that they even knew Christ. Peter denied him, and swore in order to give the denial emphasis. After his crucifixion, they were hiding away in a little upper room, fearing lest they should be mobbed. But after they were filled with the Holy Ghost Peter, with the other disciples, faced the Jewish mob and preached Christ unto them. Afterward, Peter and John were arrested and commanded not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus, but no Sanhedrin or court could frighten them now. They declared they would obey God rather than man, and would boldly speak the things which they had heard and seen. There is nothing that will give the Christian such boldness as the conscious realization that God Almighty, with all the power of heaven and earth, stands by him to furnish him all needed assistance in accomplishing his mission.

Honor the Holy Spirit

The old economy may be regarded as the dispensation of the Father. The thirty years of the incarnation were the dispensation of the Son. Then came the dispensation of the Spirit, in which we are living, the end of which will be "the restitution of all things." The secret of a fervent and successful Christian life is to honor the Holy Ghost. In him we have also the presence of the Father and the Son from whom he proceedeth; but God as officially present is so in the person of the Holy Ghost.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

The Holy Spirit as Light

In the practice of the photographer we see two things; faith in the power and effects of light, and the wise adjustment of everything in obedience to its laws. With what care the tenderly sensitive plate is prepared to receive the impression; with what precision its relative position to the object to be portrayed is adjusted; how still and undisturbed it is, then, held face to face with that object! Having done this, the photographer leaves the light to do its wonderful work! his work is indeed the work of faith. Let us believe in the light, in the power of the light of God to transcribe Christ's image on our hearts. "We are changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord." Let us not seek to do the work the Spirit must do; let us simply trust him to do it. Our duty is to seek the prepared heart, waiting, longing, praying for the likeness; to take our place face to face with Jesus, studying, gazing, loving, worshipping, and believing that the wonderful vision of that Crucified One is the sure promise of what can be. Not more surely or wonderfuly than in the light printing which is done here on earth, will our souls receive and show the impress of that wonderful likeness.—Andrew Murray.

TRINITY SUNDAY

THE TRINITIES

By Rev. Frederick D. Power, D. D.

Text: "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." I Cor. 15:1-4.

It is by no means a fanciful thought that the main facts and teachings of Scripture are presented to us under the form of trinities—groups consisting of three important constituents. We do not wonder at this interesting fact when our experience with everything outside of the Bible brings us constantly into contact with triune divisions of things. In the world of nature we have the three kingdoms: animal, vegetable, and mineral. In the realm of matter we have existence under three forms, solid, liquid, and gaseous. In our own being we have body, soul, and spirit. In the heavens we have sun, moon, and stars; and in the earth: air, land, and sea.

In approaching the revelation of God in his Word we are prepared to notice the same exhibition of three in one, and even the most sublime and essential elements of Christianity developed and exhibited in a succession of trinities.

1. Whether the word "trinity" be Scriptural or not, and we discard the expression "The Trinity" because of its unscripturalness, it still expresses the thought of this peculiar division as seen in the three distinct persons in the unity of the Godhead. Of this one fact we are sure, the sacred Oracles teach that the one living and true God is in some inexplicable manner triune, for he is spoken of as one in some respects and as three in others. Addressing himself in the creation, God said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Our Lord declared: "If any man love me he will keep my commandments, and my Father

will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Sending forth his disciples, he commanded: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." Of Christ, John declares: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Of the Holy Spirit, Peter affirms in his rebuke to Ananias: "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." The Apostolic benediction proclaimed: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all." "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit, and these three are one."

Here is a mystery, the stupendous mystery of the Christian religion, the ineffable mystery of three persons in one God. We cannot define it. Every human attempt at definition involves it in deeper mystery. The arithmetic of heaven is beyond us. Yet this is no more mysterious and inexplicable than the trinity of our own nature; body, soul, and spirit; and no man has ever shown that it involved a contradiction or in any way conflicted with the testimony of our senses or with demonstrated truth. And we must accept it by the power of a simple faith, or rush into tritheism on the one hand or unitarianism on the other.

2. Going still further into the examination of this arrangement of trinities, we take the Divine Person mentioned in our text, Christ, the Second Person of the Godhead. At once there comes before us the trinity of offices filled by our Lord—prophet, priest, and king. Man could not be saved unless in one divine person all three of these should be combined. Christ could not be the Christ if God were not all three of these dignities and glories united in his single person.

Prophet he was, typified by all the illustrious personages of the Hebrew race, the Oracle, the Teacher, the Spokesman for God who should make known the fulness of revelation, and that to all mankind. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Priest he was, the only and all-sufficient Priest of the Christian Church. None other can stand between man and his God. None other can exercise sacredotal functions except in the sense that all Chris-

tians are kings and priests unto God. A priest is he, foreshadowed faintly by the servants of the Jewish sanctuary; yet more beautifully adorned than the family of Aaron in all the splendid robes of the temple, more glorious in communication than the mysteriously glowing Urim and Thummim on the high-priest's ephod before the mercy-seat, more potent in intercession than all the priesthood under the law, seeing that he offered himself on the altar, and opened up a new and living way into the very holy of holies by his own blood of atonement. "This, one, because he continueth forever, hath an unchangeable priesthood, wherefore he is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto the Father by him." "Such an high priest became us, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens, who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice first for his own sins and then for the people's, for this he did once when he offered up himself."

King he was, "the Christ," the Anointed of God. "I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." "Blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords." All-glorious. all-powerful, all-governing, he reigns over his people and over all the earth. "God hath highly exalted him and given him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and every tongue should confess that Jesus is the Christ, unto the glory of God the Father."

Thus the Christ is invested with a triune power. In one Being these three offices meet in their perfection, and we accept him in all his glory, personal and official.

3. Then the doctrine of Christ, the facts which constitute the Gospel, are unfolded to us in a trinity. Three distinct facts are here: First, that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures"; second, that "he was buried"; and third, that he "arose again the third day according to the Scriptures." It is not possible to measure the infinite import of these three facts. There would be no gospel without them, no salvation, no proof of the divinity of Jesus, no ground of faith. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation; not faith, not repentance, not baptism, not hope, not love. We are saved by Jesus Christ, and the action which saved us is set forth in these facts—the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus.

Too often men make the mistake in supposing their salvation is secured, not by what they believe, but by the fact that they do believe; not by the facts of the gospel, but by the feelings of ecstasies of their own natures; not by the Son of God and his personal service, but by their apprehension of the truth of the gospel and tacit acceptance of its teaching. In other words, they substitute a saving faith for a saving gospel, and find the proof of pardon in the revulsion of feeling in their own hearts rather than in the express declaration of God's Word. Was it so with these Corinthians? The gospel which Paul preached unto them, which they also received, wherein they stood, and by which they were saved, consisted of the facts of the death, burial, and resurrection of the Messiah. Without the death of Christ the gospel could not be begun. The shedding of blood was necessary to remission of sins. Expiation, atonement must be made that the sinner may be saved from punishment. Some one must be wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, God's justice must be satisfied, God's honor vindicated. Man's conscience must be pacified, man's sins pardoned. So the Son died. The cross was an element of the gospel. Without the burial of Christ the gospel would not be complete. The prophecy must be fulfilled: "He made his grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death." By our Lord the tomb has been forever sanctified. The valley of the shadow of death becomes the valley of the opening of life. Death, instead of being the jailer of hell and the grave, becomes the porter of heaven. All that he can do is to cause the Christian to sleep in Jesus, to release the immortal spirit from the fetters which bind it to earth, and deposit the weary body in the tomb. The grave is an element of the gospel.

Without the resurrection the gospel would not be perfected. Before this great consummation the gospel is not proclaimed save in promise. The fulness of the glad tidings is not realized. The kingdom of heaven is preached as at hand. Not until the long-tied bands of the grave are broken, the stone rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, and the newly-risen One walks forth into the garden, is the divinity of Jesus proven and the sublimest revelation of God complete; not until then does the glorious King of kings appear with all authority in heaven and in earth, and say to his representatives: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is

baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Hence the resurrection is the demonstration of the gospel. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; ye are yet in your sins." Hence the apostles, in going forth to convert the world, were to lay this down as the foundation of their preaching, that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead that all men might believe on and obey him. Hence the resurrection is essential to the confirmation of the faith of Christians in his person, seeing he is "declared to be the Son of God, with power according to the spirit of holiness by the resurrection of the dead," demonstrating the truth of the Word, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee," and the promise, "I will give thee the sure mercies of David." Hence the resurrection is a most pregnant proof of the all-sufficiency of his satisfaction: "He was delivered for our offenses and raised for our justification." Hence on the fact of the resurrection is built our faith in his promise to give life and glory; for how could we believe him to be the Author of life who remained under the power of death? Would not all hope have been buried in his grave? And is not his resurrection the cause, pattern, and argument of ours? And rising himself to glory, honor, and immortality, does he not raise his people also with him?

What a glorious truth is here? The heathen sorrowed without hope. The Jews had only vague assurance of a resurrection. The myth of the Phenix was but a myth. A shattered pillar; a ship gone to pieces; a race lost; a harp lying on the ground, with snapped strings, its music gone; a flower-bud crushed with all its fragrance in it—these were the sad utterances of their hopeless grief. The thought that death was the gateway of life came not to cheer the parting or brighten the sepulchre. But look at the grassy mounds in the light of this truth. Resurgent! The eye of faith sees then change into a field sown thick with the seeds of immortality. Blessed field! what flowers shall spring there! What a wild shout shall be the harvest-home of the resurrection day! In neighboring fields, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap"; but here what a difference between that which is sown amid mourners' tears and that which shall be reaped amid angel joys!—between the poor body we return to the earth, and the noble form that shall spring forth from its ashes! Lazarus'

putrid corpse with health glowing on its cheek is nothing to the change that then shall be wrought in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. From east to west, from north and south the armies gather. Yesterday, bones, carcasses, rottenness, worms, corruption, dust—to-day, multitudes in glorified and immortal bodies thronging the many mansions of the Father's house.

The death, the burial, the resurrection of Jesus—these are the three facts of the gospel. The mere existence of these facts, however, does not save men. The mere admission that they are true does not secure the end that God designed. In order that this may be done they must be received; every man must actually and truly appropriate them to himself. Practically it is as important to understand how the gospel may be received as it is to understand the nature and component parts of the gospel, for what is the gospel to a man if it be not received by him? What are the Bible, the Church, the pardon of sin, the death of Christ, all the sublime facts and teachings of the Christian religion, if personally and receptively a man knows them not?

4. This brings us to another trinity—the reception of the gospel involves obedience to three distinct precepts. We must truly and heartily believe the gospel; honestly and sincerely repent of our sins, and actually and formally accept it by a reverent and obedient baptism. Thus the understanding recognizes and accepts the gospel as true, the affections delight in and embrace it as good, the will obeys it and approves it as right. The records of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles to the Churches make clear the essentiality of this triune obedience. After conforming to these three precepts, and not before, we are regarded as having come into fellowship with Christ and his Church. Paul, writing afterward in allusion to the doctrine of the gospel, as he had delivered it, declares: "I thank God that ye have obeyed from the heart the form of doctrine which was delivered unto you; being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness."

What was the doctrine? The death, burial and resurrection of Christ. And what was the form or type of this doctrine? Death to sin, burial with Christ by baptism, a resurrection in the likness of his rising to walk in newness of life. To the people on Pentecost Peter preached this trinity of facts,—how Christ died

for our sins according to the Scriptures, was buried, and rose again; and the three thousand rendered this trinity of obedience; they believed, and were commanded to "repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." "And as many as gladly received the Word were baptized, and the same day there were added to them about three thousand souls." As Christ's death, Christ's burial, and Christ's resurrection must be all assured facts, so of human obedience there must be no uncertainty, no contingency, no doubt whatever that all the elements in the trinity of our acceptance are complete. The apostles recognized no man as fully obedient to the gospel and worthy to be enrolled in the Church until obedience to all three of these precepts had been rendered. Is not the gospel the same in our day? Are not the terms of acceptance unchanged?

5. Receiving now the trinity of facts in a trinity of obedience, we have a triune blessing. We are "saved," or receive the "remission of sins," the "gift of the Holy Spirit," and the hope of eternal life. This is the trinity of blessings which heaven bestows on the Christian. First Christ comes, takes away his sins, purifies his heart, pacifies his conscience, assures him of the wiping out of his past record. Then the Spirit is given, enlightens, comforts, sanctifies, gladdens, directs, strengthens, and takes up his abode within him.

Then in view of the brevity of human life, of the pain which the thought of losing this new-born joy must bring, he fills the Christian with the assured hope of an everlasting life, of higher joys, of richer glories, of more abundant delights, of sweeter friendships, of more lasting rewards which shall be developed out of these present gifts of the gospel. Oh, what happiness! Who can refuse it? Who does not long for it? Where is there a heart in all the world that does not in serious reality hunger and thirst for this blessing which the gospel alone pretends to give?

6. But there is more. Out of this trinity of blessings grows another trinity—a trinity of responsibilities. In the gospel which we have received we are to stand, and three principles are necessary to standing—faith, hope, and love. All Christian living is marked and covered by this trinity of conduct. Faith here is the growth, development, continuance of the seed-faith, which embraces the gospel. It is the daily looking to Jesus, the seeing of him that is invisible. Hope here is the carrying forward and up-

ward of the original hope, the strengthened and matured form of that assurance received when the conditions of salvation were accepted. That was a joy, a gladness; this is stimulus, a safeguard. That was an evidence that we had been saved from our past sins; this is a power that keeps us forever from being lost. Love is the climax of this trinity. Love is the end of the commandment. Love is the active principle of our standing which embraces all practice of Christianity toward God and man. Faith looks up, hope reaches up, love climbs up. So looking steadfastly, hoping constantly, loving fully, we can only stand and wait all the days of his appointed time till our change comes.

7. One more trinity, and the saved soul shall stand in the presence of the ever-adorable Trinity of the Godhead; Glory, Honor, Immortality! By degrees the Christian has come higher and higher. Body, soul, and spirit, touched and overshadowed by the great facts of the gospel—the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus—brought into entire harmony with these by obedience to three great precepts—faith, repentance, and baptism,—and kept in preparation and expectancy by three great conditions, faith, hope and love—are ready for transfiguration, translation into the presence of the Most High. Glory is the supernal brightness the Father bestows, honor the renown of victory won by the Christian soldier on hard-fought fields, immortality the deathless bliss of a deathless being in the presence of the throne!

Now see in all these trinities a climacteric effect. All three are essential in every case to the perfectness of the unity which they form, and the last is absolutely necessary to crown the series. God is goodness, wisdom, power. His goodness might influence him to create, his wisdom devise the universe, but must not his power be exercised to perfect his work! The Father of our spirits is all that is expressed in the address, "Our Father which art in heaven"; the Son is all that is set forth in the name "Immanuel"; but must not the Spirit come to reveal to us the Father and the Son! In Christ as prophet he is the teacher sent from God, in Christ as Mediator he is the High Priest of our profession, but are these anything without his kingly dignity and power by which he rules and reigns in the midst of his enemies? In the gospel his death and burial are glorious, stupendous facts,

but without the resurrection what are they? He is not the Son of God, his sacrifice is vain, our faith also is vain.

In our acceptance of the gospel, "without faith it is impossible to please God," and except men repent they must perish, but without obedience can we have the full assurance of pardon? "Faith without works is dead." We are "baptized into Christ," "baptized into his death." So the command to believers was, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," and to the believing penitent, "Arise and be baptized and wash away your sins, calling upon the name of the Lord." In the unit called salvation the remission of past sins is a blessing, the gift of the Holy Spirit is a greater blessing, but what would either or both of these be without the third, the hope of eternal life? In the trinity of Christian living, faith is nothing, hope is nothing, without love. This is the climax, "Though I have the tongues of man and of angels, and have not love, I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." "And now abideth faith, hope, love, and the greatest of these is love." Heaven, glory, what is that? Honor—what joy can it bring without immortality? It is for an eternity we want these joys and splendors—not for a century, a lifetime, a decade, a year, or a day!

So passing through the whole series in every case, accepting all and doing all, we shall receive all. Is the measure full with you, my friend? In the trinity of obedience is there one thing left undone? Fulfil your duty. The completion of the joy, the certainty of the assurance depends upon the perfectness of your obedience, the perfectness of your service.

TRINITY SUNDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Belief in the Trinity

A converted Indian gave the following reason for his belief in the Trinity: "We go down to the river in winter, and we see it covered with snow; we dig through the snow, and we come to the ice; we chop through the ice, and we come to the water; snow is water, ice is water, water is water; therefore the three are one."

The Trinity Scriptural

If anything is true, it is true that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed in the Scripture. And this doctrine of the Trinity—of the three substances or persons in the one divine essence—is not a doctrine metaphysically valueless, which belongs to the rubbish of dusty theologies, but is a doctrine vital. It is a doctrine necessary to my thought of

God, God the Father is the infinite One; God the Son is he through whom the infinite One passes unto objectivity; God the Holy Spirit is he through whom Deity comes into spiritual relation with myself.—Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D.

The Triune God

Is a conception for which we can never find a complete illustration; but it is a suggestive fact that every ray of sunlight is composed of three kinds of rays, which perform three distinct kinds of work; the heat-rays, the light-rays, and the actinic, or chemical rays.

Mystery of the Trinity

An infidel was scoffing at the doctrine of the Trinity. He turned to a gentleman, and said, "Do you believe such nonsense?" "Tell me how that candle burns," said the other. "Why the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce light," said the infidel. "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes." "Will you tell me how they are three, and yet but one light?" "No, I cannot." "But you believe it?" The scoffer was put to shame.

Trinity in Unity

The light of the sun, the light of the moon and the light of the air, in nature and substance are one and the same light, and yet they are three distinct lights; the light of the sun being of itself, and from none; the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. So the Divine Nature is one, and the persons three; subsisting, after a diverse manner, in one and the same Nature.—R. Newton.

Symbol of the Trinity

This symbol, light, is composed of three parts, one visible and two invisible; first, illuminative rays, which affect our vision, and by their Fraunhofer lines bring us to a knowledge of the substance of the suns from which they spring; second, chemical rays, which cause growth, and give the results of photography; and, third, the principle called heat, separate from either. So is God revealed—three persons in one God. No man hath seen the Father, or the Holy Ghost; but the Son has been seen of men. Each of these component parts is capable of separate and independent action. Each can be sundered from the other, and still retain its efficiency. The illuminative rays still stream with their incredible swiftness, still bloom with incomprehensible color, and still bear their records of other worlds, after the other two component parts have been turned to other work. There could be no other so happy illustration of the incomprehensible triune nature of God.—Dr. H. W. Warren.

MOTHER'S DAY

A MESSAGE FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Rev. W. L. Caldwell, D. D.

Object Text: A White Carnation.

In 1908, Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, observed the first "Mother's Day" in memory of her own mother. Believing that others shared her feelings, she began a nation-wide movement to have the day observed. She struck a responsive chord in nearly every heart. Little by little the idea grew. The Congress of the United States set apart the day by a formal act, and the President recommended its observance. It is now not only a national day but international. Country after country has responded to its appeal until its observance on the second Sunday in May each year has become world-wide.

Well may we pause to pay honor to her who, after Jesus Christ, is God's best gift to men—MOTHER. It was she who shared her life with us when as yet our members were unformed. Into the valley of the shadow she walked that we might have the light of life. In her arms was the garner of our food, and the soft couch for our repose. There we nestled in the hour of pain, there was the play-ground of our infant glee. Those same arms later became our refuge and stronghold. It was she who taught our baby-feet to go and lifted us over the rough places. Her blessed hands plied the needle by day and by night to make the little garments that we should wear. She put the book under our arm and started us off for school. But best of all she taught our baby lips to lisp the name of Jesus and told us first the wondrous story of a Saviour's love.

Perhaps she lives to bless your life. Maybe the silver-crown her temples adorn, and your children call her grandmother. It may be now your turn to minister to her at eventide. Bless God for the privilege. Plant the kiss of grateful love upon her face and hands, or send her the message of your love. If she has been called to come up higher and rest in the Home above—then wear the flower in memory of her and indulge the sentiment of "Mother's Day."

When Jesus would teach the people the great truths of God's providence and care, he took in his hand the little anemone that bloomed in scarlet beauty on every hill-slope of Galilee and said "consider the lily"—God will take care of you. So let the white carnation, emblem of "Mother's Day," bring to us its message of motherhood. Its whiteness tells of purity, its form of beauty, its fragrance of love, its wide field of growth tells of charity, and its lasting qualities of faithfulness. I am inclined to think that these qualities have always belonged to "dianthus caryophyllus," whether as clove pink or carnation, but its excellence of beauty as we now see it is the result of development.

Professor Drummond, who writes so beautifully of love in his "Ascent of Man," has a chapter on the "evolution of a mother" in which he represents nature struggling for motherhood. Starting with the lowest order of life, from the vegetable kingdom he traces it through the animal kingdom up to man. Through the dim aeons of prehistoric times he traces this development from the jealous instinct of brute mothers to its most perfect refinement in the womenhood of the Christian world. There he stops, evidently regarding this the climax to be reached.

Now all of this is charming and delightful hypothesis. We may not be able to follow him in his theory of evolution, but that there has been a development in this flower of motherhood in our race there can be no doubt. The carnation was once a clove pink. There has been no change in the species, but its development has been wonderful. The motherhood of the Virgin Mary was not radically different from that of Eve, though in it were traces of new beauty. Motherhood does not count itself to have attained perfection, yet it is the choicest flower of earthly affection, and most like the love of God. The white carnation is its fitting emblem.

I. Its whiteness tells us of the purity of motherhood. God pity the misguided soul that vainly imagines himself of superior purity because of a life of celibacy! He hides behind the wall of hypocrisy to sling mud at the one that bore him! Wedlock is holy, and "forbidding to marry" is one of the biblical marks of a moral decline. But even God's holy ordinance of matrimony may be perverted into legalized vice when motherhood is shunned and love that belongs to a child is lavished upon a brindle pup! To bear children is not all of motherhood, indeed a very small

part of it. There are wicked mothers like Jezebel of old. There are unnatural mothers who sell their children into sin. There are sin-cursed, rum-soaked, and abandoned mothers to whom their motherhood is the exposure of their shame. I am glad to believe that there are comparatively few of this class. But their number is sufficient to become a challenge to our Christian manhood. For the corollary of respect for motherhood is to protect womanhood. When we learn that 50,000 girls in America were lost last year, and I mean that word in every sense—dropped out of decent life not to reappear in the stage of virtuous action—it is a call to men to rise up and crush out this nefarious traffic in blood and souls.

No man truly respects his mother who does not lend himself to the protection of womanhood everywhere and under all circumstances. Every true man must set himself against this traffic, which, if not arrested would make "Mother's Day" an impossible farce. Appeal must be made to the strong arm of the law to punish those who lead away silly women like sheep to the shambles, and to put about our girls such protection as they have a right to expect. The vast majority of those who turn aside from the path of virtue are illiterate, cannot write their names. This renders them an easy prey for designing men and women. The remedy is education. There is still better protection in faithful moral training in the home. Shame upon us that we should wait for public schools to teach our children sex hygiene! Thrice shame upon us that we should wait for them to learn in the theatre, the picture show, and the dance hall! The home, in the atmosphere of a pure motherhood, and with mother for the teacher, is the proper school of morals for our boys and girls.

II. Its fragrance tells of the beauty of motherhood. This does not mean that all mothers are beautiful, though your mother is probably beautiful to you. Not all women are favored with symmetry of face and form, but all motherhood is beautiful. The hen with her brood attracts attention, the mother cow with her calf is an object of interest, how much more the human mother and her babe. The greatest picture in the world is the Madonna and her child. The charm of it never grows old. Peep into that Christian home at twilight. There in the glow of the open fire is the mother with her babe. She is crooning lullabys interspersed with broken bits of baby talk, and the little cherub (as

he is to his mother) answers with a crow and a sputter—full compensation to the mother for all her efforts. Do you see those angel faces round about? They are often seen in pictures. Well, they are really there, they are not figments of imagination—"their angels do always behold the face of the Father." Any one of them would gladly exchange places with the mother and give her a peck of diamonds to boot. Talk about kings and emperors, here is office far above either! Into these mother-hands God has entrusted a budding immortality and unto her he has committed the sacred task of making the first impressions upon the unsullied tablets of the child-heart. Beautiful motherhood!

III. Its fragrance tell of the love of motherhood. The family tree of the carnation is famous—is is the "cloves" tree of the tropics. It produces aromatic spices, it bears fruit to eat, and its oil is a medicine. No wonder with such a family record the carnation makes an atmosphere peculiarly its own! Even when bruised or cut it breathes on to bless others. So the essence of motherhood is love. In joy or sorrow, in laughter or tears, that mysterious perfume exhales its fragrance to bless all who come within the circle of its influence. There is no influence under God so potent in the formation of character as that of mother. That it is unconscious renders it none the less effective. Mothers are so careful about the clothes their child shall wear, do they know that out of the influence of their life is being woven for him the coat of character that he shall wear forever!

The motherless boy hasn't had a fair chance in the world, he has run the race with a handicap. Great men have usually owed their achievements to their mothers, and they have not been slow to acknowledge it. But the motherless boy or, worse still, the boy with a worthless mother, is to be pitied. When the worthless son of a worthless mother, on his way to prison, asked to speak to his mother, and bit off her ear he was not altogether to be blamed. She had robbed him of his birthright. The pride of America is its mothers. No nation is ever greater than its women. They are makers of men. When Greece and Rome had mothers to train their children they stood without rivals, but when Greece produced a crop of perfumed dandies, and Rome her jeweled debauchees like Otho, and matricides like Nero, God began to wipe out their glory as when one wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.

IV. The broad field of growth of the carnation suggests to us "the charity of motherhood." The child is not the only learner in the home-school. She too has learned and the compass of her love is wider.

V. And its lasting qualities tell us of the faithfulness of motherhood. It is mother's love that faileth not. The father gives up in the sick room, but she forgets weariness and sleep and hopes on. He loses patience with the wayward child, perhaps exiles him from the home. Not so the mother. She never gives up. Hers is a love that will not let us go.

All honor to the mothers of men! In one of our universities there was a son of a widowed mother. She labored and toiled to keep him in school. She sold one of the plow horses rather than take him away. At the commencement he was graduated. He sat on the platform in his plain brown linen suit, no vest, but he was the honor graduate. When a beautiful gold medal was handed him, he stepped from the rostrum and walked to the back of the room where sat by the door a little old lady in black. He tied the blue ribbon with the great glittering medal around her neck. She buried her wrinkled face in her hands and wept like a child. And the great throng cheered and cheered again. It was Mother's Day.

But every true woman knows that the honors should not rest with her. All her purity, beauty, love and faithfulness are at best but dim reflections of those rays of divine light. She lays her trophies and honors at the feet of her Master, Mary's Great Son. In honoring her our hearts are lifted into the worship and praise of our Mother's God.

MOTHERHOOD PARALLEL WITH THE CROSS

By Rev. A. O. Hammond

Text: "And there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother." John 19:25.

The Protestant Madonna is not the Virgin Mary, but one's own mother. In celebrating Mother's Day, we shall wonderfully strengthen the grip of Christianity in the world. We have been tardy in recognition of woman's place in home and church. It is time for the church to begin preaching the Motherhood of God. Since we have ceased to talk about the weakness of

womanhood it is now time to commemorate her strong, heroic, divine qualities. It must be the part of Christianity to perpetuate devotion to mother.

While the white carnation has been taken as the symbol of motherhood, the cross is also a mother's emblem. The carnation may express her purity and beauty, but the cross speaks her unselfish love. If we look at motherhood from the standpoint of the cross we discover the nearest natural expression of its thought. The secret of the cross is Divine Love; the secret of mothers' care and self-denial is Love. As mother is the center of the home, so Christ is the center of the Church.

There are parallels of truth running through the thought of the Cross and Motherhood. I believe that the cross is repeated in every good mother's life. If the voice of the Church grows first, the voice of mother still rings true. She preaches her gospel unceasing. When all else fails, the prayers of a Christian mother have brought back the wayward son.

My text suggests two wonderful themes: The Cross from the standpoint of a mother, and, Motherhood from the standpoint of the Cross. The mother of Jesus standing before the cross saw more than a tragedy, she saw what love would do. She beheld a reflection of her own mother-love. And Jesus looking down upon his own mother, heart-broken at his suffering, beheld more than a weeping woman. He saw an imperishable type of Divine love.

Let us look at some of the parallels of the Cross and Motherhood.

I. First parallel: "Mother" suggests personal righteousness.

One of the sayings of the old Jewish rabbis was: "God could not be everywhere, and therefore he made mothers." I think their thought was that God was omnipresent in mothers. Even where God is unknown, and theology little understood, the voice of the Creator is speaking through mother-love. The relation of motherhood antedates that of the atonement and asserted itself in the very midst of the catastrophe of the crucifixion. "Behold thy mother" were almost the last words of the Son of God. A boy knows motherhood before he has a thought of Deity. In the thought of childhood, next to the omniscient God, should be the almost omniscient mother. One is meant to lead up to the

other. "A little lower than the angels" is a good starting point for a boy's conception of his mother's personality.

The boy may be trusted who keeps no secrets from his mother. It means much for a boy to keep on speaking terms with his mother. The point of divergence is the point of danger. The crisis in a child's history is reached the moment his mother ceases to be his ideal. To maintain this ideal, unsullied till manhood is reached is the chief aim of home training.

Every true mother wants her child to be good. Mothers see evils that fathers sometimes overlook. She has an instinct for moral dangers. Her influence for righteousness is stronger than all the laws, all the education, and all the preachers. Of course, there are the wicked mothers, like Jezebel of old. There are the unnatural mothers, who sell their children into sin, there are the harlots, the depraved, the drunken; but these are the perversions that shame the name of womanhood. The number of women without the true mother-instinct is small. Even sinful women have numberless influences for good. It is this innate sense of right and wrong that makes women most susceptible to the preaching of righteousness. There are more women like the godly Hannah who lent her son Samuel to the Lord from his birth. The Christian mother leads all other forces in power for personal righteousness.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, "I owe to my angel mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

Thomas Carlyle thought of his mother as the "Holy of Holies."

II. Second parallel: "Mother" suggests Christian service.

The unselfish devotion of motherhood to children is the truest illustration of the Christian ideal of service. Women of to-day, shirking motherhood, tell of what they would do in the great world. But no achievement is greater than the simple, unostentatious ministries of motherhood. How bravely mothers have borne the heavy burdens laid upon them! How courageously they have met every deprivation and pain! They are the types of Christian ministers and martyrs.

Nearly all great men attribute their success to their mothers. We have such testimonies given by such men as Martin Luther,

Mirabeau, Lord Macaulay, Spurgeon, and Dean Stanley. A British magazine recently stated that there were at least three members of parliament who confessed that they owed more to their mothers than to any other person, one of these being Mr. Lloyd George. The mother of Mathew Simpson dedicated him to the Lord as a Christian minister, John and Charles Wesley owed their career to their mother Susanna. Theodore L. Cuyler said, "When I was a student at Princeton, the chairman of our examining board requested all who had praying mothers to rise. Nearly a hundred and fifty leaped to their feet. There we stood living witnesses to the power of a mother's prayers and of her shaping influence and example."

In asking for suitable recognition of Mother's Day, Governor John Burke, of North Daktota, said: "To think of mother is to recall her unselfish devotion, her limitless, unfaltering love through good and evil report, never wavering, but growing stronger and stronger with the years; and to remember that she asks nothing in return for herself; she asks of us and for us that we be good men and women. If we fail she does not love us less, but more. Wonderful, constant, miraculous mother's love!"

It rests with us whether we make the life of our mothers worth while. She lives in vain if after pouring out her love and life to make us achieve, we grovel in the mire of sloth and sin. Let us honor her, both by kindness toward her and by deeds done in her name.

III. Third parallel: "Mother" suggests the heavenly home.

The mother is the head and queen of the home. Home always means mother. A boy was asked where his home was. He answered, "Where mother is." That is home to us all. We never get so old that this is not true. Few hymns have done as much to keep the heart tender as that of "Home, Sweet Home." The Christian's view of heaven is simply home in perfection. Even heaven is never so real to any of us till we have a mother there.

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand

Round me on every hand
Heaven is my mother-land
Heaven is my home."

If we but live in this world in such a manner that we shall be fitted for heaven, and we enter that beautiful land, the first to welcome us there will be that dear old mother who loved us here. How many sons have looked down into mother's face, as the candle of her life flickered out, and promised to meet her in heaven!

THE CHRISTIAN HOME: AMERICA'S FUNDAMENTAL NEED

By Rev. James I. Vance, D. D.

Text: "Seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation," etc. Gen. 18:18, 19.

The revival society most needs to-day is not the revival of trade. That will come in due time. It will not be the revival of good government. That is coming. But society needs more than civic reform. The revival society most needs to-day is not the revival of racial purity, of physical soundness, of eugenics. That, too, is important. The body is holy, but it still remains a fact that man merely has a body, while he is a soul. It is not the revival of philanthropy. Philanthropy is in a state of revival. The revival society most needs to-day is not a church revival. To be sure that kind of revival is desperately needed, and there can be no hope of any permanent improvement in society that does not take into acocunt the potent influence which only the church can wield. The revival society most needs to-day is the revival of an institution which is older than all these, more important than any and all of them combined, and which, if permitted permanently to suffer eclipse and decline, will seal the doom of human progress. I refer to the home. The revival society most needs today is the revival of the Christian home.

The interests of the home are more important than the interests of trade. We have sold out, and sold to the lowest bidder, when we sacrifice home joys and sanctities for the money god. This is what many are doing. They are money-mad.

The discipline of the home is more important than good government, because the discipline of the home is essential to good

government. You cannot make good citizens out of people who have never been taught obedience.

The sanctity of the home is more important than all the questions which center in the latest scheme for racial integrity—eugencies; for if the homes had been Christian, the problems of eugencies need not have arisen. People talk about safeguarding the marriage relations with a physical examination. Why? Because the marriage relation itself has been so abused, ignored and defiled that society is paying the price. We must begin further back than a physical examination if race purity is to be achieved.

The devotion of the home is a finer thing than philanthropy, by as much as personality is finer than institutionalism. Our benevolent and philanthropic work is splendid and necessary. It has had an amazing growth; but this, to a large extent, has been made necessary by the failure of another and an older institution to do its work. If there had been better homes, there would have been less need of institutions. I care not how good an institution may be, it can never be as good as a home, and can never take the place of a home.

The interests of the home are higher than the interests of the school. In a measure they are, of course, identical, and should work in perfect sympathy and be controlled by the same ideals.

The revival of the home is more important than the revival of the church. The home is older in God's plan. It is basal. No revival in the church gets far enough, nor lasts long enough, which does not affect the home. The church is the most important institution of society save one. It is more important than the shop or the school or the state, but it is not as important as the home. The character of the church is fixed by the home. There is not much future for any church which does not have behind its altar a fireside.

I say that the revival of the home is of more concern than personal salvation, by as much as the cause is in advance of its results. It is important to convert people, to get them saved, but if this change is to come at the best time, if it is to last and produce the best results, if in many it is to come at all, it will be because of parental example and prayer, because of the holy influences wielded by a godly father and a pious mother in a Christian home. Therefore I say that the revival society most

needs to-day is the revival of the Christian home. It is a strong statement, but not stronger than the facts demand.

I. The home in decline. That the Christian home is in a state of decline is evident to anybody who knows what a Christian home is, and who pauses to investigate present-day conditions. The home as an institution is fighting for its life. The servant question, the high cost of living, the rush of modern life, the innumerable fads which claim our time, promising much and cashing out nothing, the speed mania, the dance mania, the recreation mania, are all a menace to the quiet and simplicity without which true home life has not the ghost of a chance. The unity of the home is difficult to maintain. The table used to be the social center, where all the family met at meal time, but nowadays they straggle in as the exigencies of social or other engagements may permit. Thus the bond of the common life in the home is broken.

II. Regard for the sanctity of the marriage vow is declining. Christianity stands for the sanctity of marriage. Marriage is not a sacrament, but it is sacred. Marriage has been fearfully cheapened. It is not only entered into lightly, but is lightly set aside. Divorce may be had for any whim, and is so frequent that the dockets of the courts are congested. Public sentiment on the subject has fallen so low that some are brazen enough to advocate trial marriages. This, of course, shocks us. But the proposal of so indecent and revolutionary a thing shows that public opinion has reached the dregs. And yet often divorce in reality is just this under the thin guise of a legal permit. Marriage is a moral act, made so by God, and human law can never make moral what divine law has made immoral. The prevalent low views on marriage are a feature of the decline of the Christian home.

III. There is also a decline of parental authority. Christianity stands not for parental servility, but authority. To every child the command is, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Parents are not to be arbitrary. They are not to warp or repress the child's individuality. But the first lesson any of us needs to learn is that of submission to authority. Man must have a master. The secret of self-control is lodged in the thought of being controlled. What is the situation in the average home? Parental authority is a joke. It has been reduced to a shadow. Your children have gotten beyond you. You have been weak

enough to permit it. It is bad for you, but worse for them. No colt ever broke itself to harness, and there is trouble in the world for any boy or girl until he learns to respect life's harness, until he has a sense of the value of authority and restraint.

IV. There is a decline in religious instruction. The most important element of the Christian home is the atmosphere of reverence. It is to the soul what sunlight is to the flower. Religion puts the home on a basis of sincerity and earnestness. It rules our shams; it slays artificiality; it is not possible to overestimate the value of all this. No child's soul has a fair chance who is not taught prayer and the great truths about God and the future Life. What is the religious life of your home? You probably provide well for the physical wants. Do you make any provision for the spiritual? If not, you are sending your children on a journey across a desert stretch of sterile sand with nothing for the journey. Is a blessing asked at your table? It is more important than what goes on the table. Have you a family altar? If you care anything for your home, for the character of your children, for their present or eternal welfare, beware of a prayerless home.

V. Need of the Christian Home. The Christian home is needed for the sake of the nation. We are fighting some great battles for human rights here in America. We must have leaders who possess courage and strength to stand against privilege, and citizens whose ideals are high and clean, and who place the moral welfare of society above party schemes or private gain; for the making of such leaders and citizens we must have Christian homes. No nation is better than the home life of its people.

The Christian home is needed for the sake of the church. The church is dependent on the home for its reinforcement. Do you think it strange that young men are not seeking the ministry as they once did? Why should they, when you think of the homes? What is there in these homes to direct a lad's mind to a holy calling?

The Christian home is needed for the sake of your children. You love them, and would do anything for them. Are you doing the best? Are you setting them a Christian example? Are you sending them out to life's duties strong with Christian principles, so that when temptations come they may stand? You feel that if you leave your children money enough to be independent that

will be about the best you can do. It may be the worst. Money is the least thing you can leave them. How often it becomes a curse? Have you ever known religion to be a curse? It is not money you need to leave your children, but character, faith, will-power, habits of reverence, of industry and devotion to duty.

God help us to save our homes! If I had but one message, the chance of but one word to the nation and the age, if I were preaching my last sermon, it would be a plea for religion in the home!

MOTHER'S DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Why Mother?

There is a proverb which says, "God could not be everywhere; so he made mothers." It is not good theology, but it conveys a noble interpretation of the function of motherhood. The divine care for human lives has no better symbol than the unremitting attention which a true mother gives to her children. There is profound pathos in the lives of those little ones whose parents delegate their most sacred duties to hirelings. Nurses and governesses can never be satisfactory substitutes for mothers. A woman who is a mother only in the sense that she has given birth to children is a libel on the holiest office conferred upon her sex. The shrinking from motherhood which characterizes so many women in our time is not only a mark of selfishness; it is also an evidence of an inferior judgment about the way to be happy. Felicity belongs only to those women who frankly accept the natural terms of wifehood, and by bearing and nourishing children enter into fellowship with God's plan of setting the solitary in families.

Mother

Many will recall the words of Kate Douglas Wiggin: "Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world."

Mother's Day Lesson

The lesson of purity is a Mother's Day lesson. Purity is strength. Impurity is weakness. Let the day remind us of the duty of purity. As has been said, impurity is weakness. A slight storm laid low a tall, well-built oak. Then it was discovered that the tree consisted of a shell, its heart eaten away by the canker of rot. An insignificant stroke of disease carried to his grave a man, tall, well-proportioned; apparently his vitality had been wasted away by use of alcohol. A man professedly standing for his honesty in business, occupying a prominent position in a Christian church, fell before a gust of financial temptation. An analysis of his character showed that he was like the tree, mostly external shell. His character resembled the physical frame of the man who died. The tree thought it was strong because it had not been tested. The first man boasted of his health because he had never been sick. The second man did not expect to fall

because he had not discovered how weak he was.

The Christian is peculiar because he is committed to holiness. He has been set apart, sanctified, is "called to be a saint." He may be far from real sainthood now, but the obligation to attain it is upon him. This he knows and feels. He also knows that he must seek to become a saint or he will soon cease to be a Christian. By every motive he is moved to press toward the mark of a high calling in Christ. That means, pledges him to watchfulness against evil from every quarter.—H.

The Baby's Sky

The nurture of the child soul begins when the nurture of its body begins. A mother is conscious of the responsibilities, at the birth of her child, that are not merely physical nurture and carefulness. Her love transcends the animal, and Hope hangs a star over every cradle. She looks through the animal at his soul. She is in a sense his soul, his will, his mind, his all. "It is given to mothers," says Bushnell, "to plant the angel in men."

"The holy baby has no skies
But mother's eyes;
Nor any God above
But mother's love;
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's full of grace."

And so, mothers, we have led you to the mother's task. She is the first and greatest interpreter of God to her babe. Kneeling beside his crib each day, she becomes to him an object lesson in prayer. She exemplifies the faith she means to teach. The faith-filled home needs no special conversation on religion, but is filled with religious conversation from which the child gets his vocabulary. Faith becomes a matter of the home environment and parental conduct.—Rev. Robinson P. Bennett.

Love for Mother

A pleasant-faced woman boarded a trolley car with her two small sons during the busy noon hour of the holiday season. The smaller boy sat with his mother upon one side of the car, while the other, who was about four years old, took a seat opposite. It interested him to look out of the window, but frequently he glanced across at his mother. At length he called softly, "Mother!" No answer. Again he spoke: "Mother!" This time is was said a bit louder, and the mother looked over and smiled. The boy's eyes lighted, and he whispered: "Mother! I love you." The mother turned a glorified face upon her small son, and men and women in the car looked tenderly from one to the other. The trolley car had suddenly become a place of blessing because a little boy had voiced this ever-beautiful sentiment: "Mother, I love you."—Zion's Herald.

"The God of My Mother"

In the middle of the last century Sir David Brewster went to Paris to visit his friend Arago, the astronomer, who was completing the circuit of his life. Of their interview he said: "We conversed on the marvels of creation; and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God.

"But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to understand him;" and he did not deny it.

"Only in this case," said he, "it is quite impossible for me to understand the God of the philosophers."

I replied, "We are not dealing with him, although I believe that true philosophy conducts us to faith in God; but I wish to speak of the God of the Christian." Whereupon he exclaimed, "You mean the God of my mother! How much comfort she had in kneeling before him!" He said no more; but his heart had spoken.

Thus a man when left to his better instincts, true to his conscience and the light of the Oracles, finds his way to God.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

The Emoluments of Motherhood

The emoluments of motherhood were never greater than to-day. Poets have sung of the debt which the race owes to its mothers, and every true man has spoken with unstinted praise of his own mother. The obligations of society to motherhood have had clear recognition. We shall soon discern that the women who bear children are the most determining factor in shaping modern civilization.—The Christian Observer.

Loved Me Over It

At Maule, near Paris, France, trees are grown for umbrella handles, canes, etc. Five hundred acres are planted with ash, oak, maple, chestnut. At one year they are cut back, so that there will be several branches. The next year different designs are traced on the bark. When the bark is stripped off the following year, the designs are found upon the wood, ready for use. This the mother does with her boys and girls, determines their worth. Mother is the heart of the home, while Father is the head.

The mother-love tides us over many difficulties. A little child fell and was hurt; but she said of her father, "He just loved me over it." The boy was crippled; but the Mother encouraged him to try and try again to walk, with hand and kiss and song.

The Heaven of Purity

A well known friend and counselor of girls says: "Not long ago I entered a large department-store. On one counter I saw some dainty waists marked at so low a price that I paused to examine them. 'Why are these sold so cheaply?' I asked of the clerk. 'O,' she replied, 'they are shop-worn; you would not notice it at a glance, but their freshness is gone; so we have to put down the price. After a while, if they get more soiled we will toss them over there,' and she pointed to a table whereon lay a pile of waists with a placard above, telling that they were to be sold below even the cost of material. Around this table stood a crowd of people pulling over the pile of waists, soiling them still more, then leaving them perhaps a tumbled heap on the floor. 'Those are of the same material as these on the counter,' said the clerk, 'and both are the same as these,' pointing to dainty waists in boxes marked at prices more than quadruple those upon the table.

" 'You see,' she explained, 'people who are particular don't want to buy goods that are not fresh. They'd rather pay more for the same article that has not been handled by so many.' "

There is price, there is privilege, there is power in purity. There is

heaven in it: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Think of this on Mother's Day.—H.

Dedicated

When young Matthew Simpson tremblingly broke the news to his widowed mother that he felt called to preach, which would necessitate his leaving home, she exclaimed with tears of joy: "Oh, my son, I have prayed for this hour every day since you were born. At that time, we dedicated you to the Christian ministry."

The One Argument

When Richard Cecil was a youth, he tried his utmost to be an infidel; but there was one argument he could never answer; it was the beautiful, eloquent Christian life of his mother. That held him fast.

Another, Dr. Newman Hall, had a similar experience. Against all the solicitations and seductions of infidelity there stood the holy life of his mother. He could not get away from that.

Mother's Prayer

Another great teacher, Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, Scotland, who succeeded in putting himself into the life of his students in a marvelous way, in spite of the pain that tortured him all through his professional life, liked to tell lovingly of his debt to his mother. One of his first memories was of the evening visits paid by her to the bed in which he slept with his twin brother. As she bent over the boys, she would whisper the prayer of Jacob: "The God who hath fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel who hath redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!" George was fascinated by the words, which he heard one night when the mother thought he was asleep. After that he used to lie awake, pretending to be asleep, that he might hear the earnest prayer. The thought of the petition so often repeated was a benediction to him throughout his life. —Rev. John T. Farris, D. D.

Maternal Feeling of the Soldier

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, writing on "The Motherhood of the Soldier" in the Red Cross Magazine, says: "It sounds absurd, I know, but it seems to me that up front we fighting men contrived to get a kind of motherly feeling for one another. We were all so weak when considered separately, so liable to wounds and deaths; we were only strong when we stood together. This maternal feeling which developed showed itself in a special direction when the danger was most intense. The moment before an attack the uppermost thought which most of us had and which some of us expressed was, 'I wish, if I go west to-day, I had a kid to leave behind me.' It wasn't the father in the man speaking there, for the paternal instinct rarely makes itself felt until the child is already in the world. It was the woman speaking who lies hidden in the heart of every man."

The Power of Purity

The story is told of two theological students who were walking along an "old clothes" street in the Whitechapel district of London. Suddenly one exclaimed, "What a splendid text for a sermon to young men!" pointing to a suit of clothes that hung swaying in the breeze at the side of a window. "Slightly Soiled. Greatly Reduced in Price."

"That's it exactly," he went on. "We young people get soiled so slightly, just seeing a vulgar show in a theater, just reading a coarse book, just allowing ourselves a little indulgence in dishonest or lustful thoughts, just slightly soiled, and lo! when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised we are 'greatly reduced in price.' Our charm, our strength is gone. The consecration of youth is gone. We are just part and parcel of the general shop-soiled stock."

There is great loss in being "slightly soiled," but there is power in purity. Sir Galahad, the old knight who stood as the type of chastity, said: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." It is so still. The man whose heart is right has the power of ten average men from the very fact that his heart is right. If Sir Galahad was correct, his language might be followed with the statement of the man his exact opposite in character. "My weakness is as the weakness of ten because my heart is impure." If a man's heart is wrong, he has hidden away in his life as much weakness as belongs to ten average men from the very fact that his heart is impure. But there is power in purity. Shakespeare said: "A heart unspotted is not easily daunted." The poet Thomson said: "Even from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid." "Virtue is a thousand shields" was the motto of the Earl of Effingham. Christ said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The apostle Paul said, "Whatsoever things are pure, think on these things." And he wrote to his young friend Timothy, "Keep thyself pure."—H.

MEMORIAL DAY

FLOWERS FOR MEMORIAL DAY. A COMELY CUSTOM

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

Text: "The Jews ordained, and took upon them, and upon their seed," etc. Esther 9:27, 28.

Tradition has it that after the last battle fought in behalf of the Stuarts there sprang up to mark the spot on Colloden Moor a singular little blue flower, unknown in that region before. The natives called it the "Flower of Colloden," because it sprang from the soil made sacred and rich with the blood of their kin. Seeds sleeping for ages, it was said, sprung into life and beauty when they received their baptism of blood. Colloden flowers are always considered the choicest because of the cost of their production; for they of all others grow from soil fertilized with sacrifices and dyed with blood.

One might ask, What are these Colloden flowers of our American soil? One is national freedom. Another is the Mayflower of religious liberty. Others there are that form a whole bouquet of patriotic graces, springing from the soil where our soldiers died in the Civil War, and other wars of self-sacrificing love and devotion to country and kin.

By a change of thought and figure of speech we can think of the flowers our nation uses on Memorial Day as American Colloden flowers of gratitude. The Psalmist said, "Praise is comely." The expression of gratitude is comely; so we are sure that our nation's practice of each Memorial Day scattering on the graves of its heroic dead the flowers of gratitude as a sweet smelling savor is a comely custom. This annual tribute of flowers is certainly a very beautiful custom and one we hope will never cease to be observed. It will not affect the dead, but it will greatly affect and bless the living. Flowers are the most exquisite materialization of God's ideas. He has woven them as embroidery for Nature's garments, but most of all to furnish man with a token of his love. On nodding stem and waving branch God has hung the blossoms of every conceivable beauty of form and color as perpetual expressions of his love for us. Is it any

wonder, then, that when human hearts, drawn by the divine instinct, seek some token of their affection, they pluck the flowers, messages of God's love, as symbols of their love for each other? It was certainly a very beautiful thought, born in a Southern woman's heart, and first practiced by Southern women, of strewing the graves of the soldier dead with these beautiful tokens of love.

In our text we have an account of the founding of the Jewish National Memorial Day. It was not so much a religious as a national memorial day. It celebrated a day of victory and triumph; and they made it memorable by annual observance. Purim means "lot." It was a day when God decided the lot in favor of the Jewish nation. We are told what great care was taken that their national deliverance might be kept in remembrance. The people took upon themselves a national memorial day. It was not definitely commanded—they took it upon themselves—but it was a day when they recognized the hand of God in their deliverance; and it has been faithfully kept throughout all their generations from that day until this.

But let us not forget that we have a double reason for keeping our Memorial Day. The Jews had a bloodless victory; but ours was purchased at the price of precious lives, even those of our own brothers and sons and husbands and fathers.

I. First, then, let us think of it as a Memory Day. Wisely we call the day a Memorial day—a memory day. As we strew the graves of our patriot dead with blossoms, mingling our tears with their heroic dust, two words seem to greet our eyes as if written on some immortal scroll. These words are "memory" and "duty."

"Decoration Day" can never cease to be a tender memory. There can be no greater day to be remembered in the annals of American liberty than that 30th of May when the flower of Southern chivalry gave up its battle sword to the silent soldier of Appomattox. But the day has far more in it than the celebration of any single event. It is a day sacred to the memory of the unnumbered hosts of heroic men who through toil and suffering and defeat and victory, and death in victory, have made our nation great and free. And let us not forget that many precious lessons of the day will be well-nigh lost if we fail to keep in thoughtful recollection our brave defenders themselves who now

lie resting from their arms in their silent tents of green. Let us remember them. Let us, as far as possible, recall their names and repeat them over with reverence and respect. Let us recount their deeds, describe their battles, tell of their valor and crown their graves with their country's flag and with sweetest flowers, symbolic of our love and of the moral beauty of their acts.

The ancient Romans used to place the statues and busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses that they and their children might be reminded of and led to imitate their noble deeds. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. The young grew up to reverence the worthies whose statues they daily saw, and to emulate the qualities which gave to their ancestors such lasting fame. In these days we have no busts of honored ancestors in the porches of our dwellings; but we have something more impressive in such days as this we celebrate, when their noble characters are extolled and their heroic deeds are recounted in every hamlet and village and city throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the results will be just as happy, and more so, than were those flowing from that honored Roman custom.

It is not half so manly, or womanly, or human, to forget, as it is to remember our loved ones. Every memorial shows a nobility, a tenderness, a genuineness of heart. Then, think you not, that the heart of this our nation is softened, sympathy, sensibility and true greatness increased by our observance of a national Memorial Day?

II. In recalling the past we find, secondly, that our Memorial Day is a day with very important lessons. Our civic and other gatherings on Memorial Day are not alone to celebrate the patriotism of our fathers, but for a purpose even higher than this, namely, that patriotism may be perpetuated. Let us then cultivate patriotism. But while we do it, let us bear in mind that one way to do it is to put down all sectionalism. Sectionalism is the opposite of patriotism. The duty is for us to forget that there is any North or South, East or West, but to know only that we are one people. Let us bear in mind that first of all we are Americans. It was the immortal Patrick Henry who said, "I am

not a Virginian, I am an American," and these words should find echo in every American heart.

In the great Centennial Celebration, held in New York City a few years ago, no sentiments of loyalty to the Union were more beautiful than those uttered by the Governors from the South, and none in line on Broadway were more enthusiastically cheered than the guests from the South. As sections of this country we are bound together—we are bound by the bridges that span our streams, by the continuous steel rails that support our trains, by the wires that transmit our messages, by the birds that exchange visits with us, by the blue canopy that shuts us under the same roof, and by the eternal ties of brotherhood.

Another duty is that of making our patriotism Christian. Love of country is not only a natural sentiment in every true heart, but it is right in the sight of God. No one can ignore his relation to his country and not sin against God. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." These were the words of one loyal both to God and to native land. Christ too, was a patriot; and a religion without patriotism is not inspired by Christ. Christ loved his nation. He came first for his own people, preached first to them, and wept when they would not attend to the things that would make for their peace. The gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian spirit.

It is one of the happy facts that our Memorial Day acts so strongly in the direction of keeping this higher form of patriotism alive. Is there no lesson of loyalty to God and native land when our rising generations are told of men like Commodore Perry, before his battles placing the American flag on the capstan of his ship, and the Bible on the flag, and then with his men gathered around him, singing the old hundredth psalm? Or of Nathan Coffin, urged and threatened to induce him to enlist with his nation's enemy, replying: "Hang me if you will to the yardarm of your ship, but do not ask me to become a traitor to my country!" Or of General Reed, of the Revolution, offered fifty thousand dollars as a bribe, replying: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!"

Christian patriotism—this is what our people learn and find strengthened by the observance of each recurring Memorial Day, a patriotism which is opposed to selfishness and all self-seeking, which reproves all anarchy and disorder, which denounces every attempt to plunder the treasury and by turning public office into a way of serving only private ends. These things, and others like them, do not grow in the same soil, they do not live in the same heart with Christianity and patriotism.

Again, our Memorial Day teaches the value of peace. It shows war at best as a necessary evil, to be justified only by a righteous cause. It shows the cost of war. What our wars have cost us in dollars and cents some day may be wiped out and forgotten, but that they cost us hundreds of thousands of precious lives will never be forgotten while Memorial Day continues to be observed. At a great price obtained we this freedom. It was the price of blood—the blood of a nation's heroes, whose memories we honor. Our nation will not soon forget the value of peace purchased at such a cost. Memorial Day is a definite reminder of the price paid.

III. The day also brings lessons of gratitude and hope. Memory is the mother of gratitude. When we recall our national blessings, how much cause we have for gratitude to God! We can truly say, "He hath not dealt so with any nation." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, The God of Jacob is our refuge." Our dear old flag, "with not a stripe erased and not a star obscured," waves over a broad undivided nation of free people—the happiest people in the world, if we had the good sense to appreciate it. It is no fiction when ours is spoken of as "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

And so the blessings of the past encourage us to hope also for the future. We believe that he who moulds the destiny of nations is with us. "God reigns; let the people rejoïce." Our trust is in God, and we cannot but believe that the same divine hand which has guided us through all the perils of the past will still hold the helm of our ship of State and guide us safely through every coming storm.

MEMORIAL DAY SERMON

By Rev. George Clarke Peck, D. D.

Text: "Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" Judges 8:2.

That was a gracious and beautiful reply which Gideon made to the captious, cold-blooded Ephraimites. It had been a great day for Israel. The trumpet, the pitcher and the lamp had in the hands of Gideon's "three hundred" led on to signal victory. Like a thunderbolt dropping from the sky the little band of heroic spirits had fallen upon the camp of Midian and sent her legions scurrying for shelter. Then when the battle had been won, and it only remained to gather up the spoil, the Ephraimites had been summoned to the fray. Such was the part these mountaineers had played; they had gathered the fruit another hand had shaken from the tree, enjoyed the trophies of another's conquest, come in on time to shout the victor's hymn.

But strange to say, yet true to human nature, these Ephraimites had nothing but criticism to offer. Ungrateful while others had more glory than they had, ungenerous though gorged with unearned meat, querulous because they had not been sooner called, they improved the first ocasion after the battle din had ceased to load that immortal "three hundred" with abuses. I marvel that Gideon answered as he did. There are times when to hold one's tongue is harder than to lead a regiment. If ever there is a moment in which criticism is superlatively mean it is when men come in tired and faint with doing their full duty. Yet Gideon had a gracious word. He said the guerdon was not his as much as theirs. He had fought to let them win bloodless triumphs. His had been the vigil, the weariness and the pain; theirs were the comfort and the spoil. "Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?"

This then may be our Memorial Day meditation. That ancient picture is reproduced in the congregation before me. Here are representatives of our Gideon's band. Here are a few at least of that immortal company which went out against sedition in a blacker night than Gideon's three hundred ever knew. And here are we who are rich because they bravely dared; men, women, children who have entered into an inheritance of peace and plenty by others' agonies. Few of us

have the remotest conception what it meant to stand unflinching at Manassas Junction or Malvern Hill. War is to most of us an item in the morning paper, a disturbance of our commercial plans, a sentimental horror. Our picture of war is printed in ink, not written in blood. We are for the most part Ephraimites; men who have come on the scene when the struggle was overpast, patriots who have followed the flag only in peaceable processions, citizens who owe all the national blessings they enjoy, by the grace of God, to the modern Abiezerites our veterans. It is the old picture of Ephraim and Abiezer reproduced.

I. But what impresses me first about this picture is that some of the modern Ephraimites are still engaged in the same ignoble business their prototypes pursued. We have never learned to be thoroughly generous to the men who won the day for us. I heard of a great civic parade which never came off because the militia refused to march behind the Grand Army. Every little while some white livered patriot asks when we shall hear the last of "these old tales and savage wars." We cannot afford to be jealous of the soldier's honors. There is something unique about his claim. Our flowers will never find a sweeter use than when they shed their fragrance above the soldiers' graves. Our warmest eulogies will but lamely voice their praise. Ours is an immortal debt; we cannot over-pay. Let it not be truthfully alleged against us that a Republic is proverbially ungrateful.

II. It is the peculiar glory of the heroes whose fame we celebrate that they fought not for themselves. Our Gideonites went forth for Israel's sake. The spoil they won for themselves was only a decimal of what they secured for us. They were strugglers for the future, battlers for a heritage for generations yet unborn. That makes their fame secure. War is not always "hell"; it may be heavenly in purpose. Indeed that makes the difference—purpose. The difference between the bandit's and the patriot's bullet is a difference of purpose. One kills for selfish booty; the other kills that it may make alive. There is nothing beautiful in the spectacle of two ruffians standing forth in an arena to pummel each other. But I have known a man to rush to the defense of a woman's honor or the safety of a child, and every blow he struck was pure as a mother's prayers. Motive made the difference.

III. But the function of Memorial Day is always two-fold. If it has flowers and orations for the dead, it has also exhortations for the living. The dearest tribute we can ever pay our heroes is paid when we reproduce and perpetuate their spirit. The gravest peril of our land—the peril of any land in its prosperity and peace—lies in the decay of heroic manhood. It is one of the saddest commentaries upon human nature that men can be lions in the hour of danger—and sheep and sycophants when the stress is past. Among the urgent needs of our vast commonwealth I do not know of one more urgent than that of a rebaptism of the spirit of '76 and '61. Obedience, magnanimity, self-sacrifice—these stand for the endowment Memorial Day should bring to you and me.

1. Oh, for American men and women who would rather execute some holy commission than to have all the wealth and criminal ease of earth! A nation is strong in proportion as its sons have learned obedience. Obedience to every law, obedience to the powers that make for righteousness, obedience to the purest ideals of civic life—this is what our Memorial Day should teach.

2. Magnanimity is another of the soldier qualities we want to see repeated in our age. It is always hard to be true to conscience and not be, at the same time, ungenerous to others. That was a beautiful moment in our late Spanish war, when "Fighting Bob" Evans of the "Iowa" refused the sword of the Captain of the "Viscaya." It was enough for him that the Stars and Stripes waved proudly that day. You remember also that when the fight was hottest at Santiago, and the flag had just been run down on the "Oquendo," Captain Philip checked the involuntary cheer that the boys were lifting, "Don't cheer boys—can't you see they are dying over there." That is the knightliness for the twentieth century; strong for the right but tender toward the weak; dealing valiant blows yet reaching forth a brother's hand to steady the tottering; hearing every vehement call, yet hearing the cry of helplessness still further—the keenest weapon and the kindest heart.

3. One more strong truth ought this day to bring us: self-sacrifice. In Sotland there is a battle field on which the natives and their Saxon foes met in terrible encounter. No monument marks the spot, but a singular, little blue flower grows there

and there alone. They call it the "flower of Culloden" because it sprung from soil in which the bodies of patriots were buried. The seeds were there of course, but needed the baptism of blood to make them grow. And now every blue flower on Culloden Field, as it bends its head to the summer breeze, is a tender memorial of the brave spirits who dyed that soil with their hearts' blood.

Dear friends, the choicest flowers of human civilization are always Culloden flowers; they spring alone from soil that has been watered by sacrifice. Freedom is one such flower. Religious liberty is another. Christianity is another—it sprung from the blood-dewed ground at the foot of a Cross! Then do not expect to do a man's full duty in the payment of taxes and the correctness of a well ordered life. He who is not willing to open his veins to help sanctify his country, is not worthy of his inheritance. No man has begun to be a real citizen of this Republic until his citizenship has cost him something. We must feed our most holy institutions as our heroic dead fed freedom, with sacrifice.

Obedience, magnanimity, self-sacrifice—this is the trinity of patriotic graces Memorial Day must teach.

MEMORIAL DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Spirit of Sacrifice

"A wooden cross over there is better than an armchair over here."

That's the spirit that was found in all the boys who saw with their own eyes the hell of German warfare. We can safely take their word for it, and try to develop in our own tasks here at home a little of their fine spirit of sacrifice.

Harry Lauder at Son's Grave

Laughing Harry Lauder stood by the grave of his boy and said, "Oh, God, that I could have one request, it would be that I might embrace my laddie again and thank him for what he did for his country and humanity." The best way to thank the dead is to complete the task that they began. To be baptized for them.

"Dead on the Field of Honor"

A boy of only twenty years was killed in France. Found on his body was a letter of comfort to his parents:

"We shall live forever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who, by their sacrifice, won the great war.

"You must console yourself with the thought that I am happy. The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it."

This is the fine spirit of the true soldier. We can never close our account with those who died on the field of honor. Perhaps the humblest tribute we can pay to their

memory is to follow the wisdom of the young hero:

"The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it."

The Gratitude Due

"These flowers are the alphabet of our hearts; with them we spell out Faith, Hope, Heaven." Flowers express in their structure and colors the most delicate affections and appreciations of the soul, for "the flower seems to be the portion of vegetable on which nature has bestowed the most pains. The least conspicuous flowers reveal under the microscope an exquisite beauty."

The heroic daring of the Federal soldiers, their sublime courage, entitles them to the perpetual gratitude of their countrymen and to the admiration of the world.—Rev. Franklin Moore.

Fresh Graves

Memorial Day is not limited to services for the heroes of our Civil War alone. Since the time it was legally established, other crimson pages and rolls of honor have been added to our history. Other events and records of sacrifice have been registered in the annals of our past since the brave men, under Lincoln's instruction, went down in death for the freedom of man. The names of heroes who fell in our war with Spain have been written in the scroll which never can be changed. More recent still are the chivalrous actions and gallant deeds of those whose lives and sufferings meant defeat to Prussianism, and victory to the nations of earth who longed for deliverance. Wounds in our hearts still are open and bleeding because a voice is missed never to be heard again, and a place is vacant never more to be filled.

Love of Country

Love of country is not only a natural sentiment in every true heart but it is right in the sight of God. No one can ignore his relation to his country and not sin against God. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." These were the words of one loyal both to God and to native land. Christ, too, was a patriot; and a religion without patriotism is not inspired by Christ. Christ loved his nation. He came first for his own people, preached first to them, and wept when they would not attend to the things that would make for their peace. The Gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian spirit.—H.

The Iron Cross

A striking instance is narrated by Lieutenant Conigsby Dawson. During one fierce engagement, a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander of the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast

of the British officer. For the moment they were one.

The Unforgotten Dead

One of the most solemn and impressive moments of the Student Volunteer Convention, which met at Des Moines during the holidays of 1919-1920, came when the vast audience rose to its feet while the roll call was read of those student volunteers who had died since the last convention. As name after name came with the terrible words, "Killed in action," or "Killed in Europe," or "Died of wounds in France," the hearts of all were moved at a new vision of the costly price paid for the freedom of the world.

Blue Ribbons

Among many wonderful stories of heroism I heard in France one of the most beautiful was of a young wife who came out to see her husband lying dangerously wounded at a base hospital. She was "a tall, bright-looking girl in short white dress that with its long blue streamers suggested a river picnic." The people were rather perplexed at the girl's appearance. The garb seemed too gay for the purpose. Yet they found in her a certain grit and determined strength. She would not visit her husband in the guise of a woman already widowed; he should be proud of her when he saw her as he always was on Sundays when they walked in the park, and she as smart as any. She had always stood by him in making up his mind. He must make it up now. So the ribbons fluttered through the ward, and sick men turned to watch them.

She was a better tonic to him than all the doctors. "From the first day improvement began, and soon his name was off the dreaded danger list."—F. C. Hoggarth.

Christian Patriotism

Christian patriotism—this is what our people learn and find strengthened by the observance of each recurring Memorial Day, a patriotism which is opposed to selfishness, and all self-seeking, which reproves all anarchy and disorder, which denounces every attempt to plunder the treasury by turning public office into a way of serving only private ends. These things, and others like them, do not grow in the same soil—they do not live in the same heart with Christianity and patriotism.

Again, our Memorial Day teaches the value of peace. It shows war at best as a necessary evil, to be justified only by a righteous cause. It shows the cost of war. What our wars have cost us in dollars and cents some day may be wiped out and forgotten, but that they cost us hundreds of thousands of precious lives will never be forgotten while Memorial Day continues to be observed. At a great price obtained we this freedom. It was the price of blood—the blood of a nation's heroes whose memories we honor. Our nation will not soon forget the value of peace purchased at such a cost. Memorial Day is a definite reminder of the price paid.—H.

Live for Them

The old veterans are not all gone, but we have new veterans, and a new reason for the observance of Memorial Day. Imagine every young man wiped out of a city like San Francisco. Our loss in Flanders totals that. Out of every 100 Ameri-

can soldiers, two died of disease and wounds. They died for the greatest thing in the world—A Cause. They earned the supreme decoration—The Wooden Cross. The sword of militarism is broken. Our task is begun, not ended. The dead don't want to be mourned. Neither do they want to be forgotten. They kept their pact with us; we must keep our pact with them. Was it an accident that their favorite slogan was, "Carry On"? Their task is unfinished. The voice of the millions of the dead say, "Live for the things for which we died." We must display in life the spirit they displayed in death. We must be baptized for the dead.

Custom of the Ages.

To commemorate those great events which have elevated national character has been the custom of all ages. History, poetry, and eloquence have each vied in celebrating those exhibitions of courage which reflected so much honor upon the republics of antiquity. Rome, a nation which surpassed her contemporaries in love of arts and arms, erected statues, and garlanded triumphal arches in honor of her victorious brave. It is then in conformity to an ancient custom—the most natural and the deepest gratitude—that we decorate the graves of the heroic dead, who fought and fell that their country might survive. It is but natural that flowers should give expression to our love for the departed; theirs is an oratory that speaks in perfumed silence. Joy and sorrow have their appropriate expression in these mute yet eloquent letters of "the blooming alphabet of creation."—A. T. Slade, Esq.

A Patriotic Duty

One of Sir Walter Scott's most graphic sketches is of the pious enthusiast, commonly known as "Old Mortality," who was wont annually to visit the graves of the heroic Covenanters, cleaning the moss from the gray stones, and renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions. Scott says of him: "Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood." Mutatis Mutandis, this is our office, and that of those who year by year shall succeed us in the pious and patriotic duty, to "let no neglect, nor ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generation that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic."—Rev. William Harris.

CHILDREN'S DAY

THE CONIES: TALK TO CHILDREN

By Rev. John Kelman, D. D.

Text: "The rocks for the conies." Psa. 104:18.

This phrase with Proverbs 30:26, gives a wonderful account of some very interesting little people. The conies are a race of little beasts, rather like rabbits but quite of different order, creatures whom God has set up for themselves, separate from all other kinds of animals. They are said to be distant cousins of the rhinoceros, but as it would take several hundred of conies to make one rhinoceros in size, the relationship does not count for very much.

They live in the rocks. They do not burrow like rabbits but make their homes in clefts and split places in the sheer faces of precipices. From these homes they come out to feed on the grass in the neighborhood and an old man coney is set to stand sentinel at the mouth of the crack. Whenever anybody comes near he gives a whistle and all the conies scamper back and disappear through the crack into their queer home.

Suppose you were to catch one of these conies and ask him, "What is this rock for?" Do you know what he would answer? He would say, "Why of course, for the conies." Children, just think of that! God made that rock out of molten lava, and he flung it about with earthquakes and he smote it with lightnings, and for centuries he beat upon it with rain and wind, and froze it with frost, and warmed it with sunshine, and so the crack grew wide enough to let the little beasts in, and the conies think he did all that mighty work for the sake of the conies! Well, he is only saying what the Bible says in our text, "the rocks for the conies," and he is right. God had many uses for the rock and many thoughts in making it, but you may be very sure that he who also made the conies with their little beating hearts thought of them among his other reasons.

In the city of Edinburgh there is an ancient castle, and its gray, weather-beaten stones are built into great rigid precipices of sheer rock that rise out of a beautiful valley. Far up on these

rocks, in places where no foot of man could ever tread, you will see long trails of straw. These are the nests of sparrows who have chosen that wild place for their home, and in the nests are the little children of the sparrows, as cozy and as safe as you are in your bed at night. Supposing you were to ask one of these sparrows, "What is all this rock and castle for?" What do you think he would say? He would say, "Why, of course, for the sparrows!" That rock and castle have been beaten upon not only by the weather of the ages but by cannon-balls in many sieges, and they have seen two thousand years of a nation's history fought for and won and lost and won again; and yet the sparrow is right when he thinks that they were made for him, for God who guides the mighty waves of nations knows also the heart of the sparrows, and not one of them falleth to the ground without his notice.

There is a greater rock than any other in the world, older and mightier by far than the highest precipice or the strongest fortress. It is called The Rock of Ages, and it, too, has a cleft like the other rocks. The Rock has many meanings. Jesus has made the world over again in his own likeness and swung to and fro the history of nations and of men. Yet little people when they need a refuge from sin and sorrow, flee into the cleft of that great Rock and are safe forever more. And if you ask one of Jesus' children, "What is this Rock for?" he will tell you, "Why, of course, it is for me!" And he, too, will be right.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee."

And the great Christ who has borne the burdens and stood against the storms of time has a place in his heart for every boy and girl to make their home in.

GOD'S GARDEN

By Rev. S. Edward Young, D. D.

Just weeds! And what are weeds? Nice or bad plants. Nice plants where they do not belong,—like ox-eye daisies you pick the petals off, saying, "Poor man, rich man, beggar man, thief," or buttercups or dandelions in the hayfield or vegetable garden —or bad plants—like the poison ivy or burdock or smartweed—

ugly and ill anywhere. And the trouble of weeds? This; they choke and kill the good plants. They use the place and the strength of soil which would grow wheat or potatoes or tomatoes or peas or pretty flowers.

I. Are weeds much bother? You would not ask that question if you had taken care of a garden. They peep up as soon as the flowers and vegetables and they never give you a day's rest. You must hoe them out. Some of them you must pull out by hand. Maybe they are so close to the corn or beans or radishes or onions that you can scarcely pull out the weeds without pulling out the good plants. Best way to get weeds out? Jerk them up, roots and all. No, simply cutting or pinching off above the ground will leave the roots to eat what the good plants need, and oh, so fast, the weeds will grow up again.

II. Where in the world do weeds come from? From seeds. Often weed seeds are among good plant seeds and get sown with them. That dandelion weed has a tuft for a parachute and sails its balloon away over from its corner until it lights in some other corner and puts its hooks into the ground and stays. That burdock burr—well, if it gets into your clothes or your horse's foretop, you will see how it sticks. After a while the seed will come out of the burr and grow.

III. Are there any other weeds than these? Yes. Thoughts, evil words, harmful habits. They are weeds. Sometimes they are so like the good that boys and girls have to look hard to tell them apart. They spring up all the time. Some people have weed thoughts right in church. Some Sunday school trained boys and girls let the wicked words or habits get in—and how they spread and stick tight! Sure enough, many come with the good seed—just an evil grain here or there in the day school or the college or the book or the movies. God give us teachers, parents as teachers, Sunday school teachers, everybody as teachers, who sow only pure seed!

IV. How get out the weed thoughts or words or habits? By clean cultivation, by cutting down the first peeping weed—that is one way. By pulling them up by the roots—getting out of you the evil thing, the wicked wish, the selfishness, that causes them. God help uproot all theese this minute as we stop right here and ask him to do it! Have plenty of good seed in any growing—truths you have learned about God and duty.

"My heart is God's little garden,
And the plants that I grow each day
Springing thoughts that I let harden
And the words he hears me say."

THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED HIMSELF

By Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D. D.

Text: "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." Eccl. 10:12.

Boys and girls, I suppose you have all seen performers of tricks who pretend to swallow an egg, or a baseball, or even a sword; but I don't believe any of you have ever heard of a man who could begin with his toes and swallow down his entire self. If you will look up in your Bible, when you go home, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and turn to the twelfth verse of the tenth chapter, you will read, "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." You see, the Bible does not consider this man clever, for it calls him a fool; and surely he is a fool, for who would like to swallow himself, so that all that people saw of him was his mouth? How would you like to be thought of as just a mouth? What sort of a man do you think the Bible is describing?

I. We all know boys and girls who brag. Some boy says, "I can jump two feet high"; and Mr. Bragger at once remarks, "That nothing; I can jump twenty feet high. A girl happens to mention that her mother has a new dress, and Miss Bragger speaks up, "I don't think that's anything; my mother has a new dress every day." Now nobody pays much attention to Mr. and Miss Bragger. People say of them, "They're just talk." Their lips have swallowed them up, and people think of them only as mouths.

II. Again, we unfortunately all know boys and girls who say unkind things about others. Nobody trusts them, for you may be sure that the person who says mean things of others to you will say mean things of you to somebody else. You do not want such children for your friends; you do not want to walk with them to school or to play with them. Their unkind lips have swallowed them up; we think not of them, for they may have some very attractive things about them, but we think of those sharp lips. We lose sight of everything about them and see simply their mean mouths.

III. Again, I am afraid we all know boys and girls who say things that are untrue. No one ever feels safe with anyone who has once told him a lie. We have heard men and women saying, "Yes, I know that So-and-So has agreeable manners, and is bright at his lessons, and can be very entertaining and obliging, but he tells stories, and I don't believe a word he says." His mouth, his mouth that lets the truth out so crooked that it is all twisted and bent and no one can recognize it as the truth, his mouth has swallowed him up. There is no boy left to trust, no girl left to respect. What a terrible thing it is to have lying lips swallow you up, so that nothing remains of you for people to admire and honor and love. "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself."

THE UPHOLSTERED WORM

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher. "I can, teacher!" shouted Tommy. "Well, Tommy, what is a caterpillar?" "An upholstered worm."

I am going to talk to you about a beetle and how he acts while he is an upholstered worm and after he becomes a beetle. This beetle, the Tiger-Beetle, he is called, leads a Jekyll-Hyde life. As a beetle, he's a lively fun-maker, enjoying life and spending most of it running about over the ground or dancing in the air; but before he reaches the beetle stage of his existence, when still in the larva state, he's a treacherous cannibal. If he were human, we would call him a Jekyll-Hyde soft of person. Since he's only a bug we name him the cincindel, or the tiger-beetle.

Probably he is most interesting as a cannibal, so we'll describe his life as Hyde first. He lives in a hole in the ground, made like a tiny well. The caterpillar holds fast to the sides of the well by two hooks at one end of his body, which keep him from slipping and keep his head always at the top of the hole.

His head is fitted with a pair of sharp jaws. An innocent insect, taking a promenade, steps too near these jaws and snap! the innocent insect disappears. All day the caterpillar lies in wait and waxes fat off his victims.

Finally he becomes a beetle, and puts on a coat of green or gray, sometimes elegantly spotted, and then he's a dude. He

still keeps his jaws, however, and he's just as hungry as when he was a caterpillar. That's why they call him a tiger.

This fable teaches that it is no sin for a caterpillar to be a caterpillar, an upholstered worm, nor for a beetle to be a beetle; but it is very wrong for boys and girls to live a double life. Some children when they are good they are very good, but when they are bad they are horrid. Be good. Be steadily good—dependably good.

THE DISSATISFIED COW

By Rev. J. Elmer Russell, D. D.

Country boys and girls know well a very queer characteristic of cows. A cow may be feeding in the midst of the most luscious clover, but she will not stay there long. She will go wandering off in search of something still more delicious. Let a cow be feeding next to a fence with holes in it, and she will reach her nose and mouth through, in an attempt to get a bite of the grass on the opposite side of the fence. This grass may not be so good as that within easy reach, but nevertheless the cow seems dissatisfied with that which is near.

Probably it is a good thing for the pastures that the cow roams about as she eats. In this way the grass is kept nibbled down everywhere to about the same height.

When boys and girls, however, act like the dissatisfied cow, they are as foolish as she is, and no good results follow. Watch boys and girls picking raspberries. Do they stay by a bush until they have picked all its berries? No. They pick off a few of the largest berries and then wander off in search of another bush. They waste so much time moving around that their harvest of berries is smaller than it otherwise would be.

Whenever boys and girls have a number of tasks to do, what often happens? Well, one task is begun, and then dropped, and another task is taken up, to be treated in like manner. The way to get tasks completed in quick order, however, is to finish up one and then begin another.

This restless spirit of the dissatisfied cow may also show itself among boys and girls by the spirit of complaint over their toys, their amusements and their clothes. It is easy to fancy that other boys and girls are having a better time and that their circumstances are more desirable.

But there is no happiness in discontent. The boys and girls who most enjoy life are not those who follow the example of the roaming dissatisfied cow, but they are those who do each task and enjoy each pleasure as if there were no other tasks and pleasures anywhere.

THE PEDOMETER

By Rev. John A. McAfee

Text: "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Proverbs 4:23.

This summer in the mountains a man showed me a little instrument which to me was very interesting. It was called a pedometer, and it told a man about how far he had gone. The instrument was the size of a watch, and looked very much like a watch. Every time you took a step the contrivance registered one. You may not realize how much of a jar you give to your body each time you take a step, but there is considerable jar. By a delicate arrangement the hand of the pedometer would move by the jar of each step. A man could easily measure about how far he stepped, and in that way could tell about how far he had gone.

When my friend would start out on a tramp up to one of the lakes or peaks or to some beautiful point, he would set this pedometer and hang it from a pin in his pocket. Then when he got home in the evening he could look at it and tell how far he had gone, and then he would know better how tired to be.

It was indeed a very interesting thing to me, for while I had oftentimes heard of a pedometer I had never before seen one. After I had looked at it, I said to my friend,

I. "Will it tell you where you have been?" And he had to answer, "No," that the only thing it would tell was how far he had gone. He might have been to a very beautiful place or he might have been to very ugly place—that pedometer would not show which it was.

There is something more delicate than the pedometer, which will tell us where we have been. Our hearts will tell us whether we have been walking in a good place or a bad place, and it is the only thing that will. I am sure that is one of the reasons we are told to keep our hearts with all diligence.

Again I said to my friend,

II. "Will this little instrument tell you what you have been

doing and who your companions were?" Again he had to say, "No," and to say that it would only tell about how far he had gone. He might have been on the mountain trail with evil companions who would have delighted to push him off a steep place for all the pedometer could tell. He might have been doing great good with those steps the instrument numbered, and again he might have been on an evil errand.

III. That more delicate instrument, which we call the heart, alone can tell us whether our errand is good or bad. It can tell us at the end of the day whether our feet have carried us on good errands or bad ones, whether our steps have done good or evil.

The pedometer is a wonderful little instrument, and if I had one I would surely take mighty good care of it. While I do not have one of them, God has given to me something far more wonderful; a heart which will not alone tell me how far I have gone, but where I have gone, and the thing that took me on the errand. Surely I must take good care of such an instrument.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

CANNED SUNSHINE

By Rev. James M. Farrar, D. D.

Text: "We love Him because He first loved us." 1 John 4:19.

"Mother is in the kitchen, canning." That is what Helen said when I called at the farm. It was a beautiful autumn day, the trees were loaded with fruit, the vines were bending with great clusters of grapes, and the farm looked like Paradise. Mother was busy canning peaches and pears. Into jars she put them and sealed them safe from air and germs. On a shelf was a long row of cans looking like pictures of dinners in glass frames. "But why trouble about canning a few peaches and pears when you could gather bushels from the trees?" I asked. Helen smiled and answered, "These are for winter dinners." Then she opened the pantry-door and showed me the preserves—quince and apple-butter, pure grape-juice and jams—cans, cans, cans on all the stands. Beautiful autumn canned for winter. Helen said they were winners. I am going to accept Helen's invitation to a winter dinner of canned autumn.

Suppose your teacher were to hold up before you a lump of coal and ask, "What is it?" What would be your answer? "A lump of coal is canned sunshine." You could not give a better answer. Long ago plants and trees gathered sunshine, preserved it and hid it deep in the earth. We now take it out in black lumps, or cans, that we call "coal." When we warm up the coal, out comes the sunshine to light and warm our homes. A lump of coal is an old, black can full of sunshine. In the ash-can is what is left when the sunshine is taken out. Thousands of years ago God, like a loving mother, canned this sunshine for you and me. Some rich men propose to erect a monument of coal to Philip Ginter.

One hundred and nine years ago Ginter lived in a rough cabin in the forests of Mauch Chunk Mountain. While in quest of game for his family, whom he had left at home without food of any kind, his foot struck a black stone. By the roadside, not far from the town of Summit Hill, he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it, so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprized after a little while to see the stones glow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of the coal home and burned it there. A monument to the man who discovered canned sunshine.

On one side of the monument they should put the name GOD, who canned the sunshine Ginter discovered.

Now, I have a question for you to answer. "Why is love like a lump of coal?" Because love is canned sunshine. The heart is a vessel that God fills with love. When we "warm up" to any one, the can opens, and love shines out to brighten and warm his life. A heart may be black and cold like a lump of coal, but inside there is love. Religion opens the heart and lets the sunshine out. If you want to get light and heat out of a lump of coal you put it into the fire. If you want to get love out of a soul, you must put that soul into the light and heat of friendship and kindness.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and he was asked to explain what he meant by the expression. After some little time spent in reflection, he said: "Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live up here on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept 'way down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, so I see to it that the coal-hod

is never empty. I lug all the coal up four flights all by myself, and the hod is pretty big. It takes all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving mother with all my strength?"

The boy's heart was open, and the sunshine of love came out. Once he was a cross and crying baby. His mother took him to the warm heart of her love, loved him and loved him, until she opened his heart. He loved his mother because she first loved him.

At a great exposition it was the custom for the people to sign their names in the different State buildings. People who registered were asked to give their occupations, so that the books read like this: "John Smith, carpenter";"Thomas Brown, farmer." A little golden-haired girl asked if she might register. She was told to write her name and occupation. This is what she wrote: "Mary Jones, help mamma."

Christ came into this world with all the love of heaven in His heart for you and me. When we come close to Him our hearts open and let love out. Our hearts are opened because His heart was first opened for us. "We love Him because He first loved us." He died for us, so great was His love. Here is a story:

In a storm off the New England coast a few years ago a vessel was wrecked. It was impossible for the life-saving service to reach the drowning passengers and seamen. At last one of the men began to drift toward the shore. A line of life-savers was immediately formed, stretching out toward him into the sea. The drifting man came nearer and nearer, until the life-saver at the end of the line was able to reach him and pass him back along the line. He reached the shore in safety.

The life-saver, in loosing his hand to catch the man who was floating in from the wreck, was dragged off his feet by the undertow, carried out to sea, and drowned. The rescued man was sick for weeks with a raging fever. When he finally recovered a peculiarity was noticed in his talk. No matter to whom he spoke, or what the topic of conversation, he always closed by repeating, "A man died for me once! A man died for me once!" He never forgot it. He wanted others to know it.

Love is canned sunshine. Youth is the time to fill your heart with love. Then when you grow older and sickness and trouble come, you can open a can to brighten your life.

CHILDREN'S DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Children's Sayings

My kindergarten children were talking about a little new-comer, who had been adopted into a childless family. "Robbie has been adopted," said Will. "Have you ever been adopted, Anna?"

"No," replied Anna, adding,—with a note of triumph, "I've never been adopted, but I have been vaccinated."

A small boy of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, heard his parents talk of moving. "Where are we going?" he asked. "We are going to St. Paul," said his mother. "St. Paul is in heaven," he said in an awe-struck voice. "Are we going to live in heaven?"

When our Constance returned from Sunday-school kindergarten, she was asked, "What did you learn today?" She replied, "Teacher told us God made man. What I want to know is, who made the women and children?"—Julia E. Peck.

Bell Under the Sea

This bell is rung by electricity under the sea to warn a ship of rocks in foggy weather. The ship has a wonderful microphone inside its hull on either side; this microphone collects the ringing of the bell and magnifies the sound. A wire connects each microphone with the receiver of a telephone in the wheelhouse of the ship. The captain at once turns his ship until he hears the bell equally well from each microphone, and when he points his ship toward the bell. His chart marks the position of the bell, and he knows where he is in the thickest fog.

Children, the Bible is a bell that rings under the sea. It tells us the right way, warns us from the wrong way. Let us take this lesson from this Children's Day service.—H.

A Girl's Thanks

A dear little girl, finding an unexpected pleasure awaiting her one morning, smiled up at the sky and sweetly, reverently remarked, "Thank you, God!" Another little girl, brimming over with the innocent joy of life, asked of her mother if it would not be all right for her to say "Good morning" to God as she did to the flowers and the trees and her pets, as well as to members of the family.

A tiny boy, noting that rain followed a meeting called to pray for it, naivly inquired when the "Thank you!" meeting would take place.

We smile at the little ones, but, after all, shouldn't the smile be a bit thoughtful? For the "little ones," as we know, "behold the face of their Father" more clearly and frequently than do those of us whose spiritual sight is dimmed by too long earthly contact.—Ethel Colson.

Not Giving Up

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise, spectator.

"Sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."

The child looked from his advisor to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly,

"I didn't get some new skates to

give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

Hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with;" they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.

No Difference

Mercy, a little colored girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when the son of the house, who was in the room, said to her, "Mercy, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every morning and every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. And she answered promptly, "I know he does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that he hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ear, and not his eyes. My voice is just like any other girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God don't look at my skin."

In these days even the boys and girls need such lessons as this.

Childhood Adrift

A little 4-year-old child strayed from her home near Liverpool, Perry County, Pennsylvania, recently, and came unobserved to the bank of the Susquehanna River. A skiff was lightly beached on the shore, and the tiny little girl got into it. The jar loosened the boat from its hold and it drifted away. After several hours had elapsed the mother missed the child and instituted a search, but without success. She then thought of the river, and went to the place where the boat had been beached, and where she and the child had so often gone together. She was filled with horror to observe that the boat was not there, firmly believing that the child had been in it and had been carried away with it. After an all night search the child was found in the boat twenty miles away, and was returned to her almost distracted mother. Alas, all the children who get adrift do not reach home again. There are dangers that beset the children on all sides, and parents need to watch with ceaseless vigilance to save them from drifting away from the harbor of safety.

A Self-Winder

Tommy, whose uncle was a farmer, had been spending his holidays there. One morning, anxious to amuse the youngster, his uncle took him round to make a tour of the land.

In the yard they came across a small retriever puppy, who was whirling round and round chasing his tail.

"Oh, uncle," cried Tommy, "what kind of a dog is that?"

"That's a watch dog, Tommy," replied his uncle.

"Oh, I see," continued the little lad, "I suppose he is winding himself up now!"

Boys, you can make an application of that story. Be a self-winder. If you are a watch be the best kind of a watch—a self-winder.—H.

The Swan's Dinner Bell

There is a pretty story that is often told about the swans in the moat of the palace of the Bishop of Wells, England. The old gatehouse, with its gray, ivygrown walls, still

stands, and the swans sail up and down the dark waters of the moat, which centuries ago was a defense of the castle.

The peculiar thing about these swans is that they ring a dinner bell whenever they are hungry, and expect to have it answered at once. A long string hangs out of the gate-house window and, as the story is told, when the swans are hungry, the leader swims gravely up to the bell rope, pulls at it, and then waits quietly for the lodge-keeper's wife to bring out her basket of bread.

It is said that fifty years ago the daughter of the bishop who lived there then taught the swans this trick with great patience and care. The swans that have come since then have apparently in turn learned the secret of the bell rope so that one who is able to perceive the connection between the pulling of the string and the appearing of the bread-basket has always been among them. That the swans communicate their demand for bread to their leader, who is always the one to ring the bell, is evident from the fact that after the black swans were introduced into the moat the ringing became so frequent that the housekeeper had to take the string in to secure herself a little peace. Evidently the newcomers were hearty eaters.

We all have a right to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread." We are taught, "Ask and ye shall receive." Let the swans teach us this Children's Day the lesson of prayer.—H.

Being Happy

A little boy busy at play gave a glad little laugh. "Why, what happened, John?" his father asked. "Nothing, father; only I'm happy because it's your holiday and you're home with mother and me, and it sort of bubbles over."

Once some of God's people were so happy that they said: "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." The heavenly Father, like a good earthly father, gives joy to his children just by being near them, and by the loving things he does for them. He does not let yesterday's loving-kindness do for to-day; his mercies are new every morning.

On Children's Day be happy—be real happy.—H.

Having Two Faces

Have you ever seen a person who had two faces? I have seen such people. These strange folks can change their faces whenever they wish.

One girl I met first at Sabbath-school, and then visiting among her friends. The face she had on at these times was sweet and kind, so that I thought her a very pretty girl. I supposed that she always wore such a face, for people are supposed to have only one. But one day I went to her house and just think! she had on a face that was so ugly and cross-looking I hardly knew her. She changed quickly, but not before I saw it. If she had worn that face out in company, no one would have liked her; but I learned that it was her home face.

A little boy I know has the finest face, all smiles and sunshine, that he puts on whenever he can have his own way. But just let some one cross him in anything, and instantly he puts on a face covered over with pouts and frowns. And he will wear

that ugly face until we all are very tired of it.

Another boy I knew had one face that he used when he worked and a very different face that he wore when he played. His work face was long and the corners of the mouth drawn down. It made him look very unhappy. And to look at him made mamma sad. But his play face, which he put on when he could play ball or go fishing, was so round and smiling that you would think him the happiest boy anywhere.

I know a man who had two faces when he was a boy, but now he has just one, and it is the ugly face. That is the way all these two-faced people get. I would rather have just one smiling face and wear it all the time.

Dollies Had the Measles

When Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, was a little child, she was not allowed ordinarily, says the Chicago Herald, to share dinner with the older members of the royal household. Only on special occasions was she permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and place herself beside some special friend.

One day she was seated beside a fine and courtly old general. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me!"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the child's treble.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen. Why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles."

I hope all the little girls who are here this Children's Day are as sympathetic, and bright, as well, as was little Wilhelmina.—H.

Funny Sayings of Children

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the adjective "little," answered: "Little, small, nothing at all."

Robert had been running one day and when he came in the house was panting very hard. His grandmother asked him what was the matter, and he said,

"I was just getting the tired out."

His pet dog was dead, and Willie W. was inconsolable. In vain his parents sought to comfort the lad, offering to replace his pet. To this, Willie would not listen. After grieving for a week, and thereby disturbing the peace of the entire household, rushing into his mother's room one day, Willie burst forth: "O mamma, mamma! Do get me another dog! Now I know just how the widowers feel. I must have another dog!"

He got one.

One cold morning our little brother, four years old, was playing about unnoticed, while his mother was busy about her work. Finally, tiring of his play, he evinced a desire to talk, and said, "Mother, what am I about?"

As the mother gave no heed to his question, he insisted upon an answer by the same query in a loud voice, "Mother, what am I about?"

Aroused by the little fellow's earnestness, his mother made answer: "I do not know. What are you about?"

Imagine her surprise when the baby voice answered, soberly but earnestly, "I'm about froze."

I know of a little boy who, like

many other small chaps, was capable of asking an unlimited number of questions, some of which were very difficult to answer with any degree of satisfaction. One morning, however, he capped the climax in that line when, after having studied the fire very seriously for some time, he asked, "Mamma, where does the fire go when it goes out?"

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Bessie, "just look what big ears that man has!" "Hush," responded the mother in a whisper, "the gentleman might hear you." "Well," continued Bessie, "if he can't he ought to take down his signs."

What a Little Worm Did

"Papa," said a six-year-old boy one morning, as he and his father walked through an orchard, "what made the leaves of that tree turn yellow?" "True enough," said his father, "they are turning very fast; there must be a worm at work somewhere." So he went and examined about the roots, and he found that a worm had dug its way into the very heart of the tree and had killed it. That worm represents sin, and one sin allowed in the heart will be the means of destroying our peace with God.

The Man Who Lives in the Pansy

The Little Sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mamma for a story—"a brand new one, mamma." So mamma tried to think of a new story, while the Little Sister kept very still. At last mamma caught sight of a pansy among the flowers that Little Sister held, and this is what she told the Little Sister:

"In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered, so that he can see the world.

"But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does though, for, when you pull the tub off, there you will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be."

The next time you pick a pansy see if you can find the man and his little foot-tub.

Every flower here this glad Children's Day has some story to tell. You listen, and learn many sweet lessons for life and duty.—H.

Tom Thumb

Yes, there was a real Tom Thumb, not as small as the dwarf told of in old fairy tales and ballads, however. He was about three feet high, and was just as famous as he was small. Your father and mother may have seen him and talked to him. I had that privilege when quite a small boy.

One of his best friends was Mr. Barnum, whose wonderful circus delighted little folks years ago. He and Mr. Barnum are buried in the same churchyard in a little town in Connecticut. It was Mr. Barnum who made him famous, for the little dwarf became part of his circus. Children in every big city in the count y and in many small towns and villages learned to love "General Tom Thumb" and to watch for his coming. He could sing the national airs of any country he visited.

Kings and queens sent for him to come to their palaces, and he made friends among the most powerful people, as well as among those in more humble circumstances. In fact, he had a wonderful life and was a great favorite.

The things that people can accomplish do not depend on their size. The children who are here will grow up and be much bigger than Tom Thumb; but they do not have to wait to grow up, but can do a great deal of good now, day by day.—H.

Good Intentions

Little Dot was drawing a picture with pen and ink on a paper. It turned out to be a cat without a tail.

"Where's the tail?" asked the mother.

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Why, it is in the ink bottle yet!"

Many of our good intentions, dear young friends, are like that. They are in the ink bottle yet. They are not yet definite enough.

We each intend to enter actively into the Christian life. But, let us not forget, now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. Now is the time to carry out our good intentions. This moment is the time of opportunity.—H.

A Candle Lesson for Children's Day

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end; a very short one at the other. Between the long row and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls and the baby of a family who never heard of Christ until a missionary came,—whom he represented by a lighted candle—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought that the tallest candle would be the grandfather, but he told them: "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member in the family." Presently one little boy said, "I know why; he has the chance to shine the longest for Jesus."

Yes, that is one of the great advantages of being a little Christian—of beginning early. You have the privilege of shining for Jesus so long. If any of you have not done so, that is a very special reason why you should give your hearts to Jesus now, while you are young. Then you can shine for him as long as you live, and you can also have the joys of his religion as long as you live. Pray, "O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—H.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

THE LAMPS OF EDUCATION

By Rev. James H. Snowden, D. D.

Text: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

Readers of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" will recall how luminously and eloquently he unfolds the principles of architecture under the figures of lamps, each lamp illustrating some fundamental law of right construction. Adopting a somewhat different order we may adapt these seven lamps to the principles of education.

I. The lamp of truth. Truth is the fundamental element and law of all life. Harmony with reality must underlie every construction, whether of stone or steel or of the soul, or it will crumble and fall. Only the rock of reality is a foundation that will sustain whatever is put upon it. Trust is the first object of education. Instruction must impart true knowledge, thoughts that correspond with things, for only such knowledge fits the facts of the world and gives power in life. In so far as education teaches truth it puts the mind into right working relations with the world, and in so far as it teaches false or defective theories it throws it out of gear with reality and disarranges all the machinery of life. But education aims at something far more vital than the mere impartation of truth; it seeks to develop the power of finding truth; of disciplining the mind into an instrument of insight and judgment and reasoning by which it will put facts together so as to reach reality. When the mind itself is a lamp of truth it goes through the world illuminating everything with its light and finding the right path.

II. The lamp of memory. Memory is a lamp that casts upon the present the light of the past. Cut us off from the past and our life would be reduced to narrow range and small proportions. It would have no roots running back through all our days, and all the generations, conserving all that we have done and enriching us with the labors of other men and ages. Memory

is the spinal column of personality, linking our days together so that we know ourselves as the same person through all the years. Memory plays an immense part in education, for the greater part of our knowledge must be stored up in its treasury to be drawn upon as it is needed. The memory is thus a bank that will honor our drafts and will come to our aid with all its resources; or it is a lamp that will throw its light around us and far ahead to guide us in the path that experience has discovered and approved. The memory is especially retentive in youth and should be trained into strength and readiness that it may serve us in after years.

III. The lamp of sacrifice. Sacrifice enters deeply into all our life. We cannot get one thing without giving up some other thing. We must give up the bad to get the good, the good to get the better, and the better to get the best. The laws of life not less than the laws of architecture are severe in their demands and ruthlessly require us to sacrifice many things we may desire that we may reach solid foundations and the hightest attainments. Education calls for sacrifice. It demands of youth that many years be spent in training, the immediate benefit of which may not be apparent. One of the most common desires and efforts of the young is to hurry through education into work; and there is much impatience and cultural courses and a demand for what is considered practical studies. Education is thus measured by its money-making power and immediate results are wanted. This theory undermines the true nature of education as mental discipline and substitutes a temporary gain near at hand for a larger permanent power. The sacrifice of such clamant desires lies at the foundation of true education and the subordination of the present to the future. One of the main issues of education through all life is to tell us how to give things up and what to sacrifice in the interest of larger worth.

IV. The lamp of obedience. Obedience is a fundamental element in education. The first need of the mind is to bring all its faculties under self-control. They at first stray everywhere as the fool's eyes wander to the ends of the earth. The primary power of mind is attention, by which it brings consciousness to a focus and holds it steadily on an object. It requires strenuous and often long discipline to get the mind trained to respond to the will in attention and concentrate its powers on the object in

view. Then mental association comes into play, ideas flock around the object, and it brings to glow with light and power until it becomes the "hot spot" in consciousness and masters and moves the will. This power of controlling the mind is the root of all obedience and goes deep into the life. Education subjects all the lower powers to the higher, the body to the mind, the passions to the spirit, the desires to conscience, every need to duty and the soul to God. It trains us in obedience to the laws of truth and trust, honesty and honor, righteousness and reverence, compressing all the elements and energies of life into these ideals and thus turning their visions into victory. No one is fitted to control others and rule over life until he has himself acquired the power of obedience.

V. The lamp of power. Education is power. It is the power to use one's self. We begin life as a bundle of possibilities, raw and undisciplined, with little knowledge and use of our own faculties. By experience and effort we slowly learn to know ourselves and bring all our powers under discipline. Having learned to use ourselves we can next use the world. All experience proves that knowledge is power. The senses are sharpened and trained as so many tools with which to lay hold of the world, antennae or feelers with which we can reach out and grasp the earth and sky and stars. The faculties of judgment and reasoning and imagination give us further control over facts and events so that we can shape them to our own ends. It was not simply brawn that heaved the sky-scraper into the air and the bridge across Niagara, but brain that knew the laws of construction and the qualities of materials, just what they would stand and how to put them together. Education is power in business, manufacturing, and commerce, not less than in all the walks of professional life. It takes deep insight and far foresight to see into the problems and perplexities of life, and education develops this power. An ignorant might is not yet unpacked and is only so much raw material; education unfolds the mind into its faculties and it gives it dominion over all the earth.

VI. The lamp of beauty. Beauty is one of the main differences between architecture and mere building. A structure consisting of four walls and a roof may be put up that will subserve certain uses, but it is not architecture; architecture does not begin until a building rises into certain proportions of nobility and

blossoms out into grace and beauty. Education is not mere ornament; a thin veneer of artificial culture or a bit of gaudy embellishment, but it is first and fundamentally a solid construction or building of the mind; yet it also instinctively takes on beautiful forms. It trains the mind and whole personality into symmetry and proportion, and this in itself is a form of beauty; for there are few things more unattractive than a one-sided, ill-shaped personality. It inculcates a sense of the fitness of things in all the relations of life, enabling one by a kind of instinct to know what to do and say and, what may be even more important, what not to do and say. It begets a sense of the worth of personality in others and thereby breeds unselfishness and fine manners in their society. It lifts the whole personality to a higher level and imparts to it an air of nobility and culture. The inner beauty of the soul shines through the body and refines the face, cultivates the manners and adds a grace and charm to every aspect and expression of the person. And the same spirit goes out into environment and infuses itself into the home and social life and radiates far influences that enrich the world.

VII. The lamp of life. The highest fruit and flower of education is life. One of the falsest ideals of education that can be entertained is that it is a personal privilege; a means of making an easy living, of escaping toil and getting up into a comfortable position; that it creates a special cult or caste that separates one from the common crowd and sets him apart as a superior kind of person who is to be treated only with deference and favor. So far from this being the case, education is fuller life and service. It is an expanded soul that is to be devoted to a larger use. It has been given much in order that it may give much in return. All the knowledge and training that have been expended upon it ought to be poured into the channel of service to enrich the world. Power measures responsibility, and the more we have received the more we should give, or we are false to our privileges and to our human kind. The educated mind should fall as a seed into the community and spring up in other minds made better by its presence. In thus losing our souls we get them back in fuller measure and richer quality.

Members of the graduating class, truth, memory, sacrifice, obedience, power, beauty and life, these are seven lamps of edu-

cation that should shed their light into your minds and throw it far out over the world.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

By Rev. Daniel A. Poling

Text: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4:14.

I. The first fact of the message is the fact of personality, "Thou art come." That I am, staggers me. There are times when I search for the reasons behind my birth. Value yourselves. I give you the supreme truth, Personality is eternal. You are here to-day at a commencement; you have finished, to begin.

II. The second fact of the message is the fact of place. "Thou art come to the kingdom." And the kingdom is the kingdom of the present. You are in the world; just now it may not be easy to realize it, but your feet are on the earth, and all about you are people with faults and follies as well as with smiles and congratulations. There is before you a humdrum business of bread-making and child-rearing, of harvesting and ship-building, of preaching and teaching, of suffering and dying, of service and of sacrifice. You have missed the message of this institution unless you go out from these halls to master practical affairs, to solve immediate problems, to meet the crisis of the moment, whether that crisis be a high circumstance such as Esther faced, or a small sum that wrinkles the brow of a child. We have not seen the beauties or caught the lessons of the radiant Jewess, whose soul was more exquisite than her form or face, until we have thrust her great ordeal into the life of our times, into the affairs of our generation.

Do not misunderstand me. God pity us when we lose our dreams or when we cease to see visions. We must never become so engrossed with ministries that we have no patience or time for musing, for prayer, and for communion. Eventually he runs in a circle who runs without rest. A business bankrupts itself when it becomes a mere counting machine. There is an efficiency that is inefficient. We must cultivate the amenities of the heart; we must wait with friendship and tarry with God, if we are to see developed without ourselves that spiritual initiative that more than physical force and mechanical genius shapes the destiny of the world.

But we must begin this spiritual initiative, we must apply this moral fervor, this divine optimism, to the tasks of the kingdom. We must harness our dreams; we must put a sword into the hands of our visions; we must honor our friendships by rendering a service, and glorify our God by making a life.

The kingdom is your kingdom, yours today as it was Queen Esther's yesterday. Again the dignity of personality. Yours; for yours is the opportunity, and will you sulk because of one who seems by birth and environment to be more favored than you are?

The kingdom is your kingdom because yours is the responsibility. The kingdom is yours because the rewards are yours.

III. The third fact of the message is the fact of time. "For such a time as this." Already we have appreciated together the stupendous problems to which we are born, problems far more complex and appalling than those confronting the queen whose character is our real message to-day, but problems no less solvable, for they are human problems, and we are laborers together with God.

Some one has said, "Egotism is divine." Egotism may be very foolish, and the word has come to signify obnoxious self-esteem. But no brilliancy, no physical prowess, no mechanical efficiency, no refinement of birth, no indorsement of influential friends, no mere mental equipment, can build for you the life triumphant, unless these are united in you to your own absolute knowledge that you have a place to fill in the world, that you have a ministry to perform in your generation, that you are sent of God, that you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this.

Here is the knowledge that is power. Such knowledge is very exalting and very humbling, and those who possess it are the humblers of the mighty. "Know thyself" is the first principle of true wisdom and the secret of success.

In this institution you have been a learner. I can wish you nothing better to-day than that the habits fixed here shall so hold you that you will never cease to be a learner. But until now your wisdom-gathering has been primarily academic. Henceforth it will be applied. What you already have you will

use, and each new discovery will be quickly channeled in service; and of wisdom's quest there is no end.

Finally, comrades,—and a good word it is for such a time as this,—you must know God, and God's Son, the only sufficient Saviour and Shepherd. You must know him whom to know aright is eternal life, eternal life for you and for your labor.

I have no apology to make for the last emphasis of the message. In a rocking world, with civilization peeling her thin veneer, the only mighty fortress is our God. And here faith and knowledge blend. Only the truly wise believe, and only those who from the crumbling foundations man has laid spring to the Rock of Ages have wisdom enough to lead us now.

Faith, faith in ultimate good because of an unlimited God, is the victory that overcomes the world. Anchor your lives here.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

By Rev. W. P. Jinnet

Text: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." John 1:6.

In the intricate and highly organized complexity of modern life, we are in danger of losing, or glossing over, certain fundamental principles. A vast deal of popular fatalism is directly traceable to that confusion. With the new emphasis on social influence, the power of environment, etc., we must not forget that spiritual forces, expressed in terms of human personality, and not physical conditions, are the final powers. The dream of a kingdom of justice and righteousness must end in a dream unless there is a man—men—to "make straight the highway."

If you are oppressed by the reasoning of that philosophy which argues that mortality has no chance—that the cards are all stacked against it—I want to remind you that the one element which brought light two thousand years ago is the phrase of the apostle, "a man sent from God." That which makes the city—the nation—is not its great buildings, its magnificent resources, but its men.

Having now our main thought let us carry our study of the theme to what I will call three elements of personal power.

I. The first of these is knowledge. Ignorance, even though baptized or canonized, is man's chief enemy. The march of time

renders chance less and less a factor in success. The trained mind is essential in every department.

II. Another element of personal power is intelligence; and by intelligence I mean a broad conception of uses of knowledge. A man of exact knowledge may not always be a man of intelligence. Exact knowledge is the development, or qualification of our power that enables us to work efficiently. Intelligence is such use of our powers as keeps us in right relation to the rest of life.

III. A third essential is conviction; and the first question to be asked of a man, is not "what are his convictions?" but "has he capacity for conviction?" Better erroneous conviction —if honestly held—than none at all. "Ah!" you say, "conviction. Are you not just a little passe?" Opinions, of course. But men no longer live by conviction. Few men believe as they did twenty-five years ago. Though that be true it is also true that the men who mould and fashion the trend of our whole life are the men who still live by conviction. It is not the man who possesses truth, but the truth-possessed man, who, responding to the evangel note: "There was a man sent from God," points the race anew to its redemption and its kingdom. Wherever there is work to do, wrongs to right, evil to transform, conditions to change, the first call is for a man. A man full of his mission, a man "sent from God." The crisis of the early church is met by Paul. The crisis of the middle ages is met, not by the rennaissance, but by Luther. These crises turn ever upon moral, that is to say, spiritual issues; and now as then, the controlling forces are in man. The heart of our modern problem is to increase the moral and spiritual forces in proportion to material increase.

IV. In conclusion, let me answer two questions:

Is it a fact that strength of conviction, intensity of purpose, burning faith tend to make men narrow and unsympathetic? There is undoubtedly such a tendency. The specialist is nearly always one sided.

Does not faith lead us out into realms beyond our ken? My answer to that is: the mysteries of life are best answered in the terms of faith. Those who have touched most deeply the hearts of men are they who have dared to trust the sanctions which rise higher than reason or physical sense—the instinct which we call faith. When General Gordon fell at Khartoum the world

recognized a hero of faith. On the north wall of St. Paul's cathedral in London, runs this legend, written, I believe, by Mr. Gladstone. "To Major General Charles George Gordon, who at all times and everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God. He saved the empire by his military genius; he ruled vast provinces with wisdom, justice and fidelity. And lastly, in obedience to his sovereign's command, he died in the heroic attempt to save men and women and children from the enemy and from deadly oppression. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

In stress of life, tempted to yield to conditions, to drop down under the cowardly philosophy of those who do nothing, hold on to the truth expressed in my text: "A man sent from God."

COMMENCEMENT DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Get Ready

An old Greek officer counselled the generals on the eve of an engagement: "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready." It was in line with this when General Foch said: "Battles are won the day before." Did not Wellington say that Waterloo was won at Eton?

The "day-before" preparation is just what our schools and colleges give.

A Trained Mind

A little girl was asked one day to define drawing, and she did so with an acuteness that could not have been surpassed by a philosopher; "drawing," she said, "is thinking and then marking round the think." It would be very difficult to find a more accurate or precise definition than that. When Opey, the painter, was asked with what he mixed his colors, he said, "Brains, sir." That is, he thought and then he clustered what he was to do round the thought; and he made the thought luminous in objective reality because of his assiduous purpose to make the thing real which had begun as an ideal in his own mind.

The Voyage

Ambitious boys chafe at being kept in school because they think that school is make-believe and the job is a reality. But school is, in reality, a part of the job. It is like two steamers coaling for a long voyage. One sails away first with her bunkers half full. She gets a long start on the other. But the second, by staying in port until her bunkers are full, passes the other in mid-ocean, where her coal has given out.

The Fool-Killer

J. Ogden Armour makes the remark that the college is one of the greatest fool-killers in the country, for while man fools enter college, few fools come out.

There is truth in this saying. But the truth must be expanded to include all life. All our experience is

designed to eradicate the fool. I believe it was Robert Burns who remarked that a man may be born a fool, but there are few men that die fools. I am afraid that this is too sweeping a statement, but it is quite as true as Mr. Armour's epigram.

After all, college is organized to impart knowledge, not wisdom.

What He Wanted to Know

The professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time to preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination-papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear inquired,

"Who's the printer?"

The Sandpapering

Did you ever watch a man working at a turning lathe? He has a stick of wood between the holders. His chisel has been cutting away the corners until at last the perfect form has been brought out. But the stick is not perfect yet. It has many a rough place in it, in spite of the work of the sharp chisel. How now shall the workman go on to finish his task? Watch him as he picks up a piece of sandpaper and holds it up to the thing he has been shaping. The dust flies as he presses the rough thing against the sides of the rapidly moving piece of wood. Once in a while he takes the paper off and looks at the wood. It is becoming smoother now. A moment more and he takes it out of the lathe and puts it away, a finished article.

It hurts to be made perfect. We shrink from the hard work that lies between us and a complete education. The days are long. The lessons are hard. We stop and look out where the sun is shining, and we wish we were like the birds, happy, bright and free. But that is not the way of the best education. There must be the sharp sandpaper of study, running down through the years until at last all the rough places have been smoothed away.

We long to be better, truer man and women. But it costs to reach that state. Between us and the full-rounded manhood for which we yearn lies much of sandpapering.—Author Unknown.

Education

A president of one of our colleges has said that education should be sixfold in its scope and character. "It should give the student a body strong and supple; an intellect able to think; a heart to love; a conscience for righteousness; an imagination to appreciate the beautiful, and a will strong to choose."

Education of Women

When a chief of the Cherokees was asked why the Cherokees are so much in advance of the other tribes, he replied: "Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as the men."—Home Missionary Bureau.

The Spiritual Value of Culture

When John Richard Green spent an evening with Gladstone he says of him: "I felt proud of my leader, because he was so noble of soul." Let us so live and act here that he may keep the soul of this nation alive and masterly. This is the su-

preme care for which God invested you with life and sex and peculiar facilities. Others are seeking lower ends; some in anarchy would destroy all. But we go out from these cloistered retreats to maintain the spirit of a mighty people, to give it force, direction, courage, purity and Godward aim. And this can be a common pursuit until the manhood and womanhood of America, free without license, and fearless without pride, and tender without maudlin weakness, become the revelation and crown of culture in spiritual realms.—Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D.

The Defenses of To-Morrow

Doctor Finley, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, on his recent return from France brought this message, "Do not let the needs of the hour, however heavily they fall upon the men and women of to-day, permit neglect of the defenses of to-morrow."

Education is one of the strong defenses of to-morrow.

Education a National Defence

No part of our national defences are more important than our schools. No agency to-day is more efficient in transforming the untoward conditions brought about by the incoming tide of immigration than our public schools. Our greatest security for the future requires a larger degree of attention to the moral and spiritual development of our youth. The best influences should be cast about them, especially during the period when they are in the preparatory school and the college. In these institutions are being trained our future leaders. They must meet the perils of the coming years; and the best part of their equipment will be love of truth and sincerity, and fidelity to conscience. Let us honor and strengthen our educational institutions because of the noble work they have done and are doing.—The Christian Advocate.

Emancipation and Education

A little negro slave boy on a Southern plantation, one single garment, a coarse flaxen shirt, his only covering; he had never slept in a bed—not he; who his father was he never knew, nor his own age. He once went as far as the schoolhouse door with his little mistress, to carry her books, and had the feeling that "to get into a schoolhouse and study would be about the same as getting into Paradise."

After the emancipation-proclamation—a boy of ten or twelve years of age, working in the salt mines of West Virginia, but with an intense longing for an education; a little later attending night-school. Again we see him on his way to Hampton Institute, a distance of five hundred miles, with scarcely any money to buy clothing or pay his fare; sometimes begging rides, sleeping under the sidewalk or in any shelter he might find, to save his money; reaching Hampton, at last, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket and looking like a worthless tramp.

Later we see him as a student, doing janitor work to help pay his way. Here, for the first time, he ate from a tablecloth, learned the use of napkins, tooth brush and the bath, also of sheets; the first night he slept under them both, and the next night on top of both. At length, graduating with honor, he becomes a teacher; is called back to deliver a post-graduate address, is tendered a

reception in Richmond at which two thousand colored people were present, in a hall not far from the place where he slept under the sidewalk. Beloved and respected by both white and black was Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute.

Thinkers Create Money Values

Men make wealth by their thoughts as well as by their hands. A Morse dreams of telegraphic communication, and his thought materializes in hundreds of millions of value in telegraph stock. A Stevenson dreams of locomotive traction, and we have thousands of millions of dollars in railroads. An Edison conceives of speaking by a wire, and we have millions upon millions of wealth in telephones created by his thought. What, do you ask, does thought make money? Yes, I say, the thoughts of these and other thinkers create actual money values. So you see that the thoughts of men make wealth as well as the work of their hands.—Lansing.

Teaching

Teaching has three objects: (1) The communication of knowledge. (2) The stimulating of the activity of the student. (3) The development of character.

The Educated Man

The educated man has greater ability to grasp new truth and facts. The uneducated man is more likely to be unbalanced by new schemes and isms. The educated man has a broader mind and is more open to the opinion of others.

What special advantage does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so-called? The educated man has the advantage of being able to think more systematically. He has at his control a mass of facts, and he is trained to see the fallacy of false schemes.—D. L. Moody.

Satisfaction of Education

If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and the man who can combine few dollars with intelligent contentment is obviously better off than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more.

It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in cramming the mind with knowledge not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's age cramming one's pockets with money one does not want.—Saturday Eevening Post.

The Christian College

The influence of the Christian college in the life of the church is tremendous. The badge of the age is an interrogation point. Even in the church the power to start inquiry seems often to be looked upon as a part of worship. The door must not be shut in the face of inquiry, or doubt will come piling in at the windows. If "the age of doubt" is not to eventuate in an age of denial, the Christian college must guide this spirit of inquiry to true answers. The home, the Church and the nation need the Christian college.—Chancellor McDowell.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE LAND WE LOVE

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

Text: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he has chosen for his own inheritance." Ps. 33:12.

God has given us a pleasant land, a very fruitful land, a land blessed with intelligence, liberty and Christian faith. This country of ours is a goodly heritage. Its providential beginning, splendid history, varied and expansive domain, glorious institutions, beautiful form of government and exalted national spirit make every patriotic citizen proud of our country and of our flag. We have every reason to be proud. Our victories in war and our triumphs in peace have been worthy of our civilization. With all our defects and sins, our progress, growth, philanthropy, popular education, citizenship, civic righteousness, and love of liberty place us high among the nations of the earth. We have a vast domain of which we may well feel proud, and also a national spirit which is worthy to make us rejoice,—a spirit which represents love of freedom and sympathy for the oppressed who are struggling for liberty and justice in all lands; while a sense of fraternity binds every part of our land, North, South, East and West, in closest union.

We believe it was wise forethought in our fathers which led them to set apart Independence Day for yearly observance, when the attention of all our people would be turned toward a review of our past history and toward a consideration of questions bearing upon our future national interests and welfare.

I. One of the facts the day should fix in our minds is that the founders of our Republic recognized God. The last sentence of the Declaration of Independence reads: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge," etc. When the Continental Congress was organized, Benjamin Franklin, although not a church member, suggested that the sessions be opened with prayer. At Valley Forge, he who led our little army, was found

in the stillness of midnight on his knees, supplicating the God of nations to save his country which lay bleeding. In that struggle for independence the colonies put their trust in him who had guided another nation with a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Heaven forbid that we should ever abandon the faith of our fathers! "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

II. We may learn also from this day something of the power of woman's influence. When Great Britain placed a tax on silk, the women of America said, "We will wear no silk." When a tax was placed on tea, they said, "We will drink no tea." While history speaks of the Warrens and the Jaspers let it not fail to mention also the women of the Revolution. And let us not forget the influence of women to-day upon the nation's welfare.

III. We may learn also from Independence Day the necessity for putting one's heart into one's work. The signers of the Declaration of Independence pledged their "lives, fortunes and sacred honor,"—all they had they threw into that movement for independence. In the war England tried to bribe American generals to stop the conflict. General Reed, of Pennsylvania, replied: "I am not worth purchasing, but poor as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me." Such was the prevailing sentiment. The hearts of the people were in the struggle; and heart enlistment is the secret of effective work always. Let us keep heart-enlisted for our nation's welfare and in all that will promote righteousness and justice and godliness in our midst.

IV. Let us learn, lastly, the importance of committing one's self publicly to the support of right principles. Fifty-six men put their names on the Declaration of Independence. Placing a name there meant victory or death. Had they not committed themselves thus publicly they would have been more likely to waver before the war ceased. But after the names were down there was no retreat. As one of them said: "We must either hang together or hang separately." Their names had been published to the world as supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and this public avowal helped them to keep firm during the seven years' war.

Do not try to be a Christian secretly. To the whole world let it be plain that you intend to be a Christian. Sever thus all

connection with the sinful past; cut off all chance of retreat; and then go steadily forward until you behold brightly gleaming the spires of that eternal city whose builder and maker is God. And may God hasten the day when our whole nation shall be made up of openly avowed and consecrated Christians—when we shall be indeed a people whose God is the Lord!

RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION

By Rev. James H. Snowden, D. D.

Text: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. 14:34.

By righteousness is meant general moral integrity, the sum of such private and social virtues as truth, purity, honesty and brotherly love. In what ways does such righteousness exalt a nation?

I. It promotes its material prosperity. Such prosperity grows out of a complex combination of conditions, such as rich resources and a vigorous race of intelligent people; but the main root of such prosperity is moral integrity. The simplest process of production or exchange rests upon the honesty of those engaged in it. The relation of employer and employe or of seller and buyer is vitiated and may be wrecked if one or the other party in any degree lies or cheats. Men trust one another at a thousand points in these relations, and if such trust were weakened or rendered impossible our whole industrial system would go to pieces. The first and greatest word in business is not capital or labor or profits or wages, but truth, that trust which is the common ground on which all men can stand and do business together. It is such truth that makes our banks safe, that guarantees every contract, and assures the workman of his wages. The slightest impairment of this trust makes capital hesitate, and a deep shock to it precipitates a panic. But when this trust is universal and strong, business grows rapidly and ever larger wealth is produced. There are indications that such righteousness is being strengthened among us. It is true there are some contrary indications in the prevalence if not the growth of graft, the general disposition to get something for one's self out of every relation more than justly due. But public opinion is asserting itself against this form of dishonesty. More hopeful

is the headway being made against corporate injustice. Corporations themselves are an outgrowth of righteousness, and the very name "trust" given to one form of them is significant. But these larger combinations of capital have afforded opportunities for new methods of dishonesty by which a few men can exploit great properties for their own benefit. Public righteousness is restricting such operations more and more and subjecting great corporations to publicity and honesty. Our wonderful prosperity that yet shows little sign of decline or check is built upon the general moral integrity of our people and to maintain our prosperity we must above all things maintain our integrity. This is our most valuable asset, even in comparison with our inexhaustible resources, and we should strive to keep it intact and promote its vigor.

II. A second way in which righteousness exalts a nation is in promoting its social solidarity. One of the greatest dangers that can befall any country is for its people to become separated and crystallized into social classes. We see the logical outcome of this system in the castes of India that separate society into horizontal layers that are each impervious to the others. Two of the most deadly of these class divisions are the rich and the poor. Get all the rich people into one class and all the poor people into another, and then get these two classes to hating each other, and that country is ready to blow up in terrible explosion like the French Revolution. The welfare of a country depends on the nobility of its people, moving freely among themselves, like the drops of water in the ocean in which the lowest drop can rise and float and flash on the crest of the topmost wave. We have been largely saved from class divisions by reason of our complex origin and our democratic ideals and development. But such democratic ideals rest at the bottom on moral principles, especially on the worth of man and the brotherhood of men. Righteousness asserts and practices these moral principles. It declares and defends the equal rights of all men before the law and strives to give each one free and full opportunities. It puts up the bars against class privileges and strives to keep the field of life open to all. Especially does it seek to maintain relations of sympathy and brotherhood among all classes and knit them into unity. We have succeeded in an unusual degree in maintaining this social solidarity. Yet there are some unwelcome

symptoms of social divisions. The rich are withdrawing themselves into their own society and flaunting their wealth, and the laboring classes shows signs of class consciousness. We need to guard against the development of such division and crystallization by insisting on the righteousness that gives every man justice and emphasizes our common brotherhood. Only in such unity can we have strength and endure. United we stand, divided we fall.

III. Righteousness exalts a nation by promoting the higher life of the spirit. The body acts upon us with the persistent power of gravitation to drag us down into the life of the flesh. Wealth is often a weight added to this gravitation so that the richer an individual becomes the more sudden and deeper may be his fall into vice. The same danger besets a nation and history is full of warnings. Rome poor ruled the world, but Rome rich grew corrupt and fell. The main standard that measures a nation is not its resources or wealth or material greatness, but the character of its people. Character is the diamond that scratches every stone, the mark and the measure of all worth. Righteousness produces character of the highest type. It puts the emphasis on the moral and spiritual side of life and uses all things else only as soil to grow this fine blossom and fruit. It asserts the fundamental and eternal worth of man independently of his circumstances and makes his worth consistent in his soul and spirit. And righteousness, while it may begin as mere moral integrity, yet cannot confine itself to this world but overleaps the horizon into the eternities. It stands with its feet on the earth, but its head is above the stars and it sees God. It thus links man with God and makes him live a divine life, doing all earthly things in celestial ways. Such a principle exalts a nation above the level of this world and clothes it with some of the greatness of God.

IV. As a result of these elements righteousness exalts a nation in national and international power. National power evidently consists in some degree in material resources and development. A nation to be strong must have wealth, farms and factories, railways and ships, and all the plant of our modern civilization. It must even have the machinery of war, armies and navies, either developed or in germs that can be quickly developed. In a still greater degree a nation's power consists in its solidarity. If its people are divided into antagonistic social

classes it will be internally weak and might fall at a blow into internecine war. Still more does a nation's greatness depend on the character of its people. Strong men will make a strong nation as surely as strong strands of steel wire make a strong cable. The higher virtues of truth and honesty, sympathy and service, faith and faithfulness, will reach down through the whole national life and lift it into unity and purity, self-control and sanity and strength. Such a nation will stand the stress and storm of such internal troubles as befall every people. And such a nation will be as strong abroad as it is at home. International influence is measured in some degree by wealth and warships, but in a greater degree by the righteousness that marks a nation in all its ways.

The place we need to put intenser emphasis in this country is not on bigger warships or on greater wealth, but on increased righteousness; righteousness in public life, righteousness in business, righteousness in the home, righteousness in private character. Only such righteousness is true patriotism and will exalt us as a nation.

INDEPENDENCE DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

John Brown's Scaffold

Victor Hugo declared, in one of his most impassioned sentences, that the gibbet of John Brown was the Calvary of the anti-slavery movement; and, assuredly, the execution of the brave old man was the death-sentence of slavery.—Justin McCarthy, History of Our Own Times, 3, 187.

July 4 in American Wars

The Fourth of July has been a big day in the wars of this republic. In 1861 July 4 was the first day of the extra session of Congress, with eight States unrepresented.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant.

On the same day news was sent over the country that the Federal forces had won at Gettysburg.

On July 4, 1864, Grant was gradually driving Lee back, though at a terrific cost of human life.

On July 4, 1898, we got news that Cervera's entire Spanish fleet had been destroyed off Santiago by the United States fleet, that 600 Spaniards had been killed and drowned, and 1,400 taken prisoners on the day before.

On July 4th, 1918, well we were pretty busy pushing back the Hindenburg line and sundry other useful war maneuvers in France and elsewhere.

Test of Patriotism

Any person who would defraud the nation by evading custom duties, by shirking public tasks, by falsely representing his liabilities to taxes, or by rendering less than full market value in every transaction with the government, must be en-

rolled somewhere outside of the rank of patriots.

The Flag

The flag means liberty. It also means law. Its red means devotion, even to the shedding of red blood. The flag cost the blood of thousands. Because they gave their lives we have what we enjoy. The time has come when we must give life for the flag. The white means purity and intelligence. Good citizenship means good character. Wrong doing is treason to all the things for which the flag stands. Honesty, industry, and sobriety are all in the salute to the flag. The white also stands for intelligence. No one who is ignorant is a full American. The hand that casts the ballot must be directed by the head that knows the ballot. Then the stars in the blue of the flag stand for him who is back of the stars. This is not an infidel nation. We may not understand God alike, but we do all alike believe there is a God. The great moral laws of God are the basis of America's laws. When any man turns his back on God, he turns his back on the flag.

The Passion of Patriotism

"My greatest aim is to be a good American," said Calvin P. Titus, the young American soldier who planted the Stars and Stripes on the wall of Peking, and who received for his bravery a West Point scholarship and a medal by Congress. Bishop Galloway said concerning Senator Lamar: "With Lamar patriotism was a passion and politics a phase of religion." "Patriotism," said Noah Webster, "is the passion which aims to serve one's country either in defending it from invasion or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity; it is characteristic of a good citizen, the noblest passion that animates man in the character of a citizen."

Exalted by Righteousness

Two things are now quite generally conceded among civilized and even semi-civilized peoples. The first is that God rules among the kingdoms of the earth; that he presides over and controls the destinies of nations. The second is that those nations that are righteous God exalts, while those that are sinful become a reproach and are destroyed. To a sinful nation it can be said, in the words that were on the walls of a wicked king's palace, "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it." The history and doom of every sinful nation is expressed in the words of the prophet: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." The fact is that the holy people are the happy people, the prosperous people, the people that are to have a lengthened and happy history. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—H.

Patriotic Thanksgiving

Admiral Sir David Beatty was in charge of the British-Allied fleet that received the surrender of the German fleet in the Firth of Forth. At sunset the signal was given from the Admiral's ship to haul down the German flags. Following that this historic signal was sent out by the Admiral: "It is my intention to hold a service of thanksgiving at 6 o'clock to-day for the victory which Almighty God has vouchsafed his

Majesty's arms, and every ship is recommended to do the same."

God in History

The motto engraved upon the coins struck to commemorate the great victory over the Spanish Armada is from Psalm 147: 18: "Deus afflavit"—"God Causeth His Wind to Blow." God's hand is in history. His hand is clearly seen in our nation's history.

The New Americanism

Here is heroism: To venture the use of the Spirit of Jesus in industry, in diplomacy, in the practical situations in which men find themselves in our complex relations. Our highest Americanism, the New Americansm, is our confidence that the Cross of Christ is the wisest and strongest force in existence; that to be led by its eternal spirit is to be in possession of the only omniscience and omnipotence of God's command; and that employing its strength only can we hope to weld the forces of our civilization, bind their hearts in devotion to our country and secure that measure of peace and happiness and joy among our citizenship and that fidelity and that loyalty to the Master, whose goodness and mercy alone can guarantee and safeguard the home and the lives and hopes of our people.

But the New Americanism stands even for a larger and more glorious sphere of service—a sphere of service commensurate with world obligation and limitation. To the thoughtful student of world affairs to-day, it is evident that in this supreme struggle for Christianity, America must be a dominant force, whose voice shall and will and must be heard in world affairs; and that we must illustrate in practical religion our faith and our hope.—Rev. R. L. Bell.

The Christian Voting

In the great election of 1886 in England the late Prof. Henry Sidgwick travelled from Davos, Switzerland, to Cambridge, England, and back again in order to cast his vote. This act of personal sacrifice is the essence of citizenship. Professor Sidgwick was sure that his party would win; but he felt it his duty to help make the victory greater.

Unselfish Patriotism

At the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette said to Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia, "To what particular spot would your Excellency direct that we point the cannon?" "There," promptly replied the noble-minded, patriotic Nelson, "to that house; it is mine, and is the best one you can find in the town; and there you will be most certain to find Lord Cornwallis and the British headquarters." It would be well if some of the real-estate owners of the present day were as self-sacrificing as this eighteenth-century governor.

America Forever

We cry "America forever!" But what kind of an America shall it be? Strange words are creeping into the language. Chief among them is "graft." And when it applies to men in high places it strikes most ominously on the ear.

The old Independence bell sounded forth notes of freedom, justice and loyalty. Loyalty to the right. Would God that our Independence Day might appeal to the hearts of men, forcing them to a regard and pur-

suance of such principles as make for the glory and upbuilding of the fairest nation of the earth.

For My Country

When the Japanese enlist they count themselves as dead to everything but their country's protection. A sailor heard a temperance appeal and signed the pledge with the statement: "I have given my body to my country. I now want to bring it to the best so that I can render the best service. Liquor, I now see, cripples my usefulness, so I will give it up that I may be a better fighter."

The Best Patriot

Righteousness exalteth a nation." This may safely be taken as a general principle. Righteousness promotes the life of a nation. Good has in its the seeds of life. It is constantly reproducing itself. It has in it the seeds of life. It gives harvests of good. It produces thirty, sixty and an hundredfold. Evil has within itself the principle of decay. Its tendency is toward death, disintegration, and destruction.

Righteousness promotes the prosperity of a nation. Evil does not pay. Good does pay. It is true of nations as of individuals that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." Queen Victoria was right when she handed a Bible to an ambassador from a foreign court and said: "Tell your master this is the secret of England's greatness." The best patriot is the man who loves his Bible best, tries hardest to live by it, and to get others to live by it.

Righteousness is the chief factor not only in the prosperity, but in the safety of any nation.—H.

Follow Christ

A French soldier, ready to go to the front, said: "I am dead; France is dead; both I and France are dead that France may live." He meant that as a soldier he was ready to die, he was as good as dead, and that he and the youth of France were willing to die in order that France's liberties might be preserved. The soldier gives himself to his country or king; gives himself utterly, to death if need be, and goes where he is sent, obediently.

The Christian soldier must serve Christ in the same noble spirit. He must die to sin; he must be ready to obey his King; he must be willing to follow Christ; to fight sin. And he will find that the first fighting takes place in his own heart. It is easy to fight others; it is hard to fight our own desires. Yet that is where our first victories must be gained. Are we willing to deny ourselves and follow Jesus?—Rev. R. P. Anderson.

American Initiative

When Dewey's squadron needed coal, the admiral purchased a large amount of it without consulting the department. The following official correspondence is self-explanatory:

Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.

To Dewey, Manila:

Why did you buy so much coal?—Bradford.

Flagship Olympia, Manila.

To Bradford,
Chief Bureau Equipment,
Washington:

To burn.—Dewey.

American initiative did not begin in the World War. It was there, but it had precedents.

No Ambulance for Him

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were skeptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me in the ammunition-wagon, and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners. "You mean the ambulance-wagon."

But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition-wagon."

True Heroism

Faith in yourself, your army, your cause and in Almighty God is essential to victory. He who doubts is damned. A colonel during the Civil War once said to his regiment: "After you charge on yonder fortifications report to yonder ravine; and, as I am a little lame, I will start now for the ravine." Every one of the soldiers reached the ravine ahead of the colonel.

The Weakness of Selfishness

Frederick Palmer, in a recent magazine, says: "If we acquire a few more million automobiles, and plumbers ride in five-thousand-dollar instead of three-thousand-dollar cars, I wonder if we may not develop acute melancholia; for the faces in the triumphant procession of democracy's luxury along our gasoline-perfumed highways on Sunday mornings did not seem as happy as the faces of the holiday-makers whom I had seen on foot in the Bois de Boulogne, or those of the singing recruits for the army in Poland. Yet one ought to be happier riding than walking. Else, why buy cars?"

Might not the answer to Mr. Palmer's question be "Selfishness"? We are unhappy in the endless struggle for more wealth which, when gotten, is spent in an exaggerated effort to find pleasure and momentary recreation from the wearying routine. Let this Fourth of July find us dedicating ourselves to higher ideals, of peace and contentment and industry and sane and simple living.—H.

Making a Religion of Patriotism

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of England, when in this country a few years ago, intimated that he considered the outstanding feature of American life to be the presence of school children laden down with their books. Said he: "Your flag is always flying from the school buildings and your national anthem is constantly on the children's lips. You have made a religion of your patriotism and hence you have built the nation strong. . . . The parents have come from every land, but the children seem conscious of being Americans."

Patriotism and Purpose

Patriotism may be used as a cloak for concealing selfishness and rascality. Samuel Johnson's observations led him to say that sometimes "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Patriotism must spring from pure purpose, else it is perverted easily into demagoguery.

American!

I'm an American born and an American bred;
And when I am gone there's an American dead.

AGED PEOPLE'S SERVICE

LIGHT AT EVENING

By Rev. George H. Hubbard, D. D.

Text: "At evening time there shall be light." Zech. 14:7.

Two pictures present themselves to our minds as we read this verse. One is a picture from nature; the other, a picture from life.

Here is the picture from nature:

It is evening. The day has been dark and stormy. Black clouds cover the heavens as with a pall, and pour themselves in pelting rain upon the earth beneath, while the wind roars among the trees or touches every living creature with its chilling breath. All creation has felt the spell of dreariness or has suffered from the violence of the storm. The day has been a fitting type of sorrow and strife and unhappiness. But just as it is drawing to a close the solid bank of clouds is broken by some unseen force, and through a rift on the western horizon stream the rays of the setting sun. In an instant all is transfigured. The clouds, which but a moment ago were sullen and black, are now resplendent with a golden light, or reflect a deep, rich crimson. The western sky seems like one vast fairy picture with its seas and rivers of gold, its mountains of pearl, and its islands of crimson and silver, while to the east a glorious rainbow arch spans the sky with its seven-colored pledge and promise. The raindrops, too, which through the day have seemed like tears on the face of a weeping earth, now sparkle like countless diamonds, the fitting tokens of joy and festivity. And as earth and sky thus form one vast and glittering panorama of matchless beauty, the voices of innumerable birds suddenly pour forth an anthem of praise and gladness for this "Light at evening time."

Such is the picture from nature. Not less vivid is the picture from life.

We see an aged pilgrim whose feeble step and snowy locks and furrowed brow tell us that the sunset of life has come. The dial of time has already marked the threescore years and ten. And they have not been years of idleness or pleasure or luxury.

Life has had its trials and difficulties and sorrows. There have been years of earnest toil and sacrifice to lay by a competence for this very hour. There have been disappointments, failures, sicknesses, losses. Ambition and courage at times have been well-nigh crushed by despair. Not seldom have dark clouds of danger hung low and threatening. Storms of adversity have burst with almost overwhelming force, and showers of bitter grief have fallen.

But the day of strife and toil and anxiety draws to its close. The evening comes, and with it the light of divinest love. How changed! The blackness of those early disappointments is transfused with the golden light of hope and trust. That youthful ambition that seemed to contain the very essence of life and to be almost a necessary element of heaven itself is now revealed as a mere trifle, a shadow, a scattering mist. Every storm of bereavement and trial is overarched by a glittering bow of promise. Even the obstacles and difficulties and adversities that were once so hard to bear are now seen to be blessings in disguise, means of discipline whereby the soul is made perfect, sources of spiritual strength and growth.

How the silvered hair falls like a heavenly aureole about the aged head. The furrows of care, and lines of bitterness or of stern purpose, are softened and glorified by a look of peace and joyous expectation. Every experience has left its mark, and these are not disfigurements. They rather lend character and true beauty when touched with a heavenly light. Every line is full of meaning; and through and around and over all there beams that look of patient expectation that speaks of brighter days to come in the celestial country.

Nature's sunset is beautiful, so beautiful that every painter strives in vain to catch it and give it permanence on his canvas. But the sunset of life transcends it as the reality always transcends the type, as the spiritual always transcends the material, as the heavenly always transcends the earthly. What is there more beautiful in itself, what more interesting to contemplate, what that more excites our reverential love than snowy age sustained by a living faith, and moving on toward the end of life's journey calm, serene, cheerful, full of trust in God and the hope of heaven? Truly "the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness."

But why picture a day of storms instead of a day of brightness and sunshine? Why a life of trials and sorrows and difficulties? Why not a life of pleasure, or at least of comfort?

Herein lies the chief beauty of the picture, the preciousness of the promise. Light is ever most glorious in contrast with darkness; peace most blessed by contrast with strife. True, the sunset glory is beautiful even after a cloudless sky. Yet how immeasurably beautiful after a day of storms. Never are the bird-songs so joyous, never the sky so golden or the earth to bedecked with jewels, never the air so pure and exhilarating, never the soul so refreshed.

And is it not equally, yes, infinitely more true in life? A peaceful, trustful, calm old age is pleasing always. But best is the peace after strife, the trust after doubt, the rest after toil. Such an old age bespeaks completeness. It is not a mere physical climax. It is the maturing of a human mind, the ripening of a God-like character, the perfecting of an immortal soul.

But this is not all. We have not painted the storm merely by way of contrast to the sunshine. In point of fact, clouds and storm are in themselves necessary elements of the most beautiful sunset light. Whence come the resplendent colorings of the sky, the gold and the crimson and the purple? Are they not born of the very clouds that brought the storm? And the rainbow tints, what should we know of them but for the rain? The millions of glittering diamonds, too, that sparkle on every leaf, and dance on every twig and spray, these were part and parcel of the storm. They but added to the dreary dampness and chill, till the setting sun transformed them with his magic rays.

So those lines of strength and beauty, those tokens of ripened character, that quiet patience, that glowing faith and hope, that chastened joy—all have been imprinted upon the aged face by the hand of experience the most painful.

Do you not see in that broad charity the reflection of divine love on clouds of past failure and weakness, and even sin and bitter self-disappointment? That childlike faith and hope, what is it but the rainbow arch which those same bright rays have built upon showers of sorrow and bereavement? Are all those graces of character, are they not glorified trials? Ah, yes, sanctified sorrow is an indispensable element of heavenly joy. Spiritual strength and maturity cannot be attained except through diffi-

culties overcome by the grace of God. Without strife there can be no conquest, no triumph.

What artist would think of painting a sunset without a cloud? Such a picture would be tame and characterless, a mere daub of unmeaning blue. So with the old age that has known neither toil nor care nor disappointment. The face is empty—characterless. Its beauty is that of the lifeless marble chiseled by the hand of man, rather than a reflection of the divine image bestowed upon his child by the Eternal Father. Advancing years detract from its perfection instead of adding to it. Every line and furrow disfigures. And there is little in such a face to command either respect or admiration.

I repeat it, then, the promise of light at evening-time from its very nature implies something of storm during the day.

There shall be Light. So says the Word. But is there light? No; not always. Sometimes the promise seems to fail. Not every stormy day concludes with a golden sunset. Not every troubled and toil-worn life ends in peace and hope. Very far from it. Too often davancing years only bring increased darkness. The murmur of youthful unhappiness becomes the confirmed and habitual grumble of a dissatisfied old age. Disappointment deepens into a perpetual bitterness of spirit. The lines of care and struggle harden and grow daily sharper till the face wears a constant and forbidding frown. Evil habits crystallize into unlovely traits of character. And so old age is marked by peevishness, complaining and discomfort. Have we not all seen those whose evening-time was the worst part of life? Have we not seen those who in old age were a burden to themselves and to everybody else?

Yet it need not be so. No, not with any life. The promise is to all, a divine promise: "At evening-time there shall be light."

Whence shall this light come?

Whence comes the glorious sunset? From a complete removal of the storm? From the scattering and disappearance of the clouds? No. From the shining of the sun upon the clouds. So the light at the evening-time of life comes not for an utter forgetfulness of life's trials nor yet from the complete removal of those trials, but from the shining of God's love upon them. "The Sun of Righteousness!" Is it not a most fitting title for our

Lord? For it is the brightness of his love that transfigures life and fills its closing years with light and promise.

How? How does the sun paint the rainbow on the falling shower? How touch the leaden cloud with gold and crimson? Simply by shining upon it—simply by shining upon it and letting its mirror surfaces reflect fragments of the solar splendor.

So with life. Its toil and suffering and sorrow are glorified when they reflect divine love. When every seeming evil is spanned by the rainbow promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." When temptation is revealed as a means of growth in Christian grace: "Knowing that the proof of your faith worketh patience." When times of deepest sorrow are laden with assurance of God's nearness, and we recall the words, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour. Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The glory of the evening light comes not from the removal of all clouds of evil, but from their transformation. For, apart from difficulty and trial, we could never know the infinitude of God's love and power. We may believe a great deal about God from the mere reading of the Bible or from the testimony of others; but we can know him only as we put his Word to the test. We talk of God's power to overcome evil. But what do we know of that power until we are tempted, and come off conquerors through divine grace? Could we ever have truly known the blessedness of heavenly comfort had we not first known sorrow that made us long for comfort?

In the glory of life's evening light David sang: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" Is this the song of a man trusting in the darkness? No. A mere overflow of pious sentiment? No. It is the shining of the divine countenance upon the dark clouds of danger that overhung his youth, revealing the silver lining of God's protection and providence. It is assurance growing out of a God-given victory over the giant.

It is trust founded upon conquest over terrible sin, and strengthened by comfort after bitter sorrow, and confirmed by succeeding years of spiritual growth and enlargement.

St. Paul also in the evening light exclaims: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us." Could Paul have said that in the morning of his days? Could he have said it had his life been one of ease and luxury and comfort? You know he could not. Such a glowing trust and confidence requires not only the direct shining of the Sun of Righteousness, but also the clouds and rain and mists of a troubled experience to reflect the golden rays. It was because the great Apostle had passed through "tribulation and anguish and persecution and famine" that he knew so well the unfailing power of divine love.

So may it be with every soul that claims this promise; the darkness of the morning and the storm of the noontide shall but enhance the glory of the evening light.

This is God's message to each one of you to-day. Not all in this house have come to life's evening. For some the sun still lingers in the morning sky. For others he marks the high noontide of life and vigor. It may be for you a day of storms. You look upward, but the Father's face is hidden by clouds of doubt and trial, and at times you almost lose your faith in God. Take the word of one who had passed through such a storm:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

For many of you, however, this should be no longer a promise, but a blessed experience. Many of you should now be rejoicing in the light at evening-time. I doubt not your lives have seen the full measure of sorrow and strife, but as you look back this Sabbath day over the past, can you not see the brightness of the Father's love reflected in it all? Does not each sorrow glisten with the rays of his comfort? Are not those days of toil, those nights of anxiety, those hours of weariness, and

temptation, and care resplendent with the gold and crimson of heavenly victory?

Oh, if to any of you the evening-time still seems dark and gloomy, let in this light into your soul. Let it stream all through your life and it will brighten and transform everything with the likeness of its own glory.

During the past year many of our aged friends have passed away, and it has been a blessed privilege to see in some of them the glory and the beauty of this evening-time light. How has it shone forth from the aged face! How has it beamed in the loving smile! How has it diffused itself through the chamber of sickness, and encircled the pillow of the weary, waiting one as with a halo! How has it revealed itself in a sweet and tender patience, or in a thoughtful care for others lest they should be overburdened! And so in countless ways it has left its hallowed influence as a parting testimony and benediction from the soul that is gone.

At Evening-time Light! May the glorious promise read itself into the life of every aged child of God.

THE HOARY HEAD

By Rev. F. S. Retan

Text: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it is found in the way of righteousness." Prov. 16:31.

The Bible permits us many delightful glimpses of childhood —of Samuel, consecrated from birth to the Lord; of the lad with loaves and fishes, giving his possessions to Christ for use; of Moses, God's charge from birth till he fell asleep; of the little ones whom Jesus gathered to his breast, as he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We are permitted to bend over the cradle of many a new-born babe and share the joy of the parents, for God taught the Jew that children were his gift, and a mark of his favor.

But old age is not omitted from the sacred record. We follow Joshua till he is 85 years old, Moses till 120, Jacob till 149, Isaac till 180, Enoch till 365, Noah till 950. God never forgets his children. Old age, even of the sinful and immoral, is spoken of tenderly, sympathetically—"The beauty of old men is the grey head." But old age in Christ is singularly honored. "The

hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

I. There is beauty and sweetness about life's sunset that some do not observe. No portion of the day is more inspiring and yet more becalming, than the hour of sunset. The day is done. The fervor of its shining is over, and the sun hangs golden in the west, making everything look unspeakably beautiful. The very atmosphere partakes of the glory of the departing king of day. The weary laborer seeks his repose. Children leave their play to gather in the home for the evening prayer and blessing. It is time for prayer, and rest, and sleep. William the Conqueror introduced into England the ringing of curfew bells. The curfew meant that all fires should be put out or covered with ashes, all lights extinguished, all the people retire to rest. For some here curfew will soon sound. The fires of life will be banked, and we shall go to sleep. But whether there be rest and glory will depend on whether the hoary head be found in the way of righteousness. Joseph Jennings, of precious memory, when on the very verge of the spirit land, and looking over exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful!" "It is indeed a beautiful morning," rejoined his weeping wife, "shall I open the shutters to give you a better view?" "Oh! I have looked a great way beyond the shutters!"

II. To him who looks not beyond the shutters old age comes as a heartless robber. It takes from life its purpose—no new profession to be entered on, no new plans to be formed, no farther distinctions to be won, no books to be written, no fields to till, or houses to build, no place in the world's busy life, none in the gay social round. Plan and zest and work have all given place to a time of waiting—waiting for the days to run their course, for time to end and eternity to begin. Old age has taken the acquaintances of the past, friends as well as rivals, loved ones as well as foes. It has taken the wife, the husband, the children and the children's children. Behold, the aged one now stands like a giant of the forest out in the open—alone, swept by every wind, bruised by every storm.

All paths—ambition, wealth, fame, learning—all are closed, save one—the path to the tomb. The world has nothing for them; they have nothing for the world. Such, indeed, can be said of those who have come to old age but look not beyond the

shutters. Can you conceive a sadder picture?—life all but lived; the world fast, fast receding; earth ties snapping, till barely more than one or two bind to the present; and what lies beyond, around, beneath? Dr. A. J. Gordon met an aged man going to the place of prayer. "Aged friend, how is it that so old a man is so merry and cheerful?" "Because I belong to the Lord!" "Are no others happy at your time of age?" The bent form straightened and the countenance glowed, as he said, "Listen to the truth from one who knows; then tell it everywhere, and no man of three score and ten can be found to gainsay it—the devil has no happy old men."

III. But the picture has another side. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." If many things are gone, many more remain.

1. The aged Christian has passed beyond the most hazardous and tempting periods and scenes of life. He is unaffected by some of the most pernicious influences of a bad world. The world has not lost its influence over him simply because his physical powers have weakened, but because he has learned to put right value on things.

2. The aged Christian still has reserved to him the most potent agency in life—prayer. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." I never enter this pulpit without thinking of the score or more members whose weight of years but who, though denied the worship we enjoy never fail to pray for the pastor and the church.

3. The aged Christian may lean to the full on Christ. Herein is his privilege and joy. How beautiful is old age when cheered by the conscious presence and help of the Strong One. There are no fears, no doubts, no anxieties about the future. He is leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

4. The aged Christian can witness for Christ.

To the young these thoughts come, for life's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it. If we are to come to life's close with the comfort of Christian hope, we must prepare for it while yet it is day.

To the aged out of Christ these thoughts come. It is still not too late. Even for such, "Now is the accepted time."

OLD AGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Love and Old Age

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."

Faithfulness in Old Age

"Eighty-six years," was Polycarp's answer when required to deny the truth, "have I served my Saviour, and he hath never done me any harm; and shall I deny him now?"

White Hairs

I sat at my desk writing. In a moment of deep thought my hand went involuntarily to my head. A hair was dislodged by the movement, and dropped on the inky page. I started to brush it away, but—it made me think, for it was as white as snow!

White hairs! Work tells.

This is a busy life, and the world waits for no man. Wheels turn; factories rumble; the streets are crowded, even though at Woodlawn and Forest and Calvary they are closing fresh-made graves. The living toil on. It is best to do only the things that are worth while.

White hairs! Time passes.

Time waits not. We are nearer home to-day than yesternight. At ten, life looks long, unending. At twenty, it is rich with many years to come. After thirty, five years is a familiar epoch. At forty, we can talk in decades. And at fifty we are girding ourselves for the last quarter of the course; we have much to do ere the night comes on. "We must work the works of him that sent us while it is day—the night cometh." After that, "the dark," the pilot's call—then work over yonder.

White hairs. Memory brightens.

Through the mist of tears I see a face—two of them—patient, loving, true. Blessed be God for such a mother and father! These silver crowns tell of sacrifice, toil, the burden bravely borne, and peace to the end. We shall never pay our debt to them, unless, perhaps, in eternity we can do more for them than our limited appreciation and power permitted here.

White hairs! We're growing old.

Shall we grow old serenely? Shall white hairs be "a crown of glory" because found "in the way of righteousness"? Who fears to grow old? It is the ripening-time of life. It is better farther on. Gladly we greet the white messenger, and with faith keep on our pilgrimage.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid.'"

—Rev. E. B. Allen.

Happiness in Old Age

Wilberforce remarked, "I can scarcely understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." And soon after, when his only surviving daughter died, he writes, "I have often heard that sailors on a voyage will drink, 'Friends astern!' till they are half way over; then, 'Friends ahead!' With me it has been 'Friends ahead!' this long time."

Honoring Old Age

The Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeanette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd, trying very hard to get where she could see. Jeannette said to herself, "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honor old age, and I will." So she called the old woman, and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe, and peep, and dodge about, to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age. A few minutes later, a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her, "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to a scaffold within the crowd. The lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said, "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me. You can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age.

Hopeful Old Age

Mr. Venn, conversing with a stranger, was thus addressed: "Sir, I think you are the wrong side of fifty?"—"On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir; I am on the right side of fifty."—"Surely," the other replied, "you must be turned fifty?"—"Yes, sir," added Mr. Venn; "but I am on the right side of fifty; for, every year I live, I am nearer my crown of glory."

Learning in Old Age

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato, at eighty years of age, began to learn the Greek language. Petrarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time. Accareo, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied, that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it sooner. Franklin did not com-

mence his philosophical pursuits until he had reached his fiftieth year. Ogilvie, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Old Age

"Few people," said La Rochefoucauld, "know how to be old." If true, "the more's the pity," because the only escape from age is through the gates of the tomb. "I make no pretense of loving old age," said a venerable friend to us recently, "nor can I think any man sincere who professes to find it satisfying." Perhaps it is not expected by our Heavenly Father that we should love it, but it certainly is not beyond the power of grace to help us carry it cheerfully.

No age, no condition of life, is without its trials; but, God be thanked, no age, no condition, is without its available compensations.

Golden Sunsets

"At evening time it shall be light." What magnificence, what affluence of color, what splendor and glory are heaped and piled in the western sky at the sunset hour. Sometimes we take long walks and climb steep hills that we may get a wider view of the sunset sky, and gazing our fill on its radiance, we turn away at last carrying a dream of beauty.

Loveliest hour of the day is the sunset hour. Behind us is the work of the day, its burden and its heat, and we have reached the hour when there comes to us a call from the hermit thrush singing in the trees, from the shadows softly falling on the velvet slopes, from the cattle lowing contentedly as they fare homeward over the valley, from the flower scattering fragrance on the random breezes—an invitation to rest, to meditate, to be silent and quiet, and forget that there is haste or waste in God's good world. After a long hot day God gives us a golden sunset, and then as it fades away, the stars twinkle out in clusters and groups in the pure ether, and stillness replaces noise and, by and by, twilight having melted into night, the watching angels spread their wings over the little children's cots and cradles; peace comes to weary hearts, and in palace and hovel our heavenly Father giveth his beloved sleep.—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Wonder and a Blessing

A middle-aged woman went to visit a schoolmate, and the brightest spot of her visit was—her old friend's mother. "Dear Mother Gay lives with Fanny," she said afterward. "She is ninety-four, bedridden for more than a year with a broken hip. But her mind is clear, and she is really happy. She has the little chuckling laugh of forty years ago, sees a joke and enjoys it. She hasn't a complaint to make. Everybody is good to her, she says, and everything that is done for her is just right. She is a wonder and a blessing in the home. One of her sons-in-law says, 'She is walking on the sunny side of the road, just as she always did.' And when I came away she said to me, 'I shall always think of you as long as I live.' It did my heart good.

"There, you see, it isn't such a dreadful thing to be almost a hundred years old, if you can still be a 'wonder and a blessing in the home.'"

THE SABBATH

THE SABBATH AN ISLE OF SAFETY

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

Text: "And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.

In one of his volumes Rev. Dr. Amos R. Wells says: "They are trying out in American cities the plan of 'isles of safety,' which consists of slightly elevated regions in the center of intersecting streets, protected by posts. In these spaces, about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, pedestrians may take refuge and gather breath in the midst of their precarious transit between dashing teams and in front of wildly rushing automobiles.

"We need such breathing spaces all through our overswift and tumultuous modern life. We need little vacations scattered through our arduous days. We need little recreations to brighten our routine; little avocations to relieve our vocations; little prayers and hopes and dreams to rest us from our worries. He is a wise man who establishes such isles in his life. They will be safety spots that will preserve and prolong his life."

The Sabbath, God-given and especially valuable, is a very blessed isle of safety in the midst of our busy weeks.

I. It is an isle of physical safety. It has been proved by many experiments that workmen who labor seven days in the week accomplish less in the long run, than those who rest on Sunday.

A manufacturer declared that the goods his men turned out in the early part of the week, right after the Sabbath rest, were always better than the goods manufactured in the latter part of the week when his men were tired. The Sabbath comes, and it soothes the nerves, and puts out the fires of anxiety which have burned all the week. The fact is, we are seven-day clocks, and we have to be wound up once a week or we will run down into the grave. The Sabbath is a savings bank into which we gather up our resources of physical and mental strength to draw on all the week. That man gives a mortgage to disease and death who works on the Sabbath, and at the most unexpected moment the

mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from his premises. Every gland, every cell, every globule, every finger nail crys out: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Some one asked a Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer, as he was riding with him, "Why do you switch off your locomotive on a side track and take another?"—as he saw he was about to do—"it seems to be a straight route." He replied: "Oh, we have to let the locomotive stop and cool off, or the machinery would very soon break down!" The manufacturers of salt were told if they allowed their kettles to cool one day in seven, they would have immense repairs to make; but the experiment was made and the contrast came, and it was found that those manufacturers who allowed the kettles to cool once a week had less repairs to make than those who kept the furnaces in full blast and the kettles always hot. What does all this mean? It means that intellectual man and dumb beast and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day. A gentleman who was passing some mines observed a great number of mules in a field. He asked a little boy why there were so many mules there. "These mules are worked in the mines through the week," replied the boy, "and they are brought up into the light on Sundays to keep them from going blind." Sunday answers the same purpose with men. A blind, dead, tired body, and a blind, starved soul are the result of Sundays ill spent.

II. The Sabbath proves not alone an isle of physical safety, but one of moral safety as well. The way the Sabbath is observed determines the morals of individuals and of the community. If you can know how the Sabbaths are observed in any community, you then know what the conditions of the morals of that community are. So, too, with the individual. The Sabbath saves the soul from utter materialism, from degeneration.

There is a strange old legend that comes from the days of Solomon. According to the old legend Solomon on his way to visit the Queen of Sheba passed through a valley where dwelt a peculiar tribe of monkeys. He inquired as to their history. He was informed that they were descendants of a colony of Jews who by habitual neglect of the Sabbath had degenerated to the condition of monkeys.

There is an important truth contained in that legend.

How trivial are the ways some people try to cheat themselves out of this great boon.

Speaking in London, Canon Ottley told an amusing story illustrating some folks' idea of keeping the Sabbath. A Scotchman, one Sunday, went into his back yard to mend a barrow. The loud banging which accompanied the driving in of the nails brought his wife to the door. "Donald, Donald," she cried, "What are ye about on the Sabbath?" "I tell ye, I must mend the barrow. I want to use it," answered her husband. "Ye must not," was her reply. "What'll the neighbors say? Or, if ye do, ye must use screws. It's the Lord's Day."

A coal dealer found that competition in business had robbed him of his Sunday rest. "I don't so much as get time to go to early mass," said he, "and I am compelled to keep busy from morning till night. I can't refuse them. If I do, they will quit me altogether, and I shall lose my business. I wish to heaven that someone would prosecute me!" Because at liberty to work, he felt, under the circumstances, compelled to work, and desired the law, even at the expense of prosecution, to secure him the liberty of rest.

A man's doing business on the Sabbath does not actually compel his competitors to do likewise, but it does inflict a loss on those who refuse. All together, they sell but little more in seven days than they would sell in six, and their profits are less because their expenses are increased. But if some do not sell, those who do draw away a part of their custom and thus inflict loss on them. Of course a man of Christian principle will suffer the loss rather than violate the Sabbath in self-defense, but he has a right to call on the state to protect him from that loss. Hence the principle that has been laid down that the liberty of rest for each is dependent on a law of rest for all.

III. The Sabbath proves to be an isle of safety also socially. It is the home day, the family day, the church day. It is the workingman's day. Someone suggests, though not in these words, if you are searching for the stolen goods of the Sabbath look up "the sporting fraternity, the globe-trotters, the theatre-goers, the politicians, the tailored loafers and loaferesses," and not the working man, for, as a rule, they want the Sabbath for a day of rest, and many of them could voice the sentiment of a

sign in a Chinese laundry in Chicago which reads, "Help us keep the Sabbath holy by not calling for your work on that day."

IV. But the Sabbath is also a blessed isle of safety spiritually. The body rests and recuperates in sleep; the soul rests and recuperates in worship, spiritual thought, and service. We need the Sabbath for both body and soul. We need it for the sake of physical efficiency. The Sabbath is for man's welfare. We need it for spiritual efficiency—the seeing of visions and the cultivation of ideals. Unless we turn our minds on Sunday upon heavenly things and seek to hear those voices and see those visions that John saw, we shall lose the capacity to see and hear. Sunday saves the soul from utter materialism. A goodly part of the day should be given to meditation. We are too active. We need more communion with God, more time for the things of the Spirit.

It is often said that with the great change of conditions in modern life old standards for observing Sunday cannot be followed. But these changes have greatly increased our nervous strain, and so demand as never before a genuine rest-day.

When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle, with a view to hiring it, the landlord took him to an upper window, and said, "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on Sunday." "Why on Sunday above any other day?" inquired the man. "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys." Blessed is the Sabbath when the earth-smoke of care and turmoil no longer beclouds our view. We need our Sabbaths for the wide, clear view—for the great things of the soul.

A traveler tells of having visited a painter. "I saw on his table some highly-colored stones, and I asked him what they were for. He said they were to keep his eye up to tone." When he was working in pigments insensibly his sense of color was weakened, and by having a pure color near him he brought it up again just as a musician by his test fork brings himself up to the right pitch. Now, every day men need to have a sense of the invisible God. No nature is of such magnitude that it does not need often to be tuned, chorded, borne up to the idea of a pure, and lofty life. And that is one of the great uses of the Sabbath. It puts us in touch with holy things. It gives us a chance to make com-

parison with the standard. It brings the eye and heart and soul up to tone. The effect, if we avail ourselves of the possibilities of Sabbath privileges, is to start us anew on a higher plane of living. It brings the weekly uplift.

Surely the Lord knew that we needed a Sabbath to develop the better parts of our nature. The intellectual, the moral and the spiritual part of man must have some cultivation if the man is to be fully developed in every part. Those parts of a man's faculties which most resemble God are the noblest, and no man should neglect the cultivation of them. No man who takes just pride in himself will do so. For every noble man will want to be something more than a brute. Yet he who neglects his better nature cultivates only his brute part and the grosser elements of his nature. The Sabbath was made for man because he needed it, both for the good of his physical and spiritual natures. He needs it to develop the best part of himself and to prepare to meet his God, to attune himself to the spiritual.

It is said that some old makers of violins never regarded an instrument as finished until it had been so placed that it was bathed in the light of the sun. They thought it could not respond properly to the skill of the musician until it had been saturated in sunlight. Man is a wondrous instrument, and he needs the Sababth in which to let the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine upon and through him, so as to bring out all the spiritual music of his nature.

I have read that the air of the famous Kentucky cave has a peculiar power of stimulating the senses. After the visitor has been in it for an hour or two, and returns to the open air, he can discern the scents of the flowers, trees, and grasses in an extraordinary manner. So new perceptions of spiritual things will come if by suitable Sabbath observance we draw aside from the world and get into the quiet of God's presence.

"Rather a dull day, auntie," said a preacher to an old black saint of his congregation at the close of a dreary, rainy and cold Sunday. "Why, no," she replied. "Bress the Lord, massa minister, de ole woman's been all over the New Jerusalem to-day." Sunday is a good day to get acquainted with the sights and sounds, the occupations and the spirit of the New Jerusalem.

THE SABBATH SPIRIT

By Rev. Ralph W. Kohr, D. D.

Text: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Rev. 1:10.

Every earnest Christian knows the Sabbath spirit. In early childhood, if one be so fortunate as to be reared in a Christian home, he first made its acquaintance. The Apostle John, then an old man, called by a great Bible student "the most interesting and exalted Christian then on earth," once wrote, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." In this he set an example for every Christian. He was a man with the Sababth spirit, the apostle whom Jesus loved, perhaps the only man then living who had intimately known Jesus face to face.

He was an exile upon a lonely isle, a prisoner there, and he tells us, "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ." The island upon which he was detained is a barren, desolate, rocky, cheerless place, surrounded with the open Aegean Sea. Travelers tell us there are no trees upon it, no rivers, no cultivable land. Yet here John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. Here many of the most majestic visions and revelations ever made to humanity were unfolded before the eyes of the lonely seer. Countless times to himself and all succeeding ages was it worth while that he should endure the persecution there, if from it should come to the Church the majestic and overwhelming visions of the Revelation.

John was in the Spirit when he heard the great voice. At such time the voice of God will be heard. Thus Daniel had heard it by the River Chebar, and Zachariah as he officiated in the holy temple service.

It is further noteworthy that it was upon the Lord's Day that John had these wonderful visions. It is well always to have the presence of the Spirit in power, but if there be one time more appropriate than another, surely it is the Lord's Day. Not all Christians may have the Spirit in power as did John, but we can have that which contributes to it which is the Sabbath spirit.

I. The Sabbath spirit is one of peace. In the soul of the lonely exile there was peace. Blessed is he who has that peace. Who has never had come over him the feeling that the Sabbath is not as other days? There is a sense of sacredness and peace that seems to permeate the air. Even in the city there is the

absence largely of the rushing crowds hurrying to work. The rumble of the usual multitude of trucks and heavy wagons is largely absent. Along the streets go the happy churchward processions in Sabbath attire. Often can be caught the echo of song.

But the Sabbath peace is apparent also in the country, though not so noticeable as formerly. The fields lie silent and smiling in the sunlight. There is no sound of the drivers' hello or the rattle of farm machinery. The voices of nature are making melody to God. The music of distant church bells sounds across the fields, and seems to bid the blast of discord cease. There is a sense of God's presence and the very trees seem to lift up hands in prayer to the overarching skies. The songs of birds voice the hymns of devout souls and the streams that murmur by preach a pilgrimage of life to the ocean of eternity. Then can we sing:

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

II. The Sabbath spirit is also one of rejoicing. God intends the Sabbath to be a delight. Who can doubt but that joy mingled with the awe with which the great apostle gazed upon the glories of that wondrous revelation? But making the Sabbath a delight does not mean the degrading it to the tastes of those who seem to long for nothing more inspiring than a bull fight, its joy is in religious exercise and social worship. To those longing to serve God it offers endless delight. Many are the Christian men of large affairs who, though serving God seven days in the week, yet welcome the Sabbath with quite exceptional joy.

If there be no joy or satisfaction in Sabbath blessings, what will heaven have to offer such a one? We recall that upon this day death was vanquished and Satan's empire began its fall. Does not the sincere disciple feel each returning day of rest

"From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys"?

III. The Sabbath spirit is one of promise. It offers "foretastes of joy divine." It speaks of future rest, worship, com-

munion with God and fellow Christians. Each recurring Sabbath marks as a milestone another stage of the journey run. Who has not watched for the milestones by the roadside? They come swiftly or slowly according to our preoccupation and pleasant service or our discontent and anxiety.

Light, hope and resurrection loom large upon the horizon of the Christian who through many years has trodden the paths of peace.

"From it like Pisgah's mountain
We view our promised land."

What a promise that distant Lord's day opened to the lonely apostle. And shall we say the Sabbath spirit in the hearts of God's people now will mean but little? We can never here measure what it will mean. The Lord's day and the appropriate spirit of that day in modern hearts opens glorious promise of the future to all who have the true Sabbath spirit.

THE SABBATH ILLUSTRATIONS

Sell the Ass

That was a keen answer of a converted heathen in Syria, whose employer ordered him to work on the Sabbath, but he firmly refused; and his employer attempted to argue with him, saying, "Does not your Master say, that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," replied the Christian servant, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the owner should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."—A. E. Kittredge, D. D.

More Than Rest Day

A minister, says the Rev. Edwin S. Stacker, of Ottawa, Kansas, observing a lad starting for the river on a Sunday morning, said, "My boy, the Sabbath day was given you for rest." The boy quickly replied, "I ain't tired!" We must find other reasons for Sabbath observance, especially for folks who are "not tired." There are other reasons—a great many of them.

Had We Thought of This?

Some one tells us the story of a man who was trying to get his negro servant to do some unnecessary work on Sunday. He reminded the servant that Jesus had said it was lawful to pull an ass or an ox out of a pit on the Sabbath. "Yes, massa," was the ready reply, "but not if it fell in on Saturday."—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Lord's Day

This is the beautiful way to think of the Lord's Day. It is the shadow of Christ on the hot highway of time. We pause in it as in a shelter from the heat, and are refreshed. In proportion as we carry the spirit of it into all days do they also become Lord's Days, and yield us the

same refreshment and peace as the Sabbath day.—Robert E. Speer.

Not Open on Sunday

A Boston church-member, having been delayed about calling for his washing, went to the Chinese laundry on Sunday morning, to find this notice on the door: "This place not open on Sunday. I a Christian."

The Weekly Mountain-Top

If a person when lost can gain some height that will give a wide outlook, he may be able to get his bearings. In the unending grind of daily routine there is danger of losing sight of the great aim that should be in it all. Life may seem more like a treadmill than a progress. The one day for other uses gives a chance for a look at life's meaning and goal, and so may give courage and energy for the days ahead.

Testing the Compass

The safety of a ship and its passengers calls for the testing of the compass and for freeing that from the influence of anything that might make it swerve from pointing to the pole. During our contact with the world of business and social life conscience comes under a sway that may easily escape notice unless the best use is made of the weekly opportunity for more careful testing by God's standards.

Excuse, Not a Reason

One man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was never taught to go when I was young, so I did not form the habit." Another man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was forced to go when I was young and it grew distasteful to me." One excuse is as good as another when you do not want to do a thing.—Watchman-Examiner.

Interests of the Poor

Professor George Adam Smith, discussing the attitude of the Hebrew prophets towards their national Sabbath, said, "The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor." This sentence ought to be carefully considered at the present time, when so many efforts are being made to destroy the sanctity of our national day of rest.

An Aviator's Resolve

C. P. Rogers, the aviator, so it is reported, has determined not to again make any aerial flights on Sunday. In spite of the protest from some of the Christian churches of Pasadena he finished his flight to the ocean on Sunday, but received a bad fall. While in the hospital recovering from his bruises he wrote one of the pastors of the city, "I am through flying on Sunday. All my falls have been on Sunday. The last time many people tried to prevent the flight. Many of them offered prayer to keep me from going up. I believe that when a thing is so important that it calls for prayer it is time something was done. I'll not fly on Sunday again!" It is fortunate his life was spared until he came to his senses.

Lord of the Sabbath

Once, at Stockholm, Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath at the king's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused, and the king called personally upon her, in itself a high honor,

and, as her sovereign, commanded her attendance. Her reply was, "There is a higher King, sire, to whom I owe my first allegiance," and she refused to be present.

Sabbath Bondage

A devout Scottish minister has told of a house at which he stopped and spent the Sabbath when he was in northern Scotland. The day was rainy and close, and he finally suggested to the woman of the house that the window of the little parlor might be raised to admit some fresh air. "Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sabbath?"—Youth's Companion.

Wind the Clock

When the eight-day clock one morning struck the hour very slowly and faintly, it attracted the attention of its owner, who dropped his book, looked up, and listened. "I thought, I wound it only two or three days ago," he remarked, "but it certainly sounds as if the striking part of it were pretty nearly run down." Small Donald was interested; he watched, questioned, and remembered.

The next Sunday morning Uncle John was so comfortably and pleasantly occupied with his reading that he was reluctant to lay it aside when his wife inquired whether he intended going to church. "Oh, I—suppose so," he answered slowly and so hesitatingly that Donald eyed him wonderingly.

"Why, that sounds as if the meeting side of you was pretty nearly run down, Uncle John!" he exclaimed. Aunt Grace laughed, while Uncle John flushed and pushed the tempting magazine hastily aside. "Maybe, Donald, maybe," he admitted; but if it is, we'll wind it up again and get a little stronger movement. Neither clocks nor people are of much use when the springs that ought to keep them going are neglected."

The House Dark

A Jewish rabbi's parable tells of seven brothers who lived together. Six worked and the seventh cared for the house, having the meals ready and the house bright for his brothers in the evening. But the six said that the seventh must work, too. So in the evening they returned home and found the house dark and no meal prepared. Then they saw how foolish they had been, and quickly restored the old way. The Sabbath is a day among the seven which provides light, comfort, and good for the others. If it is driven out to work, the other days will all miss its blessing.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

Observe and Conserve

It seems a little matter for you, my friend, to trade with a newsboy on Sabbath morning; but think of the professing Christian people all over our country who are corrupting the rising generation that way. The exchanging of a nickel for a newspaper is as much to that newsboy as the sale of a corner lot would be to you. And tens of thousands are being thus educated for larger forms of Sabbath breaking when they grow up.

It is not enough, however, to hew to the line ourselves in the keeping of the Sabbath; it devolves upon us

also to see that other people keep it. For it is a true proposition that "The privilege of Sabbath observance for one depends upon a law of Sabbath observance for all." That proposition was laid down in an International Convention of Labor in Geneva years ago; and a moment's thought will show the reasonableness of it.—Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D.

God's Dike

The Dutch call the Sabbath "God's Dike." They know, from long experience, what their sea walls have done for their nation in rolling back the encroaching ocean, hungry to swallow up their low-lying land. In the same way they see the spirit of secularism and worldliness ever waiting a chance to swallow up all the best things in national and individual life and character, and they rightly believe that the Christian Sabbath is the one great rampart between these things and their destruction.

Any one who stops for a moment of sober reflection cannot fail to realize the menace of a disintegrating dike—whether it be one of sea-walls or soul-walls. Voltaire said that as long as the Sabbath remains the Christian religion could not be destroyed. A San Francisco visitor tells of seeing an electric church sign which blazoned forth the legend, "Keep your Sundays for the Great Things of the Soul." A Massachusetts supreme court judge says that at one time he gave up church-going, giving his Sabbaths to books and other interests; but after a while he became conscious of a deterioration in his moral nature and he resumed church attendance.

LABOR DAY

THE FIFTH SPARROW: LABOR DAY SERMON

By Rev. Thomas S. Hickman

Texts: "Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." Matt. 10:29. "Are not five sparrows sold for two pence? and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God?" Luke 12:6.

The suggestive item in these two texts lies in the variants. Evidently two "sayings" of Jesus are reported, and each is accurate when judged by the customs of the day. Sparrows were one of the cheapest articles of food for sale in the market. The bodies of the little birds were spitted or strung, and offered for sale at a cent apiece, or five for four cents. They were so cheap that the merchant was willing to throw in the fifth sparrow as not worth counting. But Jesus said that not one is forgotten in the sight of God; that is, the Father's love goes far beyond the careful and exacting reckoning of the merchant, and where the man is ready to give up the fifth sparrow for a four-cent trade, God still cares and counts. This adds stress to the familiar insistence of Jesus upon the providential care of God. God is interested in the welfare of man and there are thus certain fundamental attitudes of religion which come because of the nature of God and his providential care over his creation.

I. The first attitude of the religious life is reverence for life. "Are not five sparrows sold for two pence? and not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God." During the "great war" human life was extinguished with reckless prodigality; yet the worth of the human soul was revealed in all its divine and eternal value. The very experience which seemed to obliterate the worth of the individual set such value upon human life as never had appeared before. We can never have genuine conception of the fundamental truths of religion unless we have a clear idea of the nature of man and the worth of human life. Jesus came into a human experience from the heart of God the Father in order that he might show us how noble and good it is to live as the Father would have us. This reverence for human

life is almost central in the teachings of Jesus. He drew his lessons out of life itself. The great parables which he related—the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, the Lost Coin and the Lost Sheep—are all from life itself. Thus religion for Jesus was the maintenance of this attitude of respect for life. The divine order is not different. God is interested in such a small item as a sparrow that can be thrown in to make a trade. God is like a good shepherd seeking his lost sheep. God is like a father receiving his prodigal son. This reverence for life is thus fundamentally a Christian attitude which we share with our Master and our God.

II. The second attitude of the religious life is love for our fellow-men. God, who is interested in "the fifth sparrow," is interested in all his creation; and if we are true to God the Father, we will be interested in our fellow-men and will love them. During recent years we have been experiencing a great awakening in reference to social justice. That is why the late "great war" seemed so tragic to us, because it seemed such a needless and useless waste. Yet there is something hopeful even in the very despair which it called out. If we had gloried in it, or sought it as men used to do for its excitement and its plunder, it would have been different. But when men felt that they were fighting for their fellows and for their children and even for the children of the enemy, there was hope. Men do not always wait to find that this love of their fellows is a supreme ideal of Christianity before they follow it. They believe themselves to have found a principle which rests directly upon experience, and they are right.

Business men have been adopting better methods for the protection of their employes. There may have been mixed motives, but one real factor is the sense of friendliness which has arisen between employer and employe. They are neighbors. One of the chief discoveries that has been made by agencies for the promotion of the welfare of employes is the genuine human interest taken by employers when they understand the facts. Their attention has too often been centered upon other things in the conduct of their business, but when they come into closer human relationship with their men they are more and more ready to improve working conditions. Many of the disputes between capital and labor arise over misunderstandings. The la-

borer does not always understand the attitude of his employer. Labor has been inclined to charge all that the traffic will bear without due regard for what might be termed "social justice." When labor unions by reason of their power unite in strikes that force their employers to pay them more money, someone must suffer. The employers of labor take it out on the consumer and he must pay the bills. At the present time labor has become inflated; that is, labor is receiving an exceptionally high price for its service. But the attitude of organized labor has not been one of "social brotherhood." While capital has many sins to answer for and deserves much of the opprobrium which has been heaped upon it, yet labor has also been selfish in its demands.

Just now this country has a wonderful opportunity to win its share and more than its share of the world's trade. It has the raw material. It can easily acquire a large merchant marine. Yet the high price of American labor almost prohibits American manufacturers from competing with European manufacturers who have far cheaper labor. In the interest of brotherhood and the love of our fellowmen, in order to serve the greatest number of individuals, it seems almost necessary that labor receive a smaller stipend or else turn out an increased production. Only a few days ago there was an article in one of our leading dailies which stated that a man went into the office of a large factory for a job. He was asked what kind of work he wanted, "brain" or "muscle." He asked the difference and was told that he would receive $44 a week for "muscle" and $20 a week for "brain" labor. In a daily paper two advertisements were printed side by side: "Wanted, an experienced bookkeeper, salary $18 a week." "Wanted, a bootblack, salary $24 a week." It does not seem fair, nor is it fair, that untrained and ignorant men should receive far more for their labor than educated men when both are producers. Many officials of big companies are paying their tool-makers, core-makers, machinists and molders more money than they themselves draw in salary.

Such conditions are destroying the progress that had been made toward better feeling and understanding between capital and labor. Both need to know each other better and to understand one another more. The tendency on the part of the employer of labor has been to raise the price so that the consumer has to pay more. This has led to ruthless profiteering, which is

certainly not prompted by love for our fellowmen. There seems no doubt that there has been ruthless profiteering on the part of both labor and capital and that both have been gouging the poor consumer. Doubtless the uneconomical method of distribution whereby the middleman adds his profit to the goods before they reach the ultimate consumer has increased the price of commodities.

The remedy is the spirit of Christian co-operation and fellowship. Each one must take more interest in the welfare of the other fellow. There must be established a feeling of neighborliness which is dependent upon something more than physical proximity. It is more than a formal connection with the machinery and the pay roll of a firm. It is a question of fellow feeling, of sympathy. It is a realization of comradeship in a common cause. This relationship must be established not only between employer and employe; it must also be established between producer and consumer. Christ said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If men would only take this fundamental Christian attitude seriously and practice it, it would of necessity largely do away with labor disputes and with profiteering in the necessities of life. Furthermore, God is interested in all. He who cares for the "fifth sparrow," cares for the welfare of the whole human race—not of some favored nation, or some privileged class—but of the whole human society. This truth is central in the Christian message, and we should never lose sight of it, but we should let it grow upon our minds as a real concern never to be forgotten.

III. The third attitude of the religious life is faith. Sometimes we act as though God were not, or was afar off, having no concern whatever with our doings. But he is not afar off. He, who is concerned with the "fifth sparrow," is vitally interested in the welfare of the whole human race. We need to have more faith in God and in his providential care. He cares for even the sparrows, and he cares for us. We must maintain more faith in God, that he still rules, and guides and leads in the affairs of men. This means faith in its broad and comprehensive aspects. It means faith of the sort that causes pioneers like Abraham and William Carey to go forth into new countries. Such was

the attitude of Columbus when he intrusted his tiny boats upon an uncharted sea. It is the forward-striving, hopeful, expectant aspect of faith. To possess faith one must be willing to take some risk for a cause. It is of the essence of business enterprise and of the creative spirit in science and art. Despite human frailties and weaknesses, despite follies and irrationalities, despite selfishness and greed and profiteering, despite false ideals and paralyzing indifference, we must go on with our task whether it is our business, our politics or our religion, believing that God is with us and in us. Everywhere we must keep on hoping and striving and believing that improvement will be made. We dare not be pessimistic or discouraged. God is with us. When we give up that faith we are done with life, or at least with that part concerning which we have lost faith. The kind of faith which we must hold is buoyant, believing and undaunted.

Thus, God, who cares for the "fifth sparrow," is still ruling in the world and expects us to help him bring about more idealistic conditions. Like Jesus, we are to have great reverence for human life, unlimited love for our fellowmen, and buoyant, undaunted faith in God that eventually all things will work together for good for those who love the Lord.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR

By Rev. James I. Vance, D. D.

Text: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Micah 6:8.

What has the Church to say today in view of labor troubles? It is easy to say nothing, to be dumb, to ignore the situation and go on preaching the simple Gospel. This is what some of the brethren advise. But what is the simple Gospel? Is it a corpse? Has it nothing to do with real life? John the Baptist did not think so. When the people came to him and asked: "What shall we do?" someone might have said to him: "Do not be too specific; just preach the simple Gospel." But John was very specific, and said: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." When the soldiers came and asked: "What shall we do?" some one might have said: "John, don't be too personal; just preach the

simple Gospel." But John was very personal, and said: "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." When King Herod came, some one might have said: "John, be diplomatic, or he will cut off your head." But John was very undiplomatic, and, turning on the old scoundrel, denounced him for his shortcomings. The simple Gospel is more than an evasion. The religion that does not go up against real evils is a sham. The Church must speak out, and its message must have teeth in it.

It is easy to say nothing, but it is easier to say too much, to go to extremes, to become a partisan either for labor or capital, to assume functions which belong to the State, to become meddlesome and oratorical and inflammatory. It is easy to say things which make the situation worse, to start a fire which cannot be put out.

Between these two extremes of a Church that is dumb and a Church that is garrulous, between a Church that says nothing and a Church that says too much, there is room and need for a Church that arraigns labor and capital at the bar of God, and calmly and fearlessly and faithfully attempts to interpret to men the teachings of the Bible on the questions which to-day rend society.

There are two facts underlying our present position which the Bible assumes.

I. The first of these is the dignity of labor. God is on the side of the worker. The worker has rights. The idler has none, whether he belong to the idle rich or the idle poor. "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." That is, the most primitive right, the right to keep from starving, is denied him. God is on the side of labor. He lives with the men who work. If you think you can keep labor down, you reckon without your host, for you have left the Almighty out of your calculations.

But the Bible definition does not confine work to manual labor. He is a cheap thinker who shouts that the only man who has rights is the man with hands, because the only man who works is the man who works with his hands. This is not the Bible teaching. Paul said: "I labor." He was not talking about making tents, but about preaching the Gospel. He says: "I am a laboring man, because I preach the Truth that makes men free." The hardest work is not with the hands, but with

the brain, the soul, the self. Indeed, the man whose hands are not directed by a well-disciplined mind must remain a mediocre worker. There is no room in the world for idlers. Don't waste your sympathy on working men. They do not need it. The saddest thing that can happen to any man is to have nothing to do.

II. The second fact the Bible assumes is the sanctity of ownership, whether it be public or private. God says: "Hands off of your neighbor's property." What one owns is his. If not, Sinai would never have thundered out, "Thou shalt not steal." There can be no such thing as theft in a world where everybody owns everything. It may be a pleasant sensation for an anarchist, who has nothing himself, to ignore property rights and regard his neighbor's garden as his own, and help himself. But God's law looks on that as stealing, and says the thief is dangerous. Ownership is sacred, and the man who wantonly destroys his neighbor's property registers himself as an outlaw.

Ownership is a trust as well as a right. In using what is his own, a man must have regard for his neighbor as well as himself. No one has a right to hoard, or profiteer, or even use his property only for himself. Property is a trust, and we are stewards.

Let capital not forget that God lives with the man who works, and let labor keep its hands off of what does not belong to it. These two things are fundamental. They are at the foundation of civilization. They cannot be ignored without tearing down the world. Recognizing the dignity and the rights of labor on the one hand, and the sanctity of ownership on the other, the Church has a threefold message.

1. The first is justice. "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly?" God is concerned with conduct rather than property. The question is not how much is a man worth, but what kind of a man is he, and how is he living? The only line of distinction God draws between men is whether they do well or ill. Any other line is absurd. An unscrupulous poor man who is out to plunder and pillage the rich, and an unscrupulous rich man who is out to oppress and exploit the poor, are both knaves. The selfish millionaire and the bum who throws a bomb are in the same class. God's first requisition on all men is to do justly, to do right.

Justice means a square deal to labor. The employer who is not giving a just wage to his employes is not honest. Labor is not guilty of treason when it tries to better its condition. It may make demands that seem preposterous, but it may be enduring wrongs that are outrageous. The question of wages will never be settled right until justice holds the scales.

Justice also means a square deal for capital. The employer who is not willing for a labor union to run his business must not be classed as a bad man. He must not be regarded as the foe of humanity because he chooses to exercise certain rights which are his. He may be a capitalist, but he has rights, nevertheless, and is entitled to justice. Labor will never permanently better its condition by wronging its employer.

Justice is the reign of law. No man can afford to break law, even for his own financial advantage, for law is his only protection. When labor is riot, lawlessness, and disorder, it pulls down the roof over its head. When a rich man cheats the law to increase his profits, he plays the fool. Law must be upheld, cost what it may.

Do justly. That is what the Church would say to people today. We must behave ourselves and play fair. We must restrain ourselves, and give as well as demand a square deal. We must stand for the majesty of law and the authority of courts as against the violence of mobs and the rioting of unruly men. Only as we do this can we hope to build for ourselves and others a better order.

2. The second message is mercy. "What doth the Lord require of thee but to love mercy?" Something more than justice is needed, more than a square deal. It is mercy. Mercy is the cultivation of the spirit of good will. Let us try to see the good in people. Let us strive to promote good will rather than hate.

It also means the practice of the Golden Rule. This is the only thing that will lead us out of the wilderness. We must do unto others as we would have them do unto us. It is wonderful what this will accomplish. Without it all our laws fall short of a cure.

God requires more than justice in human relations. He requires mercy. He insists that we be as profoundly interested in our neighbor as ourselves. Indeed, he demands more. He asks that we put self aside to serve our neighbor. He wants us to

love mercy, to be merciful not because it is commanded, or expedient, but because we are in love with it. Mercy will tear down barriers and slay hate. It makes men brothers. "Blessed are the merciful."

3. The third message of the Church is God. "What doth the Lord require of thee but to walk humbly with thy God?" There is something bigger than justice, bigger even than mercy. There is something holier than our relations with each other. It is our relations with God. We must get right with God if we are ever to get right with each other. Labor will never be just to capital so long as it is wrong with God. Capital will never be merciful to labor so long as it is wrong with God. God comes first, and we can never hope to build a social order that will last if we leave him out.

How things would change to-day if we would take the matters which separate us into the presence of him to whom we must all render an account! How issues change when we remember that this life is not all! The great thing is not wages and profits, but character. Let us not be so absorbed with building fine houses as to forget our Heavenly Home. Let us not be so occupied with bigger wages and larger dividends as to fail to lay up for ourselves treasures which never rust or decay. You may scoff at this, but you are foolish if you do. Man is hopelessly religious. His deepest need is God, and no man's plight is so forlorn as his who is without God.

A DAY'S WORK AND A DAY'S WAGES

By Rev. Robert C. Hallock, D. D.

Texts: "As an hireling, his day." Job 14:16; "He that reapeth receiveth wages." John 4:36.

Two men, two day's work, two spirits in working, two kinds of wages! One man works as "an hireling," toiling mechanically and only for his "dollar," longing for the "shadow" and the flung-down tools. The other, a man not a machine, interested, animated, inspired, works as artist, idealist, enthusiast. For him the day is too short, and the shadow of the setting sun comes all too soon.

"John Jones, what do you get out of a day's work?"

"A dollar or two, curse it! Hard work and poor pay!"

"John Wesley, thou 'busiest man in England,' what do you get out of your 18 hour day's work?"

"Everything, bless God! Joy, strength, inspiration, divine reward—Everything! Glorious work and big pay!"

It's all in the way you look at it.

I. Life is a day's work. It is "a day's work," for every man must work. That is the inflexible law of the universe. Christ said: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." The angels serve ceaselessly. The Living Creatures "rest not day nor night." Man must work on earth and in heaven he must serve. Work is the law of being, the condition of health, the privilege of power, the joy of life. And even those who foolishly seek to escape working work the hardest of all, and suffer the uttermost of weariness.

Each man must work; the question is whether he will work as "an hireling" or work as a hero. Whether his work shall be drudgery, or shall be delight. And it rests with him to decide.

II. For his day's work of life every man "receiveth wages."

Yes; no man works in God's world and gets no pay! Nor less pay than he earns. And the pay is to "every man according as his work." Wages are absolutely adjusted to work. There are no favorites and no prejudices; no "soft snaps with big pay" for some, nor "hard berths with poor pickings" for others.

On superficial view this statement may not seem to be true; but it is true, and absolutely. Money isn't the only wage; nor the best. Longfellow didn't get as much gold as Jay Gould; but he drew bigger "wages." Paul of the mighty soul didn't make as much money as many modern millionaires, but he was better paid—got more out of life. "Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor."

III. Every man chooses his own day's work in life, and so determines what his own wages shall be. And that, whether he be billionaire or bootblack. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill"; set at the same task one grows into spiritual glory, the other shrivels into a starveling soul. Both choose. Two men sit side by side at the directors' table of the greatest steel company in the world; one is a close follower of Jesus, the other a purse-proud materialist. Each chooses his own way and his

own pay. Their life surroundings are similar; their chosen "day's work" and "day's wages" in life are absolute contraries.

Elijah was an idealist because he chose to be; Ahab was a materialist at his own choice; and both received their appropriate "wages" in this world—and no doubt in the other!

IV. What, then, to us is the message of Labor Day?

1. That labor is the common heritage of man, but may be a slavery or a splendor according to our spirit.

2. That life itself is just a "day's work," with a "day's wages." That the main question is, how we look at our work; what we see in it; what we put into it; what are our ideals, aspirations, enthusiasms; in other words, what "wages" we ask for our life's day's work—the pay of "an hireling" who works for dollars only, or the pay of a hero who works for the Highest?

3. And that all life work is worthy which is wrought for noble ends, be the sphere of service high or low.

Browning pictures Theocrite, bending at his bench pounding shoes, and singing the while, "Praise God!" Theocrite is carried away to Rome: and then at God's behest the great archangel Gabriel "spreads his wings and sinks to earth," takes upon him the form of Theocrite, and in his little lonely cell pounds shoes and sings, "Praise God!" As well content is he, since he does God's will, to toil at a cobbler's bench as to stand with splendid seeming in the sun. And his "wages" are the same in either sphere.

With this conviction life becomes great; labor becomes holy, being done for God. Splendid inspirations fill even the humblest sphere with divine meaning; and as we go out into fields of lowly service where the spiritual grain is white unto the harvest we are thrilled by the wonders of Christ. "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal!"

"And they that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

LABOR DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Original Sin

Dr. Storrs tells of an Indian who was a candidate for the ministry, and was asked before the Presbytery the important question, "What is original sin?" He answered that

he didn't know what other people's might be, but he rather thought that his was laziness. There are no doubt at the present time, many who are suffering from the same disease. Truly, he is to be pitied who has nothing to do. He is like a barnacle on a ship, or a floating derelict, useless to himself and dangerous to others.—Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Work Cure

When people began to complain to H. Clay Trumbull about not enjoying religion, he always sought to turn their attention away from their feelings to some kind of wholesome activity in the service of Christ. It was by that that he himself had emerged out of the introspective and gloomy experience of his earlier religious life. Quite in his spirit was the advice given to a theological student who was coming to be perplexed with religious doubts and gloom. He was advised to find some useful work to accompany his theological studies, and he found it in sawing wood.

Carrying Dummies

I was once crossing the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, and after leaving New York I soon noticed that the ship was not making her usual time. I counted the revolutions of the screw and found that they were at least ten less than they should be. A look into the engine-room revealed nothing that indicated weakness, but I was not satisfied. I asked an officer what was the matter. He replied by pointing to one of the three pistons. Said he: "That piston nearest you is a dummy. It is moving up and down just like the other two, but it is not only useless, but worse than useless, for it is indebted to the two live pistons for the life it shows. They not only have to drive the ship, but have to pull the dummy piston along while doing it."

And so I think it is with some men. They not only do nothing themselves, but the live, the active, the progressive have literally to draw the dummy men after them, or else the dummies would never get on at all. Let us make no mistake in this matter. It often happens that the very activity in real service shown by those who are the fault-finders is due wholly to the great activity of the real workers. The real workers are not only carrying the whole load of work, but they are carrying also the men who will not work and who really try to hinder the hard workers by faultfinding.—T. Moore.

Curse of Idleness

The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Island ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine and the materials for honey so abundant that they became exceedingly profligate, ate up their capital, worked no more, but amused themselves by flying about the sugar houses and stinging the negroes. In these days we have some people like these bees. Because they are not compelled to work, they are not only idle, but vicious.

Every Worker a Helper

A traveler, standing outside Cologne Cathedral, expressed his admiration of its beauty. "Yes," said a laborer, who was near, "it's a fine-looking building, and took us many a year to finish." "Took you!" exclaimed the tourist. "Why,

what have you to do with it?" "I mixed the mortar, sir," was the modest yet proud reply. The laborer had a right to feel that he had a share in the grand work. In the same way, by his consecrated service, every one can help in the work of building up human society into a holy temple in the Lord. Every worker is a helper.—H.

Down to Sleep, Up to Work

We are all familiar with the evening prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Do we know the morning prayer?

"Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right."

The atmosphere of the Bible is the spirit of toil and industry. It is a workaday world which we see in the Bible. While there are kings and queens in the Book, for the most part the characters of the Bible are men who tend sheep and plow the fields and draw their nets, and women who conduct the affairs of the household. There is no comfort for lazy folk in the Bible. Everywhere the air is full of the spirit of action. One book of the Bible is called The Acts—more properly it is The Book of Action. The highest example of industry in the Scripture is Jesus himself.—Rev. E. W. Work, D. D.

Enough to Keep Busy

A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another 'boy' busy." "Madame," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed." One does not have to go to Japan to find such people; they can be found in some of our American communities, too.—H.

Misplaced Energy

Employer: "Look here, Perkins, if you would devote as much energy to your work as you do to asking me to raise your salary, I'd raise your salary."—London Opinion.

American Idols

The Sunday-school lesson had been about the second commandment. The teacher questioned, "Are there any idols in America?" "Yes," replied the small boy, "me father is idle, and me uncle, too."

Build and Launch

A modern wit has suggested that the trouble with the people who sit and wait and watch for their ships to come in is that they have never launched any ships to begin with. We must build and launch, before sitting down to expect return cargoes.—The Christian Age.

He Looked Like Work

A neighbor knocked at the lazy man's door and told him of a position he could get by going after it. "Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved." "Oh, yes," said the neighbor, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days, but it is good pay, and a chance for advancement." "Um!" said the man, "and who are you?" "I am called

Opportunity." "Um! You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me." And he slammed the door.—The New Success.

Capital and Labor Keeping the Channel

At the entrance to the harbor at the Isle of Man there are two lights, which guide the mariner into the harbor. One would think the two signals would confuse the pilot. But the fact is, he has to keep them in line, and so long as he keeps the two lights in line his vessel is safe. And it is just as we keep our eye on the two signals—the love of God and the love of man—that we keep the channel, and are safe from the rocks on either hand.—Dr. W. L. Watkinson.

The Bliss of Toil

J. P. Morgan, the banker, was once asked what he enjoyed most in his long life. He replied, "My work, my home and my family." The most of mankind generally look forward hopefully to the time when they can enjoy periods of leisure, but how few ever reach financial competence, so as to pass the remainder of their days in restfulness! Many are burdened with age, illness or trials in their elysian retirement.

The true principle of life is to extract pleasure out of toil, delight out of employments. Our Lord said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "I come to do Thy will, O God." Every one has a mission to accomplish, and our greatest glory is in the performance of that work. —Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Argon People

That great scientist, Lord Rayleigh, discovered a new element; but although he made many experiments, he could not find that it served any useful purpose at all. So he called it "Argon," a Greek word, meaning, "doing nothing—useless." There are many "argon" folk among us. Too many—useless people; no good; won't work.—H.

RALLY DAY

SETTING UP THE BANNER

Text: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Ps. 20:5.

Rally Day will be a good day in which to remind both parents and children that Christian institutions stand for something definite.

I. The flag makes the difference between an army and a mob. Throughout the Middle West for unknown hundreds of years the Chippeway and the Ojibway, the Pawnee and the Ogalalah, the Crow and the Blackfoot, the Gros Mentres and the Nez Perces were in perpetual conflict, but there never was between tribes an Indian "war." Without an ideal, without a principle, without a standard, the death of opponent is not war but massacre, murder or revenge. In our own country we know nothing of "lese majeste," but we do make the desecration of our flag a crime. The flag stands for the principles of government which make us a nation. We do not form to ourselves a fetish out of red, white and blue buntings, but we live for, and when the occasion demands, die for liberty under the law embodied in our star-spangled banner. Religion which is worth anything is a religion of purpose, a religion with something about which a rally day may be made and an encampment may be pitched.

Some of our excellent citizens in their recoil from war's horrors seek to exclude all martial terms from our hymn book and pulpits, but it will be found difficult to eliminate from the address what stares at the preacher from his open Bible. The call to "rally" has in it a martial ring; it is a bugle blast, and the occasion should be used to impress upon the mind of God's people that a true service of their great commander requires a soldierly courage. A merely formal religion never provokes the opposition of a world-minded people, but a religion that goes to the secrets and intents of the heart, sends, as Jesus said, "A sword." People who never uttered a prayer or repented a sin delight in such formulas as express aesthetic conceptions in

graceful movements, but the soul that will "live Godly" in this present world needs to cultivate the martial spirit and be ready to "fight on till death."

II. It will be a good time on Rally Day to remind the people of God that the psalmist set up his banner "in the name of Jehovah." No pursuit thrives except in its own atmosphere. We have churches with perfectly appointed kitchens, but no holy of holies, with bigger socials than prayer meetings, and the best Sunday-school attendance upon the occasion of the annual picnic. We have volumes of sermons that deal with everything pertaining to man's life except religion; and in our Sunday-school libraries "The Dairyman's Daughter" has given place to "Roll on a Gun-boat," and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plains" has disappeared, to be replaced by "The Diary of a Cow-Boy." You cannot cultivate religion in the atmosphere of irreligion any more than one can excel in music by pounding iron in a boiler shop.

With this Rally is the beginning of a new year of work. We set up our standards once more and call to the muster all who love God and all who would serve their fellowmen.—Author Unknown.

A WONDERFUL OLD TESTAMENT RALLY

By Rev. C. Edwards

Texts: Nehemiah 1:1-4; 2:1-8; 3:1-16; 6:15. "So the wall was finished."

The early chapters of the Book of Nehemiah give us account of a wonderful Old Testament Rally. Let Nehemiah be our teacher for to-day.

The Book of Nehemiah consists chiefly of an autobiography of a remarkable man. Nehemiah was no ordinary individual, but a special instrument chosen by the Lord to do a wonderful work, and he did it. As a Jew he was in the deepest sympathy with his people; as a witness for God he let his light shine in the palace; and as a leader of men he possessed a great deal of tact, common sense, and grace, and his example is full of stimulus and help for every Christian worker. A few notes of his personal character may guide us to the same kind of active service.

He was a man of God, or God's man for his time. He was

in the line of God's purposes and plans; he knew God's heart of love for Israel; he saw God's hand in every event; and he knew God's Word could never fail.

He was a man of prayer. He knew the great secret of relief. In this science Nehemiah was proficient. Prayer is both the telegraph of faith and the telephone of love, and Nehemiah understood both. A little girl being asked, "What is prayer?" replied, "Prayer is the wish of the heart."

He was a man of intelligence. His mind was sanctified as well as his heart; he knew God; he knew his Bible; he knew men and things; he knew history; and he knew his business.

He was a man of action. He was not a man of theory, plan, and purpose only, but of practical service. He had method, patience, courage, and thoroughness. He saw what was to be done, and did it. He had a few great principles of service so useful for every worker, namely Division of Labor, Adaption of Workers, Honesty and Economy, Co-operation and Concentration. He had wonderful tact in doing the right thing at the right time.

The time for action has now come; the King is willing, the letters are written, the time for Nehemiah's journey is fixed, the guard is ready, the way is open, and Nehemiah starts for the great city. When the Lord moves the cloud, that is the time to start either for Pilgrimage or Service. Very few words serve to describe the journey, but enough to show us that Nehemiah was a very practical man. He accepted the guard, used his letters, and pushed on to his work. We need the use of all our faculties in the Lord's service. "So I came to Jerusalem" speaks volumes for the mercy and goodness of God in this undertaking.

Nehemiah wished to see for himself the real state of the Wall and City. So we have recorded here what Nehemiah felt, what he saw, and what he did.

He felt intensely interested, for God had put the business into his heart. He had God's mind about the city and people. Whatever the Lord lays upon our hearts will be seen in our actions.

Nehemiah saw much which moved his heart; he saw the walls broken down, etc., as the result of disobedience and sin. He saw the indifference of his brethren, but he also saw the great possibilities of the nation and city by the faithfulness of God. "Have

faith in God" is the lesson of Nehemiah's action for us. Nehemiah did a very wise and brave thing. He inspected the wall himself; this was a daring act, a great risk, but faith is always ready to risk everything for God.

The season of rest and inspection is over, and the time for action has come. Plans are perfected, the help of God is secured, and the time has arrived for building.

All that is required now is to get the workers into line with their leader, their hearts into harmony with God, their minds into accord with each other, and then go straight ahead. Nehemiah therefore calls a Workers' Meeting and stirs them all to arise and build.

"But when Sanballat," etc. Real work for God does not proceed far without opposition. "They laughed us to scorn." Sanballat and his company were all united to stop the good work of God. One thing the enemies of God can always do, that is unite to stop his work. These enemies sought to stop the Lord's work with a laugh,—numbers are stopped from Christian work by a laugh. As enemies unite to laugh, Christians should unite to pray, praise and work.

Now we see all alive for God. All the purposes, prayers, and plans are now being practically carried out. What a noble band of active workers is here busy for the Lord! Fired with patriotic zeal for the Holy City, and real devotion to God, these men unite to push on the good work with all speed. What a wonderful list it is! Priests and their people. Rulers and their officers. Merchants and their men. Fathers and their families. Lodgers and their neighbors. All bent on raising the wall to the glory of God.

There are three features in the service of these builders which are worthy of our imitation, namely, Unity, Order, and Thoroughness.

They were all united to push forward the work of God, and whilst they were united they prospered, and when the bond of union was broken they failed. There was variety with unity. No less than thirty different working parties, enough to make the work go with a swing, and it did, too. There is room for every grace and every gift in the Lord's work.

Order. There were two rules which are noted over and over again—"Next unto them," etc., and "After him," etc. Everything was done in order, and everyone was in his place. Order

was the connecting chain, running all round the work and keeping the workers together.

Thoroughness. Nehemiah's workers built the wall, but they were very careful to fix the beams, doors, locks, and bars; they believed in having substantial security.

Thoroughness is a grand feature in Christian service, for every place in the superstructure of the Christian life will be tested by the enemy, and every force of evil will be used for this purpose.

The building of the wall was a great undertaking for Nehemiah and his friends, but they were just the men for the business, because their hearts were right. Therefore we shall note their Personal Responsibility, Earnestness, Success, and Reward.

Their personal responsibility. They worked together, but each felt himself responsible for his own allotted piece.

Their earnestness. These men with Nehemiah were most enthusiastic in their work; with willing feet, warm hearts, and ready hands they built up the wall. "The people had a mind to work." Some worked so well they quickly finished their own part and then builded "another piece"; "Baruch earnestly repaired another piece."

Their success. Their great energy was rewarded. They worked on till the wall was finished. It was built, fortified, and sanctified.

Their honor and reward. They were all men of faith and integrity, full of love to God and devoted to the good work, and the Holy Spirit has given them honorable mention here. It is a very grand roll of honor, but there is one exception in the fifth verse. There we see the black mark the Holy Spirit puts upon the Shirkers.

"So the wall was finished." This sounds like the signal of triumph over difficulties—Light in the darkness, Cheer and Victory in the midst of conflict; and so it was.

There were three things that specially characterized this service and led to success,—Earnestness, Perseverance, and Prayer.

Earnestness. Yes, all these workers had their hearts in their work. They had a mind to work, and worked with a will.

True earnestness is not mere excitement nor matured im-

pulse. Earnestness in God's work is the fruit of a deep conviction of the need, fitness, and blessing of God's work.

Perseverance. They kept on building till the wall was finished. Persistency is the handmaid of Earnestness. "Patient continuance in well-doing" is pleasing to God. Numbers begin well, but stop and turn aside.

Prayer. Nehemiah was a man of God, therefore a man of prayer. He began with prayer, continued with prayer, and took every step with prayer. He did nothing without God.

"So the wall was finished." Believing prayer and earnest work will always be crowned with success. It is the time of labor now; the reward will follow.

SCISSORS SECRETS: RALLY DAY TALK

By Rev. Amos R. Wells, D. D.

There are a number of resemblances and a good method of work. It may not be unprofitable to make a note of these correspondences.

I. In the first place, the worst thing that can befall a pair of scissors is for the rivet to work loose. No matter how sharp are its blades, a loose rivet makes a dull tool.

And so, if there is a screw loose in your method of work, it —won't work. The teacher makes full preparation, but all his questions are leading questions, and his class goes to sleep. The preacher writes capital sermons, but he delivers them in one tone, and his congregations dwindle. The business man is thorough, energetic, and honest, but he fails to study the tendencies of trade, and his bank balance becomes leaner and leaner. If you are sure you have the right tool for your work and still your work goes halting, look to the rivet. There's a screw loose somewhere. Tighten it up.

II. Occasionally one gets hold of scissors whose blades have become bent, and a pair of drumsticks would be as useful as such scissors. They may start well, close to the rivet, but in a jiffy the cutting becomes a haggling, and then there's a cloth clog, and that's all.

It is just like any method of work that is not quite "straight," that admits any deviation from the truth, such as false statements about goods, or a fictitious show of learning in

the Sunday-school class or the pulpit. These methods work well for a short day, but they soon bring confusion and failure.

III. Another essential for a usable pair of scissors is that the handles should fit your fingers. If the thumb and finger-holes are too large, or too small, or inclined at the wrong angle, though they deviate only a trifle from a perfect fit, yet that trifle will wear your muscles and nerves through hours of toil, until at last you throw the scissors away. They may be precisely adapted to Miss Edna's thumb and finger, but that fact makes them no fitter for yours.

In like manner many a worker has taken up a method because Mr. Jones or Mrs. Brown has used it effectively, without stopping to think whether he resembles Mr. Jones, or she Mrs. Brown. Mr. Jones may extemporize successfully, while a quire of paper is your tool. Mrs. Brown may serve Christ best my managing the socials, and you by baking the cake. There's a pair of scissors somewhere for every hand, and alas for the weary fingers that get the wrong pair!

Wherefore, workers, keep your methods in good order. Even Socrates could grow tiresome if he always asked questions in the same way. Even Wanamaker could grow poor if he ceased to invent new business. Even Tennyson would have lost his bays if he had followed "The Brook" with "The Torrent," "The River," "The Lake," and "The Ocean." However stout your steel, friction is stouter. There's no edged tool but its edge needs the occasional grindstone. New ways are good, even though they are no better, just because they are new. Keep your scissors sharp.

IV. Finally, have you never noticed how much more briskly you use bright scissors than scissors that sulk from the eye? They may not be rusty, they may be straight and sharp, but they have the color of a cloudy day, while the polished steel flashes merrily under every sky. If anyone employs large number of seamstresses, it will pay him to hire a boy just for the purpose of shining up their scissors.

Oh, enjoy your work! It really makes little difference what method you use if you take little interest in it. It may be the best way in the world of doing your task, but your success will be short if your face is long. Polish up your toil. Exult in your labor. Rejoice in the most humdrum details of your occupation.

Know sunnily that this is God's world, and that God is in it. And God bless your scissors and you!

FAITH AND FAILURE: RALLY DAY ADDRESS

By Rev. Evan J. Lena, D. D.

Text: "According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9:9.

Entered upon another year of labor for Christ and his cause, every member of our church and its organizations are wishing to be more consecrated and successful than ever before. As Christian workers we all agree in hoping to see in the weeks and months just before us multitudes of souls won to Christ and his Church.

I. Consider, first the hindering power of unbelief.

If we are disappointed in seeing the blessings we desire, let us know that the reason will be found principally in the sin of unbelief. In each church the measure of our blessings will be according to the measure of our faith. Recall that incident of Christ's visit to Nazareth. It was his old home, his own neighborhood where he had been brought up, and he came laden with blessings for his old friends and associates if they would accept; "but," it is recorded, "he could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief." As Christ came to the synagogue that day ready to bless the people, so is it when he visits his churches still. And as the measure of the blessing was according to the measure of their faith, so is it still.

In order then to receive fulness of blessing, how important it is that we swing wide open the door of faith. How often we are like those Christians praying for Peter in prison. Bring to mind the scene. The people praying for his release; while they were praying he knocked at the door; but they would not believe it was Peter. He continued knocking. When they opened the door and found it was indeed he, they were "astonished." Think of it. The Church praying. God answering. And the people astonished! How often it is that Christ, consistently with his own character, really cannot do many mighty works in our churches "because of our unbelief."

II. Consider, secondly, the obtaining power of faith.

Oh, members of Christ's beloved Church, why not open wide the door of faith and ask and undertake and expect great things

from the Lord? Let us lay our plans wide and large. He says, "According to your faith be it unto you." It is as if one very rich were to hand to us a blank check with his name signed, and say, "Now, fill it out yourself; write in the amount you would draw, and according to your faith in me be it unto you." We might hesitate to make too large a draft upon an earthly friend, but there is no need to draw lightly upon God,

"For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

Instead, he is honored and pleased when we make large drafts.

Not long before his death it was our privilege to meet at Clifton Springs, N. Y., that grand old Christian philanthropist, George H. Stuart. Just after the battle of Gettysburg, when medicines were very scarce, Mr. Stuart, then at the head of the Christian Commission, telegraphed to the merchants of Boston: "May I draw on you at sight for ten thousand dollars?" The telegram was posted in the Exchange. Thirty minutes later there flashed back along the wire: "Draw on us for sixty thousand!" Lord, increase our faith! May it not be that as pastor and people, as Christians and workers we are too timid in our asking? May it not be that we are asking and expecting only a little of the quickening of the Spirit? Asking and expecting to see only a few souls saved? Asking and expecting God to honor a small draft only, when the reply comes flashing back from his throne: "Not ten thousand, but sixty thousand! Prove me now. Honor me with a large draft. Put me to the proof, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive." Nothing can hinder the richest blessings we could wish—nothing but unbelief. Unbelief stops prayer, stops expecetation, stops work, cuts the very nerve and sinew of effort. But faith removes mountains, surmounts difficulties, overcomes the world, brings sure success. "I thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth."

RALLY DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Old Home Day

Raly Sunday is the "Old Home Day" of the Sunday-school. An atmosphere of cordiality, in which is mingled welcome for those returning from the summer absences and good cheer for those who, not having been able to take a long rest away from

home, have borne the burden and heat of the season in their usual places, even in the Sunday-schools, should be its most prominent feature. In making provision for such a Rally Day, much depends on the superintendent, but he must have the co-operation of both teachers and pupils if a successful anniversary is to be assured.—James L. Rand.

The Trumpet Call

"A critical person might object to Rallying Day as a needless breaking in upon school routine, or as in some cases, encouraging the habit of summer listlessness in God's work. Possibly a closer study of the whole question would dispel such criticism. The day has grown out of an evident need.

Rallying Day is like the sounding of the gong or tocsin, like a trumpet or bugle blast. It is a fixed day with a fixed purpose, which every friendly heart must recognize and accept as its own. Vacation weeks and months come, the habits of our people are setting more and more in that direction and cannot be changed by even ecclesiastical authority. But the Church can meet new demands by new methods and Rallying Day is the voice of the Church to her sons and daughters. Awake, put on strength!"

The Control Lever

Now and then an accident occurs on a railway which has only one explanation—the man in charge of the levers has failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the train onto a safe siding, or having set the switch in favor of a previous slow train, he fails to change it when the express approaches. There are certain "switch moments" in the lives of all of us, when the far future depends upon the instant decision. Life is full of cross-overs and derailing devices, all of which require constant attention if moral safety is to be preserved or true achievement won. Life is not a straight track; it is as complicated as the system of rails at a junction. We need ever to watch and pray. And Rally Day is a good day to resolve to do both, and also to work. —H.

Not Merely "Speeding Up"

In his Sagamore Beach address on "Scientific Management and the Church," Professor Shailer Mathews of Chicago mentioned the vehemence with which Frederick W. Taylor, the inventor of scientific management, maintains at all times that his great idea is an idea of doing work more efficiently and in no sense an idea of mere hurrying to get more work done. But Dr. Mathews remarked in contrast that the best notion of efficiency which appears in the plans of many churches and Sunday-schools involves really nothing more than "speeding up." He described vividly the rush and noise and final futility of many rash efforts in the church to "boom things."

Need of Rally

Every organization of the Church recognizes the need of a Rally Day in the fall. Many churches plan to make one day a time for rallying all the forces; in the morning a rally in the interest of the church service; at the Sunday-school hour an every-department rally of the Sunday-school; and in the evening a rally for the Young People's Societies.

Rally Day has a great purpose, it

has a great theme, and it may give great impetus to the work. Whether it does the last, or not, will depend largely upon the way it is planned, and the conscientious energy put into it.

Rally and Act

When the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and, having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, he turned to the captain of marines and said: "Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to say something to the men particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner: "My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shore which they were rapidly nearing. "That," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like the mischief, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

Rally to Work

Earnest purpose, unflagging zeal, bring success. Sightless Milton taught men to see what eye hath not seen. Deaf Beethoven bequeathed us harmonies and melodies which men of most acute hearing had never heard. Longfellow's sculptor, failing to reproduce his ideal of the Virgin in costly woods brought from far off islands, found his instrument of opportunity in the charred wood on the hearth. "What men want is not talent," said Bulwer; "it is purpose; no other words, not power to achieve, but will to labor." As Charles Dudley Warner reminds us, "A great artist can paint a great picture on a small canvas."

Let us make our Rally Day a day of enlistment. Let us begin the year's work with earnest purpose and carry it out with unflagging zeal.—H.

Rally Spirit Removes Obstacles

The night before Jena an artillery column got stuck fast in a ravine. "Napoleon," we read, "assembled the weary gunners, provided them with tools fetched from the park in the rear. Himself holding the lantern, he urged on the work. Tired as they were, the men labored under the eyes of the Emperor without a murmur, and at last the obstacle was removed, and the long column began to move slowly on." That is the way that conquerors, in all fields, win their battles.

The true rally spirit removes obstacles. Let us not fear obstacles, but overcome them. We can in the Lord's strength. Let us each say, as we go forward into the new year of work: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—H.

God Requires of Us Success

When Admiral Farragut took command of the Western Gulf Squadron during the Civil War, his orders from the Navy Department said: "The Department and the country will require of you success." The requirement was met. On April 24, 1862, the fleet passed the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, and overcame, with very slight effort, a Confederate fleet of eighteen vessels. During the fight, when the men were leaving the

guns, Farragut spoke the famous message: "Don't flinch from that fire, boys; there's a hotter fire than that for those that don't do their duty." Next day New Orleans was captured, and his orders had been executed. But it had been a hard contest. "It has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known," he wrote to his wife. "I shall return properly my thanks, as well as those of our fleet, for his goodness and mercy. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family."

Let us not forget that God requires of us success. He expects us to win the battle for him, for righteousness, for all that is good and true. On this Rally Day let us be grateful that he counts us worthy of this enlistment. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to the work of conquering this world to Christ.—H.

Rally Day a Bracer

Rally Day is a "bracer" for the new campaign. Now we get our forces together, raise our banner, shout our battle cry, and Forward, March! The day stands for consecration, a fresh giving of ourselves to the greatest of all tasks, the winning of souls. A large attendance is not the only desirable thing. That alone may prove very deceptive. The services of the Rally Day should be profoundly earnest, a service in which we shall be "re-Pentecosted," recharged with "Power from on high."

Let No Handicap Hinder

Henry Fawcett, who died some years ago in England, had a fearful handicap in life's race—he was born blind. Did he sit down under this limitation which nature put upon him and try to possess his soul in patience until God's messenger should give him his final release? Not he. With sublime courage he resolved to make the most of himself in spite of that defect. He acquired an education, made a special study of economics, issued a text book which was widely used in English and American colleges, received honors from the great universities, entered Parliament, and became a member of the Cabinet as Postmaster General of England. How such glorious courage rebukes us when we are despondent over our infinitely lesser difficulties.

Let no handicap hinder. Let no thought of inability hinder. Let this Rally Day see your entrance upon some phase of Christian work, which shall be pursued to glorious result.—H.

"Fall In." Rally Day Call

One of the most stirring moments in a military camp is when the "long roll" sounds, and the first sergeant walks down the company street calling out, "Fall in, men, fall in." Then, indeed, is seen a hurrying "in hot haste." No matter upon what the soldier has been engaged, the work or play is instantly dropped, and every energy is bent upon reaching one's place in the now forming ranks before that summons ceases to be heard. Bible and cards alike are dropped, and the half-read letter is thrust into the pocket, while the half-written one is consigned to the knapsack.

The noncommissioned officers are first in place with reversed rifles to fix the alignment of the company, and the soldier, adjusting gaiter, belt or bandoleer as he runs, is in-

tent upon being in line before the roll-call begins. As the drum ceases, the company guides bring their guns to the shoulder with a snap, step into their places, the names are called, and the sergeant turns over with a salute the company to its officer in command. Then, at the tap of the drum, from all over the encampment, keeping time to the music, the companies are seen marching down their streets to where they break from column into line to right and left of the regimental colors. All is so instant, cheerful and precise that many a pastor looking upon or remembering it, says to himself, "Would that I could so get the good soldiers of Jesus Christ into their places after the summer rest!" —The Interior.

A Calling Campaign

It always pays when a teacher calls on the members of his class. The boys and girls—and even the adult members of the school—like the attention. A call on an irregular pupil frequently brings him to his place on the following Sunday. Our school determined to make a calling campaign a prominent part of preparation for Rally Day. We had excellent results.

Rally Day Zeal

Zinzendorf said to a Moravian brother at Herrnhut, "Can you go as a missionary to Greenland?" "Yes." "Can you go to-morrow?" "If the cobbler has finished my shoes I can go to-morrow." That was a quick, willing-hearted response. Wesley said: "If I had three hundred men who feared nothing but God, hated nothing but sin, and were determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, I would set the world on fire." "Send us men," said a heathen convert, "with hot hearts."

ELECTION DAY

"PRACTICAL" POLITICS

By Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.

This term has been in use so long that its meaning has become tolerably clear. The "practical" politician is the man who sticks at nothing which he supposes to be serviceable in carrying an election. His notion is that the only unpardonable sin is the loss of an election. Whatever gets votes is right. If a few drinks of whiskey will purchase a vote, the practical politician rejoices that the market is easy; if a lie will secure one, the case is very simple; if money is required, the problem is more difficult, but he will manage it. It has been regarded hitherto as important that operations of this nature should be concealed; to be caught at it, is heinous. Some of those who once enjoyed a great reputation as practical politicians have lost credit, it would seem, by clumsiness in this particular. I observe that one or two of those who were once regarded as very practical politicians, have for this cause been "relegated," as the cant of the caucus phrases it, "to back seats." Their fate is a warning to their comrades that they mustn't get caught at it.

The first principle of the "practical" politician is that no man can be depended on to work for the public welfare unless he is paid for it, or in some way made to believe that pay will be forthcoming. The motive power of politics, in his view, is boodle. The only bond that holds a party together is "the cohesive power of public plunder." Ideas, principles, are well enough to talk about, of course; there is here and there a sentimental gudgeon who can be caught with that sort of bait, and we must be all things to all men; but the sinews of war in all this political campaigning are, in the practical politician's view, first the spoils of office, and second cash remuneration for services rendered. He reasons about the matter somewhat as follows: "The great mass of the party will vote the straight ticket. There are two uncertain elements. The first is a small body of independent men who are liable to desert the party if its methods become too scandalous. This element is however so

small that it can be safely neglected. The other uncertain element is much larger. It consists of those voters whose attachment to the party is purely mercenary. The office-holding and place-hunting contingent belongs in this class, and also a pretty large number of heelers and voters who require to be paid for their 'influence' or for their votes. This is the element which must be secured. The other fellows will be after it; there is only one way to hold it. Then the calling of the practical man in politics is perfectly plain. By promises more or less hypothetical he must attach to his party the men who want places; by payments more or less liberal he must purchase the votes and the co-operation of the men who want something more substantial. That is the method of modern politics; it isn't necessary to say very much about it in public; but every man who has had any experience knows that there is no other way to carry elections."

It must be frankly admitted that this view of politics is steadily gaining ground. The number of those who think that a party ought to put its trust in its principles is not increasing; persons of this description are tolerated, of course, by the powers that be, but behind their backs they are derided. The man who objects to buying votes is a "Sunday-school politician"; the man who seeks to remove the offices from the category of spoils is a Mugwump—a term which connotes all that is despicable in the eyes of the practical politician. Such is the sentiment which rules in the management of the political machine.

Perhaps it is a good time to inquire whether this theory of politics is working with entire satisfaction. What kind of results are we getting? So far as we have gone, does it seem to be evident that the principle of absolute selfishness is a good foundation for a political party, or for any other social organization? Is it likely that the peaceable fruits of righteousness will grow from the root of undisguised egotism?

Another very pertinent inquiry thrusts itself upon us—one that may well be considered by the practical politician himself. This method of buying votes is becoming increasingly expensive. Every dispensation of boodle calls for a more bountiful dispensation next time. This is an appetite which grows by what it feeds on. He that sows to the flesh reaps corruption. The man who sells his vote for money wants a little more for it year by

year; and he is sure to divulge the secret to one or more of kindred spirit who will wish to share in the bounty the next time. Moral rot of this sort is as surely communicated as is decay in a barrel of apples. Then, under the management of our practical politicians, the number of voters who will not vote, even for their own party, unless they are paid for voting, is increasing year by year at an alarming rate. The sums of money which it is necessary to raise to carry elections on, as those who are quite on the inside confess to me, is growing heavier year by year. The moral aspects of this case do not of course appeal to the practical politician, but may it not be evident even to him that this is no good policy? His machine is liable to be smashed under the burden of boodle with which he is loading it. Is this "practical" politics?

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARTY POLITICS

By Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, D. D.

Text: "Let your forbearance be known unto all men." Phil. 4:5.

In the Authorized Version, as every one knows, it is translated "moderation." It is a very good thing, probably to get rid of that word, because so many people imagine that it has some special or exclusive reference to the use of strong drink. Of course the apostle is not thinking of the sort. "Let your forbearance be known to all men." In the margin, as an alternative suggestion, the word gentleness is used—"Let your gentleness be known unto all men." Many will remember that Matthew Arnold translated the word, with much of his usual verbal felicity, sweet reasonableness—"Let your sweet reasonableness be known unto all men." The word, in fact, is, in itself, a very high tribute to the delicate and lofty morality which the best Greek minds have reached, and it expresses the state of mind in which we make due allowance for the conduct of others, and especially of our opponents, and in which we are alive to our own mental defects.

Now I need scarcely remind you or prove to you that there is no sphere of life in which this moderation or forbearance or gentleness or sweet reasonableness is more urgently demanded than in the region which men call politics; and I have to speak

this afternoon of "The Use and Abuse of Party Politics." But before I say a word about party politics, I must try to bring home to everybody's mind, although there seems to be some extraordinary difficulty in the process, that there is an immense difference between politics and party politics, although the great majority of those who either speak or think or write upon the subject seem to be incapable of grasping the idea that there is anything which may be called politics except that with which we are almost too familiar, and which is more properly called party politics.

But what is politics, in the legitimate sense of that word? Why, it is the science of Social Conduct! And every act of your life outside the domestic circle is a political act. There are a great many acts of your life, also, inside the domestic circle, which are strictly political. So that the man who says, as a great many unthinking or ill-informed men say, that he is not a politician is like that remarkable man, in the well-known French play, who expressed his astonishment at the discovery that he had been talking grammar all his life without knowing it. Why, everybody is a politician! You cannot help being a politician. You cannot live for an hour without being a politician. But what a man generally means when he says that he is not a politician I am afraid is this—that he has been all his life enjoying his political privileges and grossly neglecting his political duties; and in that sense the observation is scarcely to his credit. As a matter of fact, politics, properly understood, is simply Science of Life—the doctrine of the way in which I am to do my duty to my neighbor, which is an essential part of true religion. It is nothing in the world except Religion applied to human society; in fact, it is the practical recognition of the Second Table of the Law of God.

But if this is so, how is it that so many persons who sincerely desire to please God, speak so suspiciously and so disparagingly of politics? How is that politics have been so misunderstood and disparaged? It is because politics, as I have already said, have been confounded with party politics, have often been contemptible and wicked beyond description; and, indeed, when not carried so far as that, there are a great many persons who positively cannot discuss politics without losing their temper. And this is so well known that the subject is tabooed to

a very great extent in polite society, so-called, so that if you go to a dinner party the one thing of which you must not speak is politics, and the place that might reasonably be occupied by noble and instructive conversation about the science and art of life, and human progress, is occupied by inane, and worse than inane, gossip.

Then, again, it is very much too common on the part of those who either talk or write about politics to impute the vilest motives to their political opponents, and to carry on their observations in a perfect shower of personalities. And I am bound to add further that, in consequence of these pollutions, and of this unhappy temper of mind, the arguments in which a great many persons who discuss politics indulge are of the most puerile and even asinine character. I am bound, with some reluctance and shame, to add that I know not a few Christians, sincere Christians, who have been so eaten up with party politics that they have even sacrificed their church to the supposed interests of their political party, have put loyalty to their party chiefs before loyalty to Jesus Christ; and you cannot imagine anything more disgraceful than that on the part of a Christian.

The truth is, political discussions have been carried on hitherto so completely outside the pale of religion, and even of ordinary social restraints, that when men discuss politics they seem to give a free rein to their temper, and to take leave of their reason.

Now, this being to a very great extent the case, what ought you and I to do? Some one might say: "Take no part in politics at all." I have heard a great many persons say that. A great majority of my co-religionists said it when I was a boy; I do not think they say it now. But there are a great many people who do say it.

But not referring to persons who, like myself, are Christian ministers, and who therefore occupy a somewhat exceptional position, and who are bound to remember that in their congregations they have every variety of political opinion—what is the course under these painful circumstances which ordinary Christians ought to take? The hasty and superficial reply of many, as I have already said, is this: As people cannot discuss politics without losing their tempers, as so much mud is flung about, as it is so disturbing to the serene spirit of the devout man—take no

part in politics whatever. There are several objections to that; but perhaps, one that I may name will suffice—it is advice that it is impossible to take, for, as I have already explained, everybody must be a politician. If he takes himself off with his wife and children to a solitary island, perhaps he may live without being, in the strict sense of the word, a politician; but the moment he employs a servant politics enters, for his relation to the person whom he employs has to be determined. It only indicates a man's ignorance, that he should suppose it is possible for him to abstain from being a politician. I quite admit, as I have already said, that he may abstain in the sense of neglecting his political duty, and allowing the country to go to the devil as far as he is concerned, but that is not the sort of example a Christian minister can commend, or that would have any commendation whatever in the Bible. So far as men abstain from discharging their political duties, because that discharge involves annoyance, or perhaps loss of business, or introduces some painful element into life, they are cowards. They are treacherous to Jesus Christ, they are deserting the post of duty; and, so far as they are concerned, they are handing over all the resources of civilization to the devil, to which I, personally, strongly object. I have fully admitted that political activity is liable to abuse, but all good things are liable to abuse, and the better they are the more liable are they to abuse; but the fact that this peril exists should not reduce us to political impotence, but should set us on our guard, and teach us to set our neighbors a better example. Free and just political institutions are absolutely essential to the progress and development both of the individual and of the race.

I know there are some persons—they must be very ill-informed, and they must be absolutely ignorant of history—who cherish the delusion that personal happiness and the interests of religion are not dependent in any sense upon political institutions. This is the exact opposite of the truth. I appeal to the whole course of human history from its dawn. The great outburst of ancient thought and art in Greece took place among the free citizens of Athens, and not among the military slaves of Sparta. It was just the same in the Middle Ages. It is just the same in Modern Europe to-day. It is a lesson drawn from the history of all ages, that Literature, Art, Science, as well as Religion, always follow the fortunes, and flourish under the flag,

of political freedom. It is, therefore, a part of our high duty to God and man to use all our influence in every direction to establish and to extend political freedom and just political institutions. It is a matter of life and death to everybody who loves God and his neighbor to do his duty in this direction. Yes, you say, that may be all right, it is quite evident to any one who takes an intelligent and Scriptural sense of the scope of human duty that it is impossible for us to neglect our political duty without neglecting both our duty to God and man, but what of party politics? That is no duty.

It is an old saying among thinkers that every man who is born into this world is naturally either a follower of Plato or a follower of Aristotle. And we might say with respect to life that everybody is naturally a Conservative or a Liberal, and that there must always therefore be, in some form or other, and with some name or other, these two great tendencies of the human mind expressing themselves in two great organizations. The Conservative is predominantly anxious to conserve existing good, and he is very sensitively alive to the perils of change. On the other hand the Liberal is predominantly anxious to realize further improvement, and he is so conscious of that that he gladly runs the risk of any peril that improvement may involve. But whatever view we may take of political opinion, when we think over the matter calmly we must admit that there is no justification whatever for the violent language which politicians are too apt to use with respect to their opponents. Probably the best excuse for it is that really they do not believe it themselves, and use it simply in a Pickwickian sense. When politicians address great gatherings of their own adherents, they seem to think it necessary to put all that pepper, mustard and vinegar into their speech so as to keep the meeting lively, and if it is quite understood that it means nothing I do not know that it does very much harm. But at any rate this is certain—looking at this important phase of human life, especially on the eve of the General Election—that every Christian is bound, if he is a real Christian, to keep his temper when he discusses politics, and that any Christian who loses his temper ought to be excommunicated until he publicly repents. I say that he is not only not a Christian but he is not a civilized man, and has no pretense whatever to elementary civilization. We have been far

too tolerant of the naughty tempers of people, when they discuss politics, and we must insist upon the introduction of politeness and courtesy into public life. I think that the chairman of a public meeting ought to have power of restraining the impetuosity of ardent advocates. Unless there is some very exceptional occasion we ought to admit that those who differ from us are, as a rule, quite as honest as we are, that their ideal is a lofty one, even if we prefer our own; and that, as a matter of fact, there is no political party which has the absolute monopoly of Right and Truth, and that it would not really be to permanent advantage that either of the two great political parties should disappear.

I think, further, that we are fully agreed that every intelligent Christian ought to take a keen and active interest in politics.

It is very astonishing that so many people talk so much about politics without having ever studied them and without knowing anything about them. I am afraid that the majority of the free and independent electors of this country really do not know much about politics. I think if you pursue your inquiries in the cities, as well as in the villages, you will find that there are a great many persons who vote who really know nothing at all about politics. It is a very serious thing when we consider that great interests of the human race are very largely dependent upon the votes of persons who have never taken the least trouble to understand either the history of their country or the meaning of political terms.

Politics is the only serious subject that men think themselves qualified to act upon without any previous education or instruction whatever. If it happened to be astronomy, or botany, or medicine, or law, he would never be allowed to work in any of these arts, or to take a decisive part in the history of these sciences without having, at least, acquired the A B C of it; but the awful fact of politics is that we do not take the trouble seriously to understand the political situation. I am afraid most men who even try to acquire some information from the newspapers—a very ambiguous source of information—constantly read those with which they agree instead of those with which they differ.

Now, I do implore those who are listening to me to realize

the gravity of all these questions. There is nothing that you do in all your life for which you are more accountable to God, or which is more serious, than the vote which many of you are going to give at the approaching General Election. I dare say you have already made up your mind which party you are going to vote for, but I confess I have some suspicion that, even in an unusually intelligent audience like this, if I brought some of you up to this platform and elicited from you for whom you were going to vote, and then were permitted to cross examine you as to why you were going to give that vote, the answers which you would give would not satisfy yourselves or the audience. It is a very serious matter. You may have time, even now, before the General Election, to acquire a more intelligent knowledge of the questions which will be submitted to the people of this country when that grave event takes place.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I hope we shall all learn two lessons—deeply religious lessons, from one of the greatest political thinkers of our race—Edmund Burke. One is this, that party politics are inevitable, that we must tolerate the existence of two great parties in the State, which from time to time will hold office; and, therefore, our business is to try and narrow the area of controversy and to cultivate to the utmost extent mutual confidence and mutual good will.

And, secondly, let those of us who feel most keenly and most deeply on these questions—as the best Christians and those who have most of the mind of Christ must feel—remember the great saying of Edmund Burke: "Compromise is the soul of politics." As the human race is inevitably divided into two great parties, as we cannot help looking at different sides of the shield, as the very constitution of our minds compels us to take somewhat divergent standpoints—it is perfectly ridiculous for any man to expect that he is going to have all his own way, or that the party to which he belongs must triumph all along the line, and must carry out its policies absolutely. The real progress of this country, and the absence hitherto of the bitter strife which has desolated families and churches, has been due to a sort of saving common sense which has characterized the people, which has led those who are most opposed to certain changes to accept them and to have done with them when they have become inevitable; and which has led the reformers to

realize that they must consult the convictions of others as well as their own, and that the honorable solution of all controversy is some reasonable compromise.

ELECTION DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Seriousness of the Ballot

"To the Constables of the Town of _____ Greeting. In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts you are required to warn and notify the inhabitants of the Town of _____ qualified to vote in elections to meet at the polling precincts within said town at seven o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to bring in to the Wardens their ballots for the following officers. . . . Hereof fail not, and make due return of this warrant to the Town Clerk with your doings thereon."

Thus runs the warrant for election-day which the selectmen of Massachusetts towns must send to the constables to be posted in public places, and published in the town newspapers.

The solemn and somewhat archaic wording of the warrant is appropriate to the seriousness of the occasion to which it demands attention.

Just Like a Political Platform

There's always something about the afterward of a political campaign that reminds us of a story "Private" John Allen used to tell, says the "Washington Post." He was travelling through Mississippi once upon a time when the train was stopped by a washout. He went to the door of the car and stepped out. The whole country seemed to be under water.

The rain was coming down in bucketfuls and Mr. Allen's rashness in exposing himself to the inclement weather distressed the negro porter.

"Better go inside, Colonel," he said, " 'tain't safe out here, sah."

"Why not?" demanded the famous private. "Isn't this platform made to stand on?"

"No, sah," said the negro; "no, sah, it's made to get in on, sah."

The Church's Blunder

The colossal blunder of the church has been her refusal or her failure to make herself adequately felt in behalf of political righteousness.

The wise and reasonable declaration against a union of church and state has been seized upon by the wily politician, has been perverted and carried to most illogical conclusions, until we are openly taught that religion and politics can have nothing in common.

There has been a flood of high resolving, but a dearth of high doing.

What we need is Christianity in action, even at the expense of mere "resolving." Why may not the preacher rally his voting members to stand by the utterances of his own church? Who would have just ground for complaint? Let us concede, though I know of no sound principle upon which such a claim can be based, that the preacher should not become the advocate of a party, yet surely he may and surely he should point out and warn against the danger and wickedness of complicity with wrong by sus-

taining parties committed to the continuance of an iniquitous policy.

The preacher may safely rebuke sin wherever found.—Samuel Dickie.

The Decalogue Will Have Place in Politics

The following story is given here as having relevancy for the present conditions of affairs in many of our cities. A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter put him in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a dollar bill. If he found him when he returned reading the Bible he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he returned he found the boy sitting on the Bible with the dollar bill in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him. Politicians, we may add, are rather apt to "sit" on the Bible, holding with a former United States Senator that there is no place in political life for the Decalogue. The subsequent fate and present position of that Senator cannot be construed as favorable to such utterances.

The Christian's Ballot

The ballot is the instrument of democracy. People had no ballots in days when autocrats ruled. The will of the king was law and the advice of the people was not asked. Yet, the ballot is the instrument of democracy. Through it the people express their opinion. The voting community is divided into three classes: bad men who vote for bad measures, usually because they are going to benefit in some way by these measures; good men who vote as they pray; and the many indifferent voters who vote with the crowd, or who do not vote at all. To which class should the Christian belong?

It has been well said that a vote is a voice. Sometimes we can use our "voice" in protest apart from an election. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts tells of a mayor of St. Paul who permitted law-breakers to erect a pavilion in which to hold a prize-fight. A few good citizens called a public meeting, and although two newspapers, owned by people interested in the fight, opposed the objectors, a great crowd gathered to protest. The meeting declared that the mayor, in giving permission for law-breaking, had violated his oath, and the citizens called upon the governor to enforce the law through the sheriff. The governor listened to this "vote" or "voice" of the people and commanded the sheriff to prevent the fight. A company of militia camped in the pavilion, and there was no fight. That is one way, then, in which people can use the vote.—G. B. F. H.

Your Ballot

Your ballot is a grave responsibility. This is God's world, and as surely as God lives you will be called to account for every ballot. Ignorance will not excuse you, it is your business to know.

Duty to Vote

There are a few good Christians who refuse to vote because they are opposed to voting on principle. We are citizens of a heavenly kingdom, they say, and have no citizenship on the earth. The first part of this statement is true but the second is not. As long as we are on the earth we are citizens somewhere with duties which we ought to discharge. To refuse to discharge them is to leave to others work in which we

ought to share and if all Christians did this the determination of our affairs by the state, which every year enters more deeply into all that we do and have, would be left to those who had no Christian principles.

Your Ballot

We are responsible not only for our own ballots, but for all the others that we can influence for good.

The casting of a ballot is only the culmination of a long investigation and discussion that should precede it.

The man for whom I vote is to represent me, and no one but a Christian should be allowed to represent a Christian.

This is God's nation as well as ours, and the first thought of a Christian patriot should be to ask how God wants it conducted.

The ballot is our Magna Charta, freeing us, if we will use it aright, from all tyranny and slavery.

The ballot is the symbol of citizenship as the flag is the symbol of the country; and, like the flag, it is worth no more than we make it worth.—Rev. A. R. Wells, D. D.

The Sin of Not Voting

Next to the sin of voting wrongly is the sin of not voting at all. What right have the thousands of reputable citizens who stay away from "primary meetings" and from the polls to complain of mischievous legislation, or the election of corrupt officers and lawmakers? The neglect of the suffrage by those best calculated to exercise it is one of the gravest of our national perils. The more that the ignorant and worthless push into politics, the more have cultured and intelligent citizens pushed out; and dearly has the commonwealth paid for this criminal neglect of the first duty of citizenship. Next to Christ comes country. —Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Religion and Politics Separated

One of the most prevalent and serious dangers is the tendency of so many people to divorce their religion from their politics. Their moral make-up seems to be divided into two separate compartments; in one they put their religion, in the other they put their citizenship. On Sunday they worship God in their church; during the week they worship a party-creed, however bad, and for personal or party aggrandizement are not ashamed to buy votes, or cheat in a caucus. Politics is not to them a matter of sacred duty; it is a game to be played at, and conscience goes under the table. To-day a man is wearing a striped jacket in Sing Sing prison who at the time of his conviction for outrageous political frauds was a prominent member of an evangelical church and the superintendent of a Sabbath-school! In what he considered his religion he served God; in his politics he served the devil, and is paying the bitter penalty.—C.

Cast Your Vote

There are good Christians who do not vote because they feel hopeless. Some of them think that wrong and selfish interests are sure to prevail, and others that human improvement is to be effected, so far as it can be effected at all, in other ways than by legislation and government. As to the first of these grounds of de-

spondency, is there not a great deal more to give us hope than men had ten years ago? The American people are resolved to do in their government the things that are right and that will serve the whole people and they are carrying out their resolution. That they can't do everything by legislation is perfectly true. The greatest work to be done cannot be done at the ballot box. But whatever can be done there to stop evil and to promote righteousness should be done.

THANKSGIVING DAY

A THANKSGIVING DAY SERMON

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D. D.

Text: "I have learned, whatever my outward experience, to be content." Phil. 4:11.

A superficial view of the outward world creates a superficial view of the inward world of man; and at no time in history has there been more danger of this than at the present. The world is greed-mad. Amusement and pleasure-loving tread the very walk of the Lord's house. Divorce and infidelity threaten the foundations of the home. Vulgarity and coarseness cheapen the recreations of the young people. False definitions of patriotism and country create selfishness and race prejudice; and it is easy to say what a good man in my own church said to me the other day: "What is there to be thankful about in such a world as this? What hope is there for such a world? It is getting to the place where it is worse every day; it is retrograding. The President's proclamation is a farce. So are the proclamations of the governors of the states. They contain words, but what else? How can a man be thankful in a world that is going to pieces?"

But, in the first place, the world is not going to pieces; that is, if we believe in a great and loving God, we cannot believe he created a universe for the purpose of letting it be destroyed, the final end of all his creative power. And it is not possible to think that Jesus Christ is going to fail in his power to "draw men up to himself." If we look far enough ahead we must see victory, not defeat, for God, in the final accomplishment of a better world and in the conquering power of his Son.

To test the thankful spirit in my own parish, I asked twenty-five or thirty men and women in every walk of life, from laborer to college professor, to give the one reason why they were thankful this year. The answers, honestly given, may indicate similar answers that a majority of Christian people might give. For health and a good husband. (This answer was given by six persons.) I am thankful we are not at war. (This answer was

given by five persons.) The joy of Christian living. I am thankful for opportunity for service. Thankful for my friends. Thankful for hope. Thankful for free speech. I am thankful for an awakened interest in Christ as a personal Saviour, and a new belief in spiritual realities. Thankful each day for my hope in Christ and eternal life. I am thankful for the church, that is, broadly speaking, for what the organized church and its people have done and are doing for me. Thankful for the happy home life—love of wife and children—and the ever-present love of the Father, who has been with me and my loved ones this past year, giving us comfort in bereavement, and supplying our daily need. I am especially thankful that my children are doing so well, and that one of them has chosen the Christian ministry this year. Thankful that we live only a day at a time, and that with every day is provision for its need. Thankful for work, health, and Christian friends. Thankful for the love of Christ. Thankful I can attend the worship of God without opposition. I am thankful for a worth-while place to work, and for a full recognition of my efficiency by those who have the right to judge. Thankful that God shows me my weaknesses and helps me to overcome them. I am thankful for the companionship of those who are working with me in Christian effort. I am most thankful for the ability to perform my daily duties. Thankful for the love of friends and of the heavenly Father. I am thankful for the satisfactory conditions in our own land compared with those elsewhere. Thankful for an increasing consciousness of the guiding presence and love of God. Among other good things that have come to me this year, I am very thankful for the help that has come to me through our own church.

These are what might fairly be called average reasons for thanksgiving. They might be given by any similar number of people in any state of this union. But aside from that fact, it is interesting to note these facts about the answers:

Not one of the answers bases the reason for thankfulness on outward physical conditions except in the matter of health of the body. The real reasons for thanksgiving are within a higher realm. This does not mean that the health of the body is a small affair; it only indicates the eternal truth that our best sources of contentment and happiness are conditioned on our own right relation to God and his righteousness.

No one of the persons giving a reason for thankfulness was thankful because he was rich, or handsome, or talented. I wonder if those who would fall into that catalogue would give such facts as the greatest reason for thankfulness.

The largest number recognized the divine hand in human affairs. In other words, real thanksgiving always includes a thought of the other world. It is a sure sign of the proof of the divine, for when man is at his best, when he is most normal, he involuntarily thinks of God as a partner in his best life, and looks to him as its first cause.

There are, therefore, conditions to a thankful spirit, which we may well consider. A few weeks ago two men, rivals in the sale of motor cars, ran over and killed a man on one of the main streets of Topeka. They knew they were breaking an ordinance of the city in speeding. They knew they were risking the lives of pedestrians in breaking the law. And yet, in their selfish disregard of others' rights they broke the law and committed manslaughter. An innocent young life was wiped out and a happy family circle broken.

Such men cannot know a thankful spirit until they fall on their knees and confess their sin against humanity. A thankful spirit cannot exist in a guilty conscience.

The thankful spirit cannot exist unless there is a right sense of proportion of values. The people who are basing their happiness on riches, or talent, or things, are, as a rule, the most discontented people in the world. A case came up in a divorce court recently where a man applied for a separation on the ground that his wife insisted on having a new model of an automobile every year. She wanted to keep up with the procession in society in high life, and was unhappy and discontented unless she could have the most expensive article to be bought, regardless of any real need. Such people cannot be thankful; their sense of thankfulness is buried under an exaggerated sense of the value of things.

I have never yet found a thankless person among the welfare workers of the world. It makes no difference what their privations or sufferings. Take, for example, the case of Dr. Ussher, the hero of Van, in Turkey. During the massacres he lost all his possessions, the accumulation of seventeen years. Then his wife died of typhus fever, and he himself nearly died of the same dis-

ease. Stripped of home, property, and the dearest human friend, he is today a thankful man because he is spared to give his life for the relief of the Armenians and Syrians. You can not reduce such men to despair. They have learned, in the love of mankind, to be content, no matter what their outward experience.

The trouble with a great many people lies in their superfluity of things. Ask the people in your town who are discontented to go and sit down in a crowd on the State House steps, or in the courthouse square, and then take note of them. It will not be a guess to say that a majority of these people have come out of the biggest houses in town. They have money. They are well dressed. They have things, but they are not content; they have too much.

It would be a blessing to thousands of people in this country if they were compelled to live the simple life; reduced to sheer essentials; made to see life through the eyes of Life. The beauty of real life, the beauty of a few things, those that really minister to soul need, is never known to the grossly rich; that is a happiness denied them; it is the penalty for over-acquisition. Some day the world will learn the eternal lesson the Master taught—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." The Greek word for "abundance" is really a word which means "more than enough"—a superfluity. Rendered by Weymouth's New Testament in modern speech, it reads, "Take care, be on your guard against all covetousness, for no one's life consists in the superabundance of his possessions."

What was the secret of the great apostle Paul's contentment? How could he say as he did so often, "In all things give thanks"? He had found the essence of life. At the heart of it stood a divine Redeemer. There was a remedy for sin, and a forgiveness for sinners. There was eternal life. The resurrection played the largest part in Paul's optimism. He saw far ahead of flogging and imprisonment and shipwreck and death. No matter what happened to him—tossing on a plank in the open sea, lying half dead under the stoning of his enemies, chained to his jailer in prison, his soul sang its undying song of thanksgiving. When he stood up on the deck of the wheat ship during the great gale and urged the crew to take food, he found time on the slippery floor to give thanks to God before he ate; and yet many people. and some in our churches live such busy and self-centered

lives that they do not find time to thank God for the food on the table in their homes.

The world needs to learn the lesson of contentment and thankfulness from Paul. "Thanks be unto God for his Unspeakable Gift."

REMEMBERING GOD'S BLESSING

By Rev. W. B. Chandler.

Text: "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Psalm 77:10.

Memory is the treasure chamber of the soul. In it are stored the joys and sorrows, the pains and pleasures of experience in rich profusion. There, mellowed by the kindly hand of time, our sorrows soften into benediction, and our joys are kept forever fair.

There are some things which we never forget; they remain bright and shining lights in the memory undimmed by all the years. Their presence gives a golden splendor unto life and they form some of our most precious possessions. That man is never lonely who has gathered such rich spoils of the past to help him in the struggles of the present. The writer of this Psalm was such a man; he made the glory of the vanished years pay tribute to the present. Into the "winter of his discontent" he brought the sweet and fragrant blessings of the summer time. "This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High."

Whilst at the touch of remembrance, incidents live again in our minds, many things appear to have quietly slipped into oblivion. At times memory plays us false, and the things we desired to remember have disappeared beyond our consciousness. Psychologists inform us that every impression received by the brain is retained; that nothing is really forgotten, but by the subtle touch of some association the incident will live again in the memory. From general experience we find confirmation of this theory, for how often there has come to our perception an incident that we imagined had passed forever from our recollection.

When occasion requires that we remember something that has slipped our memory, we attempt to reconstruct the original

conditions of the fact or event, and as we painfully recall piece by piece of the forgotten incident, suddenly it flashes into the mind, complete in all its particulars. Present circumstances sometimes remind us of past events with a vividness that is impressive.

The Psalmist in his infirmity has turned to the store-house of memory for relief and comfort. His present experiences are dreary and desolate; he can find very little hope anywhere and his heart is torn with the fear that God has forgotten. But the recollection of those years in which the Providence of God was so clearly comprehended becomes his salvation.

I. Rich beyond worldly computation is the man who can thus bring from the treasure-house of his memory such divine wealth. Its price is above rubies, and the peace that it brings to the soul passes all understanding.

The memory is not exactly automatic in its operations, and its idiosyncrasies are often the subject of incriminations. We make it the scapegoat for our thoughtlessnes and inattention. We forget the things we would remember, and remember the things we want to forget. It is one thing to know and another thing to be able to recall that knowledge at the right moment.

To have a hammer in the house is a simple matter; to know where it is when you are waiting to use it is often a problem. By what method, therefore, can we retain those things which we desire so fervently to remember? The writer of the text pinned his faith to the providence of the past; but if he had not been able to remember "the right hand of the Most High," he would have been left comfortless in his day of need.

We remember best those things which most strongly appeal to us. The interests in which we are most deeply concerned are those which remain longest in the mind. It is seldom that we forget the outstanding events of life; but incidents to which we are indifferent, and for which we have only an half-awakened interest, soon disappear from our consciousness.

It is very important that we strive to be earnestly interested in the vital matters of life. When we forget the services of the Church and remember the date of the dance, it is a clear indication where our desires tend. Our memory betrays us.

II. If we wish to recollect the experiences which will bring us most joy in the future, then we must give them the chief place

in our thoughts. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; think on these things." Make the memory the repository of the deep things of God, and you will never be left desolate.

As it is highly significant that we store up the best of life's experiences for the future, so it is of not less consquence that we forget much that has come within the range of our intelligence. There are books and stories which we have unfortunately read, incidents of life which should be deliberately dropped into the abyss of forgetfulness. We should with infinite jealousy guard our minds from the intrustion of the unholy and coarse things of the world.

In some homes you will find a lumber room where disorder reigns supreme; every space is filled with odds and ends that are worse than useless. So with some minds; they gather all the trivial and worthless things of experience and store them up to the disadvantage of the life. Memory must be protected against such an invasion of that which will crowd out life's true values.

III. A cultivated memory into which there has poured the holiest and best, becomes one of the richest treasures of the soul. For our memory is ourself; in it lies our personality, and it is eternal.

There are certain persons who enjoy a miserable existence in relating all life's misfortunes. They have a distressing faculty for remembering the unpleasantest episodes. They seem to take a melancholy delight in dwelling in the valley of tribulation. They can tell you of the severest winter for twenty years, but forget the years when the winds were kind. They remember the summers when everything was dried up, but forget the seasons when the paths dropped fatness and the valleys were covered with corn.

A person with such a memory degenerates into a pessimist, and habitually closes his eyes to the continual stream of divine blessing. The mind of such an one becomes a museum for the abnormal and fragmentary incidents of life.

By our text, the Psalmist indicates the path of the years he has trodden. The Good Shepherd has led him beside the still waters, and made him to lie down in green pastures. Now he is

passing through the Valley of the Shadow and he comforts himself with recounting the blessings of the days that are gone. He is thus twice blest; he lives over again the scenes of a happier day. This brave singer of a "song in the night" refreshes his memory with the triumphs of Providence in the history of his country. He recounts the hardships of Israel, not to mourn over them, but in order that he may recollect the gracious dispensations of God. It is not the disasters of the past which he remembers, but the deliverances. The theme of his song is not the bondage in Egypt, but the path through the Red Sea when

"The waters saw thee, O God;
The waters saw thee, they were afraid!
The depths also trembled."

It is not the devastating drought and burning thirst of the desert upon which he dwells but, "The clouds poured out water."

IV. Is not this the most beautiful way of faith? To make our tragedies bear testimony to the Divine Love. We will not mourn over what we suffered, but remember that "My grace is sufficient for thee." We will forget the pain but remember the Presence. We will forget the disappointment and endeavor to cherish the discipline. In this way we shall adorn the walls of memory with the precious trophies of our fiercest struggles.

The great World War will be considered in the future in a multitude of ways. Events will be carefully collected and preserved by the historian; battles will be debated by the militarists; the economists will calculate its cost; but the man of faith will remember the years of "the right hand of the Most High." Through those years of conflict he will be able to trace the guiding hand of God. Like Samuel, who raised his memorial upon a battlefield, we will say,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

V. We in this country have great cause for thankfulness. As a nation we have been specially favored during this world-wide upheaval. Nations have been dissolved, peoples have been scattered, cities and towns have been reduced to heaps of ruin,

destruction has wasted at noonday, but it has not come nigh us. We have practically remained unharmed through it all. Truly, upon many homes the shadow of a great loss has fallen; but, to the majority of us, our part of the world's heavy burden has rested lightly on our shoulders. Therefore we remember the gracious dealings of God to us as a people during the great war, and give him thanks. We should not forget that we have been and still continue to be the rich recipients of Divine favor. It will be a sad day for us when in our prosperity we forget the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and say to ourselves "Our own hand hath saved us." The spirit of praise should invest our souls as a garment as we acknowledge the kind Heart of the Eternal in the marching events of time.

VI. The Scriptures very clearly teach the benevolence and love of the divine Memory. "For the Lord is mindful of his own; he remembereth his children." Whilst we often forget him, he does not forget us. Before the foundation of the world he had us in remembrance. In the story of the prodigal son, the Father at home never forgets his wayward boy; and it was when the son remembered his Father that he turned his weary steps homeward. It may be that memory is again pointing us to the Father's love, which we have so long forgotten.

Let there be reciprocal relations between God and ourselves. As he has never forgotten us, let us remember him and seek to be intensely interested in those things which belong unto our peace. Then we will say with the Psalmist:

"I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High,
I will remember thy wonders of old,
I will meditate also upon all thy works,
And muse upon thy doings."

REVIVING OLD CUSTOMS: THANKSGIVING SERMON

By Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Text: "And Isaac digged again the wells of water, which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father; and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them." Gen. 26:18.

In the Old Testament time a well of water was of the greatest possible value. It was the place of meeting for the travelers

who crossed the plains. Forth from it went streams of water to enrich the near-by land and make the wilderness blossom as the rose. Near to it travelers pitched their tents and sometimes took up their permanent abode. It was strength for the weak; it was refreshment for the weary; and it was in every respect a place of supreme importance in the estimation of the people. A king who would dig a well was not infrequently made more famous than if he had constructed some great palace, or if he had had a share in the erection of a pyramid.

There are some famous wells mentioned in the Bible. In the Old Testament those digged by Abraham were of special importance. The lessons centering about a well were capable of spiritual interpretation. This is evident from what we read in Isa. 12: 2, 3: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." And the picture here given by the prophet is of the soul finding its rest and refreshment in God, and its highest expression of joy in fellowship with man. It is a sad thing that in these modern times men have all too frequently put God out of their lives. They are too busy amassing fortunes; they are pushing forward too zealously seeking fame, and because they have lost God, they have lost that which makes for character here and for eternal happiness as well. The soul separated from God is not only without salvation, but is without strength, without a song, and without joy.

In the New Testament there are some wonderful wells, but the best of all is described in John 4: 6: "Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour."

There are some sad stories in connection with this well. One has to do with Jacob's journey on his way to Bethel, and at this well-curb we have the warning which comes to us in the story of Jacob's heartbreaking experience, and we are told in the story that when we start to walk with God, there must be no stopping at a half-way station, and no compromise with the world. But there is a beautiful picture associated with this well, too, because it was there in the New Testament times that Jesus sat when he was weary, and it was there that he forgave the woman her sin, and sent her on rejoicing, telling her the story of the man

who had not only changed her life, but had told her of all the things which she had done. It is significant, I think, that Jacob's well had to do with the sad story of the failure of his daughter, and the same well had to do with the sin of another woman in New Testament times who was forgiven by the Master. How different is the law from the Gospel! The day the law was given three thousand were slain. (Ex. 32: 28.) The day that grace began three thousand were saved. (Acts 2: 41.) Under the law, the sheep died for the shepherd. Under grace, the Shepherd died for the sheep. Under law the covenant was between God and man. Under grace the covenant is between God the Father and God the Son, and we enter by faith into the finished work of Jesus which makes life worth while. Under the law a disobedient son was stoned with stones until he was dead. Under grace a disobedient son was mourned by his father, was loved in his wandering, and when the father knew that his boy was coming home he met him with a kiss and a robe, gave him a ring for his finger and shoes for his feet, and called in his friends and neighbors to rejoice with him because his boy had been dead but was alive again.

Thanksgiving Day is a time for reunions, and in Old Testament times they gathered about a well and had fellowship together. Now we gather about a fireside and rejoice that, as friends and loved ones, we are separated no more. Would it not be well on this Thanksgiving Day to dig a well which might mean a closer approach to God, more intimate fellowship with those who are his children, and a more sincere desire to live so as to please him?

A well was a place of farewells when Joseph and Mary, with the young child Jesus, left Bethlehem at the conclusion of the Passover feast. They undoubtedly stopped at the well of Bethlehem, which was by the gate, and said good-by to their kindred and friends. This well of Bethlehem was always hallowed by sacred memories, and when David was in the cave he cried out, "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

Would it not be a good thing on this Thanksgiving Day to dig a well, gather about it, and record our vows that we will say good-by to selfisnness, to thoughtlessness and to sin of every sort

—good-by to all that has displeased God and ourselves, good-by to a life of failure, and set our faces toward a life of victory?

A well has always been a place of refreshment. Jesus spoke of a well in this way. He said: "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, it shall be in him a well of water." Would it not be a good thing on this Thanksgiving Day to make up our minds to lay hold upon those things which mean spiritual refreshment and spiritual conquest? Some of us have been drifting from our Bibles. Why not go back to them this day, of all the days?

Let us go back to the old Book! It is water to a thirsty soul; it is food to the hungry; it is light to those in darkness; it is all that the spiritual nature demands, and without it life is hardly worth while.

In the olden times, when Abraham digged his wells, he gave two of them very special names. The first was "Lahairoi." (Gen. 25: 11.) The name of this well signified "the well of him that liveth and seeth me." It is a very sad thing to know that in these latter days so many men have come to live as if it were not true that God could see them in all their sinful ways. I can think of no text of Scripture that would be more strikingly useful today than this: "Thou God seest me."

Professor James Orr once said: "God is shaking all things in heaven and earth, but the things that cannot be shaken remain. God remains; the Bible remains; Christ remains; the sin and need of the world remain; the Gospel as God's provision for that need remains." If it is true that God sees us, it would be well for us to have in mind two things concerning him. The first is that he is full of love. All the love of a mother's heart is a hint of his power to love; all the love of men for each other is an outgrowth of his love; the love that makes home like heaven; the love that makes life worth while, this comes as the result of his loving.

The other thing to remember is his mercy. God's mercy is from everlasting to everlasting. It is boundless, and all of us may be the objects of it if we will. It is well that we should understand what mercy is; perhaps we shall love God better.

The second well that Abraham digged was named "Beersheba." (Gen. 22: 19.) This signifies "the well of the oath," or the covenant. These wells after Abraham's death were filled in

by his enemies. (Gen. 26:18.) So it is quite easy to understand how this action on the part of Isaac would suggest a practical message for the Thanksgiving time. Isaac's story is interesting. He is a child of promise, one of God's Old Testament miracles. He does not show off to very good advantage. He stands between Abraham and Jacob, and he does not appear well, first, because of what Abraham was, and second, because of what Jacob became. But it is a good thing to learn that we are not judged by individual things in our lives, but rather by the sum of life, and in the end he was right. I am glad I am not judged in God's sight by this little failure or that. He is my Father; he knows my heart, and loves me in spite of all that I have failed to do. When Jesus looked upon the sleeping disciples, he said, as he gave an explanation of their sleeping: "Their eyes are heavy"; and he has ever been disposed since to explain my failure and yours.

This digging of the wells on the part of Isaac suggests the reviving of old customs. The wells which Isaac tried to dig for himself were not a success. In Gen. 26:20 we note that one of his wells was named "Esek," and that means strife. In Gen. 26:21 the other one was named "Sitnah," and that means hatred. We might just as well learn that we cannot make improvements on God's plan for the building up of life. We say in these times, "Let us give our children liberty; let us make the Lord's Day a time of merrymaking; let us take the Bible from its place of permanence and allow men to think as they please."

This Thanksgiving Day is the time for the reviving of old customs. Let us dig again the wells of our fathers, and let us have, first, better home life. Fathers are too busy and mothers often too worldly, and the children suffer. When fathers are the priests of their household and when mothers are saints, the home is like heaven. Second, a better church attendance. It is absolutely impossible to get along in life without the church. To put it on the lowest possible ground, it is not respectable to stay away from church. One feels better satisfied with himself, more disposed to help his neighbor, more resolved to be true, more worshipful in his attitude toward God, if he is faithful in his attendance at church. Third, better living in business There is such haste to be rich, such a desire to outclass another in the

race, and before we know it we are gaining wealth with our ideals lowered, and our sense of honesty stunned. It would be a great thing if today we could have more of the type of old-fashioned Christian business men. The world needs such, and without them the world suffers. Fourth, a better representation of Jesus Christ. It is true that we too frequently misrepresent him, not always intentionally, sometimes thoughtlessly, but it is quite true that the demand today for a faithful representation of Christ is stronger than it has ever been. Fifth, a better observance of the Lord's Day. The automobile carrying people away from home and from the house of God on the Lord's Day is working harm. The golf course absorbing men's time and energy on Sunday, which could be given to God, is also hurting very many today. The Lord's Day must be carefully observed, or individual character, households, society, the state, will all suffer.

In the Old Testament times a well was often digged as an expression of gratitude to God for some great blessing which he had showered upon the people. I am sure that all will agree that at this Thanksgiving time we may in this country properly dig a well which will stand as an expression of our gratitude to God.

I cannot close without mentioning another well. It was digged by the light of a star. The prophets in the Old Testament made reference to it. (Isa. 55:1.) "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

In our own country, in old-fashioned days, the old well-sweep was made with one long piece of wood and one short, and thus the cross was made, and because of this cross, the water of life is made possible for all of us who are athirst. Jesus himself said, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Alas! the enemies of the Cross have tried to fill in this well too! Would not this Thanksgiving time be a fitting occasion for us to dig the old well once more, and say to men, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

THANKSGIVING DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

Thanksgiving in Hard Times

Carlyle has somewhere said that every man should put himself at zero, and then reckon every degree ascending from that point as an occasion for thanks. That is the true standard. Precisely on this scale does the Bible compute our mercies. Demerit places at the very nadir. Every step we take from the point where conscious unworthiness would consign us should call for our offering of gratitude. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed." Whatever we may think about hard times and deprivations we well know that we are far above the extremest point and therefore have much occasion for thanksgiving. It is our shame that we are not all more ready to count our mercies. To think of our blessings and reckon up only a few of them would awaken the voice of thanksgiving from many a silent soul.—H.

Giving Thanks Always

It is said of St. Felix that when something was given to him for his monastery, he always replied, "Deo gratias," not thanking the giver, but the God who prompted him to give. He said it so often that the boys on the street began to call him "Brother Deo Gratias," and he has passed into history under that nickname. A better one could not have been given.

The place to be thankful is everywhere, the time to be thankful is everywhen, and we should be thankful for everything. "Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

If clouds come into our lives, let us keep on the sunward side, and we can thank God for the rainbows which span them. If our day has turned to night, let us look up and thank God for the stars the darkness brings out.

The Angel of Thanksgiving

Two angels were sent out from heaven, so the story runs, each with a basket, to bring back the prayers and thanksgivings of those on earth. The Angel of Thanksgiving started with a large hamper, the Collector of Petitions with a small basket; but when they returned each was in trouble. The petitions overflowed the basket, and filled a sack as well; while the Angel of Thanksgiving only had three in his hamper. So we are ever ready to pray for things we want, but, having received them, too often forget to thank the Giver.

Singing a Bit

A writer tells of a boy who was sunny and brave. He met the ills of life, which too many people regard as almost tragedies, with courage. But one day something serious happened. He and a playmate climbed a tree. Just when our little philosopher reached the top, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. He lay there, but uttered no cry. It was his playmate that screamed. The doctor found the leg badly broken. The boy bore the setting patiently, without a whimper. The mother slipped out of the room to hide her own tears,—she couldn't stand it as well as her boy did. Outside she heard a faint sound and hurried back, almost hoping to find him crying.

"My boy!" she said, "do you want something? I thought I heard you call."

"Oh, no, mother," he said, "I didn't call. I just thought I'd try singing a bit." And he went on with the song.

When you have pain, or struggle, or a heavy load, or a great anguish, don't complain, don't cry out, don't sink down in despair, don't be afraid,—try singing a bit. Trust God and praise. At this Thanksgiving season encourage people to try singing a bit.—H.

Nightingale Songs

A writer tells of cycling in England with a friend. They were flying down a hill, through a woods. The friend stopped and jumped off his machine and they both stood and listened. From the woods on either side there came songs of nightingales—one, two, three, four, five, six. It is marvelous how much music God can put into a little bird's throat. The forest seemed filled with song. Yet it is not thus in the human world. It is not all praise that we hear as we go among people. Too often they are voices of complaining and murmuring, of discontent and fault-finding that we hear and not nightingales' songs. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Thank First

"When thou has truly thanked thy God
For every blessing sent;
But little time will then remain
For murmur or lament."

Gratitude as an Asset

Men reckon up their goods—so much in bonds, so much in stocks, so much in notes, so much in personal property, so much in real estate. Do they ever, in taking account of their possessions, reckon in a thankful heart? Probably not. And yet there is no greater wealth in itself, and no greater producing agent of wealth than the faculty of gratitude.

"Contentment is a perpetual feast." The richest man in the world can have no more than enough for his wants. If you have the same, you are as rich as he.

Can I Force Thanksgiving?

"Can I force thanksgiving?" you ask. "Can I shut my eyes to my sorrows? Can I forget the injustice in the world, the heavy burdens placed upon the weak, the tears, the heartaches, the bitter cries of the poor and oppressed?"

No, you cannot force thanksgiving. You can pretend it, but that will not fool God or yourself.

But you can create thanksgiving. Do your best to make the world better and happier and your heart will sing for joy; you cannot help it. In that hour you will begin to see God for the first time, and you will realize that He also is doing just what you have been doing—His best for the world.—Rev. Amos R. Wells.

Thanksgiving a Cultivatable Habit

Few persons realize the value, in mere dollars and cents, of the power of praise. A cheerful, grateful disposition will save you many a doctor's bill, make you many a friend, carry you triumphantly over many a difficulty, enable you to do far more work in the best way. Taking two men of equal powers and opportunities, one sunshiny and the other morose, the first will probably succeed and the second will probably fail.

Thanksgiving is far more a cultivated habit than a grace of nature.

Some men, to be sure, find it easier than others to be thankful and happy; but all men, if they sedulously cherish the good they can see in their lives will speedily see more good to cherish and the blessed process will go on at a rapidly increasing rate, an endless chain of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Harpstrings

No one is going to have anything worth calling a harp in glory who has not already harped music in his own soul.—J. H. Jowett, D. D.

Thanksgiving. Move Into the Sunshine

"I have read," says Rev. Amos R. Wells, "the account of a long, rainy afternoon, at the end of which the sun came out brightly. And of a dog, who straightway moved from his place in the shadow to a spot where the delayed sunshine was the brightest.

A childishly simple story? Yes; but none the less is it a complete parable of thanksgiving. Your life may contain only a square yard of sunshine, and that late in arriving. Never mind; move promptly into it, and stay there.

But, in reality, every life contains far more than one spot of sunshine. Hunt them out and you will be rich in a new kind of gold that thieves cannot steal."

Gifts the Sign of the Giver

If we are thankful for harvests and undiminished material resources, and prospect of peace and plenty for long time to come, let us not forget that these things are the proofs of the providential care of our gracious God, and let us be thankful that this God is our God. Abundant harvest does not mean rich soil and fertile seed alone. It means the unseen God.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill are the wheat and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will."

The visible is the suggestion of the invisible, the gift the sign of the Giver.—The Presbyterian.

Trust: Look On the Bright Side

The "Mayflower" had a long and stormy voyage. Once, we are told, through the straining of the ship, a strong timber threatened to break. Then "a large iron screw was found and the ship was saved." What if that single screw had been wanting! The history of our Pilgrim fathers might never have been written!

We all know how on the 22d of December, in the year 1620, they landed on Plymouth Rock, and how when the next autumn came, and fowl and venison were abundant, they held a feast of Thanksgiving, the festival we are celebrating this month throughout our country. These Pilgrim fathers, it seems to me, teach us two great lessons for our Thanksgiving festival. First, to trust in our God, and second, to look on the bright side of life, as they did on that first autumn after a year of awful suffering in the new land.

Look for the Blessings

A writer in "The Atlantic" said: "I confess that to me much of the delight of an early morning landscape of Corot or Claude Monet is due in no small measure to the music of singing birds. Though not one

is to be seen, I am sure they are there." Were we disposed to look for the blessings in life, they would easily be seen in every condition.

A Course of Treatment in Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving, like other great powers in us, is not an occasional exuberance, but it is a power to be gained by thoughtful attention and practice. If a hundred more good things were added to us, they, of themselves, could not make us thankful unless we worked directly for that spirit. Nothing that can happen from the outside can ever change this for us. Something must happen from within. And, knowing in himself the growth of a thankless spirit, the Psalmist took himself in hand and said, "I will be glad and rejoice in thee," just as he would have said, "I will" do anything else. Let any one try this for six months, and make it his discipline, and he will see a difference in his whole life.—Sunday-School Times.

Think and Thank

In the old Anglo-Saxon thankfulness and thinkfulness mean the same thing. The two words, differing only in one vowel, have the same derivation. If we think we cannot but thank.

We have read of a father who, one winter's night, was walking along, hurrying toward home, with his little daughter at his side. Suddenly she said to him, "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," said he; "go on." By and by he heard her counting—"two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many!"

Christian disciple, have you never said within your soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits, and soon found your heart sighing, not with sorrow, but burdened with goodness, and you saying to yourself, "I had no idea that there were so many"? Count your mercies. It is our duty to remember, to be thankful. At this Thanksgiving season think and thank.—H.

Call the Roll of Blessings

An experienced Christian once said, "When I am blue or discouraged, I find that the best plan is to call the roll of my blessings." Our blessings always outnumber our sorrows.

"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
Do not be discouraged, thinking all is lost.
Count your many blessings; name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
Are you heavy-burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be singing as the days go by."

To continually think of one's sorrow and mourn over disappointments, is to adopt a weakening policy. To call the roll of blessings, is to look unto God and thereby gain strength.

Try Praising

A missionary in China lost his ordinary happy feeling. Nothing

seemed right to him. He prayed, but the clouds remained. He read the Bible, but no light came. His mind seemed dark, weary, clouded. One night he visited a mission hall in Shanghai. On the wall he noticed a text, "Try praising." He said, "That is God's message for me." He began to praise God for his goodness, and the light dawned once more.

Planting Melody in Our Hearts

There is a fine old Jewish legend regarding the origin of praise. God, says the legend, called the angels to Him after He had created the world and asked them what they thought of it. One by one they answered, and then one of them said, "Only one thing is lacking—the sound of praise to the Creator." So God created music, the voices of the birds, of the whispering wind, of the murmuring ocean, and planted melody in the hearts of men.

Begin With a Song

"I can't think what you can find to sing about," said a blackbird to a thrush, who was pouring out a joyous carol from the top of an old stump.

"Can't you?" said the thrush. "I can't help singing when I'm thankful."

"That's just it," said the blackbird; "I can sing as well as any one when there's anything to be thankful for; but the ground is as hard as iron, there isn't a berry in the gardens, and where I am to get my breakfast from I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you have had yours?"

"Not yet," said the thrush.

"Well, I would wait for my song till I had found some food, if I were you," said the blackbird.

"I've never gone without it yet, and I've no doubt I shall find some presently; at all events, it is a fancy I have to begin the day with a song."

Learn from the birds. Begin each day with a thanksgiving song. On this Thanksgiving Day sing it heartier and tenderer and stronger than ever.—H.

Shout Your Praise Now

We are timid about praising God. Billy Bray once visited a sick brother who belonged to this timid class. The sick man said, "Billy, I'm so happy now that if I had the power I'd shout 'Glory!'" "Ah, lad," replied Billy, "what a pity thou didst not shout 'Glory' when thou hadst the power!"

Different Ways of Receiving Blessings

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day." The other said, "I was some worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had thorns; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys, having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one

man. "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."

Which are you? How do you receive your blessings? There are different ways of receiving blessings. At this Thanksgiving season let us look into the matter of our dispositions, and into our ways of looking upon life and the blessings it brings. —H.

Don't Grumble

A certain man who was inclined to grumble was persuaded to keep a record of his blessings and of his answered prayers for one year. At the end of the year he was so surprised and delighted with his list that he could hardly wait to tell others how good God had been to him. —Zion's Watchman.

Do We Give Thanks Enough?

Some ingenious gatherer of statistics tells us that during a recent year thousands of letters from children, addressed to Santa Claus, reached the Dead Letter office before Christmas, but that in the whole month after Christmas only one letter came addressed to Santa Claus with a message of thanks. Ten lepers were cleansed, all receiving the same great blessing, but only one of the ten returned to thank the Healer. —Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

Thanksgiving That Never Ceases

A little fellow in a certain hospital had had a piece of bone removed from his arm. He got well, but before he left the place he sent for the doctor. "You wished to see me, Willie," said the doctor. The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on the doctor's shoulder, and said, "My mamma will never hear the last about you." I think that if we fully realized what Christ has done for us we should say to him, "My friends will never hear the last about you."

An Indian's Thanksgiving

If you are grateful, say so. Thanksgiving is only half-thanksgiving until it blossoms into expression. Learn a lesson from the noble-hearted Indian in whose village a missionary passing through had left a few pages of the Gospel in the Indian tongue. Our Indian read and rejoiced. Measuring the missionary's footprint, he fitted it with magnificent moccasins, and traveled two hundred miles to give them to the missionary as an expression of his gratitude. Thus the missionary was enriched by the present, but the Indian was enriched far more by the thanksgiving.

Continual Thanksgiving

It used to be the law in some of the old monasteries that the chanting of praise should never cease. When one brother ceased another took up his chant, and so praise continued night and day. So should our lives be ceaseless praise.

Spiritual Degeneracy

Many years ago, quite a number of bee-hives were carried to the island of Barbados in the West Indies. At first the bees went diligently to work gathering honey for the coming winters. But when those bees found that they were in a land of perpetual summer, they ceased to gather honey. Instead, they spent most of their time flying around,

stinging the natives. So I sometimes think it is with us. We have what can be called "spiritual degeneracy." God has surrounded us with so many blessings that, instead of working for his glory and for the good of our fellow-men, we spend most of our time in living for self. We thrust the sting, when we should be gathering the sweetness of the gospel life to give out again to starving men.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

Present Tense Thanksgiving

"Well," said Aunt Jane to her convalescing neighbor, "when we don't feel very well, we think we are pretty bad off. But when we get worse, we wish we was as well as we were when we thought ourselves bad off." Putting our thanksgiving into the present tense is a sure cure for grumbling.

I Sing to God

Jenny Lind, when asked the secret of her marvelous power as a singer, said: "I sing to God." She forgot the people and looked into God's face and sang. Every singer should sing to God. Every Christian should certainly sing to God. That is what this psalm teaches. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord." Our lives should be full of worship. It is not enough to be joyous—we must put our joy into praise to God. Even if we are in sorrow we should praise. In the ancient worship, incense was the emblem of prayer. Prayer is fragrance. An old Rabbinical legend represents an angel standing at the gate of heaven to receive earth's prayers and praisings, as they arose, and as he caught them they turned to roses in his hands. Earth's worship is fragrance in heaven. We should never cease to worship God. "The Lord is a great God, and a great King. . . . O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God."—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Abounding in Thanksgiving

The late Mr. Alexander, the gospel singer, used to tell the story of an old colored man in Chicago, who always came into one of the missions with a bright and shining face, no matter what happened. One day he came with his thumb tied up. They asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "To-day I was fixing a box when I smashed my thumb, but, praise the Lord, I have my thumb yet." A few nights after he came in with his face as bright as ever. Some one inquired, "Well, uncle, what have you to praise the Lord for to-night?" "Oh," said he, "I was coming down the street to-night with a big piece of beefsteak. I had spent all my money on that beefsteak, and I laid it down on the sidewalk to tie my shoe, and while I was tying my shoe, a big dog came along and took that beefsteak and carried it off. Praise the Lord!" A man said, "Look here, uncle, what are you praising the Lord for about that?" The colored man answered, "I am praising the Lord because I've got my appetite left." There are a good many men who would give a good part of their fortune for an appetite, and the greatest thing of all to be thankful for is a spiritual appetite; for has not Jesus promised that "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"?

Flowers for Thanksgiving Day

Some one suggests that the flower of thanksgiving grows best in the soil of cheerfulness; therefore put into that soil, walks upon the sunny side of the streets, many hours in the best room in the house, thoughts about your friends, not your enemies, and conversations about your good luck, not your bad. "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast," and an abundance of thanksgiving flowers with which to deck the festive board upon Thanksgiving Day.

BIBLE SUNDAY

THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE

By Rev. Raymond Calkins, D. D.

Text: "I will not forget thy word." Psalm 119:16.

That is what the Psalmist said. And he said it over and over again. This is the longest of the Psalms, and it is all about the Bible. There are one hundred and seventy-six verses in it, and in every one of them the Bible is mentioned. Sometimes it is called God's Word; sometimes, his testimonies; sometimes, his precepts; sometimes, his laws. And the reiterated refrain of the Psalmist is: I will stick unto thy testimonies; I will keep thy precepts; I will not forget thy Word.

But now, if a good many people to-day were to be honest and frank about it, they would have to say, not "I will not forget thy Word," but "I have forgotten it"; not "I will stick unto it," but "I have neglected it." And instead of advancing a hundred reasons why they will not forget it, they have a hundred reasons to offer why they have forgotten it.

1. There is so much else to read. Our houses are flooded with papers. Every one knows what it is to lay aside an armful of them before we have been able so much as to glance at them. Last Sunday I came down early to church, and I passed a half dozen people in succession with literature of a certain kind under their arms, enough reading to keep them busy all day long. The Bible would easily be forgotten in those homes that day. Then, there are the magazines. Any one of them will take all our spare hours for a week at least—and then there will be another one. And we all know how we greet with a kind of frenzy the new magazine before we are half through the one which has preceded it. Then there are the books that appear in bewildering succession. To keep up with current literature becomes an impossible task. We have forgotten to read God's Word, because there is so much else to read.

2. Or, we have forgotten his Word, because our ideas about the Bible have changed. To the plain man the Bible is no longer the Book of books. Modern science, he understands, has disposed

of Genesis. He is not impressed with the stories of the behavior of Noah and Isaac and Jacob. He says if men behaved like that to-day, they would be put into jail. He is repelled by the barbarities of Judges. Neither is he interested in the kings of Israel and Judah. And he is bored by the ceremonials of Leviticus and Chronicles and Ezekiel, and finds the minor prophets either dull or indecent or both. He even asks if the Gospels are trustworthy, and if Paul did not really try to start a new religion. So, he has made up his mind that the Bible is not quite the book he thought it was, and he has largely forgotten it.

3. Or, we have forgotten the Bible because we have become enamored of other sacred books and the literature of other religions which have just come to our attention. When we were young, we thought that the Bible was the only Holy Book. But now that we have grown up and have studied comparative religion, we know better. "Oh, how wonderful," we say, "are the precepts of Confucius! Oh, how noble are the words of Buddha!" We marvel at the wisdom of Mazoomdar, and we are delighted with the mysticism of Vivikanda. And in our wonder at the undoubted beauties of the literature of other religions, we have forgotten the literature of our own. In listening to the messages of the other seers and prophets of the Orient, we have forgotten the voice from Sinai, the music of the Psalms, the messages of Isaiah and Amos, the Sermon on the Mount, and the preaching of the Apostles.

4. And many people have forgotten his law because they are listening to other oracles and are using modern methods of understanding all mysteries. They have heard of spiritualism. They are practicing menticulture. They are so busy reading a key to the Scriptures that they have forgotten the Scriptures themselves. And they are looking to the ouija-board instead of to the Bible for an answer to the fundamental problems of life.

And so, for all these people and for others, the Bible has become a memory. They still possess their Bibles; but they have ceased to use them. Their Bibles are there; but there they are. The sight of them recalls the memory of days that are gone. They recall their pleasure as child when their Bibles were given to them. They remember how they used to read them when they were young. But, now that they have become men and women, their Bibles have been laid aside. They may not altogether have

dismissed their Bibles from their mind, but actually, as a matter of fact and of practice, they have laid them aside. They do not say, "I will not forget thy Word"; rather, they admit, "I have forgotten it."

Now, the time has come to get back to our Bibles. The hour has struck for us to get our Bibles back. We have been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The American Bible Society has launched in connection with this anniversary a campaign for the recovery by modern Americans, of the use of the Bible. For it was the Bible which made the men and women of the "Mayflower" what they were. It was truly a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path. The Pilgrims were a people of that Book. All their hopes of personal and civil and religious liberty hung upon their Bibles. On it the American Commonwealth may be said to have been built. The Pilgrims did not read everything else to the exclusion of the Bibles. If they had ever heard of the Zend Avesta or the Dhamapada, it would not have occurred to them to put these on a level with their Bibles; and they believed that the Bible spoke with authority, and that the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Bible was a word to be obeyed. And in no way can we better profit from the example of the Puritans, or better honor their memory than by ourselves recovering our conviction of the authority of the Bible.

For, if people have forgotten their Bibles, it is largely because they have lost their faith in the authority of the Bible. Everywhere to-day, people are looking for the voice of authority. Students will have nothing to do with any other books than what are called authorities on any subject. And it is because the old ideas of Bible authority have gone, and new and accepted ideas of its real authority have not taken their place, that people have forgotten his Word. And when we get it into our heads once more that the Bible speaks with authority, then we will turn to it again as the Psalmist did, and say: "I will not forget thy Word."

Let me give you some reasons, then, why the most intelligent and broad-minded person in the world can have faith in the authority of his Bible:

1. Because of the circulation of the Bible. If you had a book on your shelves that continued year after year the "best

seller," so that no matter how many new books should be written, this book always were away out in front of the market, you would say it was because there was something permanent and authoritative in what the book had to say. For a long time the Bible has been the first of all the "best sellers," abiding in a class by itself far in front of all others. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade. Any book store which undertakes to carry a full stock, sells the Bible. And sells the Bible at a profit, in spite of the tremendous competition of the Bible societies which are disposing annually of millions of copies at cost or less than cost. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and distribution of Bibles, and of no other book can that be said. The head of a great book concern said sometime ago: "We keep watch of the sale of books, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in the case of the Bible. We just keep the presses going steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have forty to fifty thousand copies on hand, it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing." A novel which goes a hundred thousand readers in a season is called a phenomenal success; but the average sales of Bibles are forty thousand in a day. The Bible is always out in front.

Now, what inference must be drawn from this? People do not buy Bibles only because they are superstitious, or sentimental. There is only one solid inference to be drawn from it, and that is that the Bible contains a fundamental and authoritative message which men feel they want and need beyond that contained in any other book.

2. Again, if I had a book in my library that I turned to instinctively whenever I was in any special need, or under any special strain—in other hours I might read this or that, but in any solemn hour of my life, no other book would do but this book—then I would have a right to think that this book spoke with an authority that other books did not possess. By this test, what shall we think of the authority of our Bibles? When business is bad, Bible business is good. When the world fares ill, then the Bible comes into its own. That was true during the Civil War. It was especially true in the South. As the terrible stress and grief of 1862 came home to every plantation in the South, when

the great outside world seemed to turn its back on this resolute people, then the Bible became precious to the leaders of the Confederacy and began to win its way among the people, until since 1865 this great section of English stock has been more like the Puritan and the Calvinist in their reverence for the Written Word than any other portion of the country. It has been so during the terrible years through which we have just passed. During the war the sales of Bibles and Testaments reached unprecedented figures. A single Bible House reported the sale of one million copies in a single year, selling all the way from twenty cents to fifty dollars a copy. Soldiers in camp, parents at home, all in the furnace of affliction, turned with gratitude to their Bibles and found a message there that they could find nowhere else. It is in the emergencies of life that the Bible comes into its own. And if that is true of crises in national life, it is equally true of crises in the personal life. A good many people, young and old, may forget God's Word when the sun of bliss is shining. But, let woe overtake them, failure befall them, grief desolate them, a sickness lay them low, and they remember it and turn to it as instinctively as a child to its mother. Now, what will you say about a book like that? What is there to say, except that it speaks with an authority that other books do not possess?

3. Or, again, if there were a book on my shelves that had a singular connection and relation with what I called human welfare; if I discovered that were that book went, there education, enlightenment, democracy, all that we call civilization, went; but that where that book was not known, there people were illiterate, backward, superstitious, undeveloped—would I not have a right to think that that book possessed an authority and control over human life that other books do not possess? I think I would. And that is literally true of the Bible. Look over the map of the world. Look at Bible lands, and lands that do not know the Bible. You see a difference; and the difference is that between light and dark, life and death, stagnation and progress. I do not need to argue this. Everybody knows it; but few of us ponder the fact as we should. "It is clear to me now," says one witness, "and no longer a mystery, that the Bible has turned so many islands and continents (to life and to light), for I find that God is in it and fills it and walks with it, through the world."[4]

And Mr. Huxley, no prejudiced witness, has used these words: "The Bible has been the Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed; down to modern times no state has had a constitution in which the interest of the people has been so largely taken into account; nowhere is the fundamental truth so strongly laid down that the welfare of the State depends upon the uprightness of the citizens." What shall we say of the authority of a book which has done this for the world?

4. Or, once more, if I had a book on my shelves, which had been the inspiration of the best men and women I have known; if I found a unanimous agreement amongst the people I most looked up to and admired as to what book had done the most for them, would I not have a right to think that that book was in a class by itself and had an authority all its own? If, especially, I found that people who were not particularly pious, were not distinguished for being religious, but who had done great work in the world, said this, then I would feel that it must be true. And it is. Sir Walter Scott was not a very religious man. But when he came to die he said: "There is but one book. Read to me from the Bible." Carlyle was not a very devout man, but when a young man said to him, "There is nothing remarkable about the Book of Proverbs," he replied, "Make a few, and you will think differently." John Ruskin has gone on record as saying that the learning of the Bible by heart, when he was a boy, had done more for him than all the rest of his education. Abraham Lincoln built up his education and his character on the Bible, which was one of the few books he had as a boy. When Henry M. Stanley was a boy, his foster parents put him in a workhouse where he was flogged if he mispronounced an Old Testament name. But when he was in Darkest Africa, he declared that he would go all through that again for what the Bible did for him as he found himself alone in that impenetrable wilderness. When Theodore Roosevelt chose a half dozen books to take with him to Africa, one was called the Bible in Spain. And so we might go on and call the roll, and the testimony is uanimous. But the one that you and I will value most, is the testimony of the saints and heroes of our own hearthstones and firesides. We do not expect to see better men and women than our own fathers and mothers; and we know that it was the Bible that made them what they were or are. Not long ago the saintly

Bishop of Durham, speaking at a Bible Society meeting, held up his mother's worn Bible, with binding loosened by age and use. "This book," he said, "was my mother's constant companion. Though the mother of eight sons, of whom I am the youngest, she was one of the most wonderful Bible students I ever knew. Living a life crowded with domestic and parochial service, by rising early and retiring late, she read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the Word of God, and nourished a faith which was the sheet-anchor of her sons in the questionings of their younger years." How many there are who can reproduce this testimony out of their experience! And do you know, can you think, of any testimony to the real authority of the Bible which can match or equal this?

5. Or, if I had a book in my library which had been subject of continuous and bitter attack; if the batteries of criticism had for years been leveled at it; if the men who had both learning and eloquence expended both for a lifetime in the endeavor to destroy its authority, to prove that it was false, that its claims could not be trusted, or its assertions verified, or its truths substantiated; and if, after all that could be said had been said, all that could be urged was urged, that book had not only maintained itself and vindicated itself, but had proved its detractors to be blind prophets and foolish wise men, would I not have a right to have confidence in its authority? But that is precisely what has happened in the case of the Bible. More books have been written about the Bible than any other book on earth, and a fair share of them have been directed against it. One hundred and fifty years ago a great discussion concerned the manuscripts on which the text of the New Testament rested. And the upshot of it has been that the Bible is one of the best attested books in all literature, so far as the age of its manuscripts is concerned. For the last fifty years the contents of the Bible itself have been overhauled. They were subjected to a scrutiny so thorough and searching that it seemed to many as if the foundations of the Bible were crumbling. The prophecy of Heine was recalled, that by the twentieth century the Bible would be obsolete. And Robert Ingersoll declared that by the dawn of a century, which is now twenty years old, the Bible would be regarded as a myth, and would have ceased to influence the thought of the world. But what actually has happened? Precisely during these

fifty years the Bible has known its greatest expansion and influence. Chairs have been established in universities; lectureships have been given over to the rediscovery of the beauties of the Bible; students in colleges have been enrolled in Bible classes by thousands; and there has been a growth of Bible study and Bible knowledge without parallel in its history. After all the battering-rams have done their worst, "the Holy Scriptures, there they stand."

No intelligent person to-day thinks of using his Bible like a talisman, or imagines that he can open it at random and get an answer to any question. No one looks at his Bible to-day as an authority in such a way as that. But the conviction of the authority of the Bible is not lessened; rather it is deepened. As men's ideas about the Bible have become more intelligent, their information more complete, their knowledge more accurate, so also has their conviction become more solid and more real that in the Bible they find the voice of God speaking home to their own souls.

6. This brings me to my last word. If I had a portrait on my walls, that always seemed to be looking at me; but if everyone else said that that same portrait always seemed to be looking at him, I would say that there must be some universal appeal in that portrait. Or, if when a man spoke he always seemed to be speaking to me, but if all others said that he seemed always to be speaking to them, I would say there must be the authority of a universal message in what he said. Just so it is true of the Bible. It contains a message so personal that each one who truly reads it feels that it was written just for him; it just fits his own case; it just matches his own need; it gives just the help and just the light that he himself in his particular emergency requires. And in this universal appeal of the Bible lies the secret of its authority. Coleridge once said: "I know that the Bible is inspired, because it inspires me." But the point is, it inspires every one. It speaks the universal language of the human heart. In the words of a once famous skeptic, Heine: "He who has once lost his God may find him again in this volume, and he who has never known him, will here be met by the breath of the divine Word." This is the wonder of the Bible; it never grows old; it never passes out of date. It has an original value for

every age, and a private message for the secret needs of each soul.

Realize this, and the Bible will have a new meaning for you. It will seem no longer like the proclamation of a remote authority, which you are bidden to heed, and warned that you can neglect only at your peril. It is not an authority that you resist; but an authority that you love; an authority that you feel is born of entire understanding and entire affection.

For, oh! there is an authority that we love. People are hungry to-day for the right kind of authority. They are weary of the interrogation point. They are tired of suspending their judgments. Debates and arguments have exhausted them. But when they turn to the Boble, here is authority. Here is no note of uncertainty. On the great questions of life to which we must have a positive answer, if we are to know what hope and peace mean, we get a positive answer. The Bible does not argue; it never argues. It speaks, it announces, with an authority that carries comfort and conviction with it. It tells us that there is a God who loves us, and all mankind; that there is forgiveness with him; that he may be feared; that there is an everlasting mercy that reaches to the nethermost of human need. And when it speaks of immortality, it does not say with Maeterlinck: "We will perhaps find less to dread than we had feared, and that is about as much as we may be permitted to declare"; but it says, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions." Believe me, nothing can compensate us, children of a story day, whose perplexities thicken about us, like the use of the Book that alone speaks with an authority which the heart does not resent, but rather craves. Fathers, read the Bible to your children. Mothers, teach your children their Bible lessons. Children, be ashamed to spend hours on "The Lady of the Lake" and "Julius Caesar," and not have ten minutes to spend on your Bibles. Young man and woman, remember that there is more true culture to be found in your Bibles than in any other book that ever was written; that the fear of the Lord to be learned from them is the beginning of wisdom; and that to depart from evil, as they alone can teach, is understanding.

"O gracious and merciful Father," so runs the prayer prefixed to the Geneva Bible of 1557—"which has vouchsafed to us the rich and precious jewel of thy Holy Word, assist us with

thy Spirit, that it may be written in our hearts to our everlasting comfort, to reform us, to renew us according to thine own image, to build us up and edify us unto the perfect building of thy Christ, sanctifying and increasing in us all heavenly virtues. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

BIBLE SUNDAY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Bible, Test It

A lady who excelled in making wax flowers and fruit was criticised severely by her friends, and her work unjustly derided. She convicted them by showing them an apple with which they, as usual, found fault. One complained of the color, another of the shape, and so on. When they had finished, she silently cut the apple and ate it. The Bible—taste it. Try it. Don't waste time and energy criticising it. Test it.

Speaks to Save

An infidel preacher in a London park was asked why he always attacked the Bible and no other book. "Why can't you let it alone?" he was asked. "Because it won't let me alone," he replied.

In Balkan Hospitals

A wounded soldier in a hospital at Belgrade cried out, "This is the best book in the world," and his companions in suffering listened eagerly while he read aloud to them from the sacred page. Hands were stretched out from the beds to receive the Gospels distributed by our colporteur, and the patients were delighted to accept the books, and prayed God to bless the Bible Society.

In Bulgarian hospitals wounded soldiers would kiss the colporteur's hands as he gave them Gospels and Testaments. Two of our Servian colporteurs had to join the colors, and one of them was engaged in the siege of Adrianople. The house of a colporteur in Bulgaria was turned into a hospital, while he and his wife nursed the sick and wounded.—Bible Society Record.

Washed Up By the Sea

A barber in Japan, who used to be a drunkard, told that he had found copies of three Gospels on the seashore, where they had been washed in by the tide. He recognized them as "Jesus books," but took them to his shop thinking that they might interest his customers. When trade was slack, he began to read them himself. As a result, he gave up his drunken habits, believed, and has been baptized. These Gospels, he considered, were sent specially for him.

Robert J. Burdette and the Bible

Robert J. Burdette, when asked what was his favorite passage of the Scriptures, gave this answer, which multitudes will appreciate: "When I think of a favorite text, half a dozen dear ones leap to my lips. Stormy days I want a cloak; cold days I want the sunny side of the wall; hot days I want a shady path; now I want a shower of manna; now I want a drink of cool, living water; now I want a pilgrim's staff; now I want a sword, my right good Jerusalem blade. My favorite

text? I might as well try to tell which is my favorite eye. The one I might lose is the one I might want."

Their Holy Burden

A traveller recently returned from Russia describes a very pretty custom which persists even to-day in the little country churches in that land.

These churches are very scantily furnished. There are no pews or benches, not even a reading-desk. When the time comes to read the lessons, the priest brings forward the huge Bible; and two peasants, a man and a woman, step forward and, turning to face the congregation, make of their bowed backs a reading-desk for the Holy Book.

Could anything teach the lessson of reverence more beautifully than this symbolism? "Living epistles," those humble Russian peasants, "known and read of all men," as they thus present themselves in turn humbly and devoutly to uphold the honor of the Word of God.—W. Arnold.

Card of Instructions

Disappointment in the Christian life is a fault of the Christian, but not of Christ. The promises of the Master are perfectly dependable, and when the conditions are observed, the results are seen to be remarkably true to what was promised. Often the reason such results are not achieved is that the conditions have been forgotten or slighted. A commercial product put on the market not long ago was sold with a card of instructions which called for the liberal use of oil. After the manufacturers had been overwhelmed by objections from many purchasers that the product failed to come up to its promises, they discovered that in each case of this kind the purchaser had failed to read the card of instructions. He had neglected the conditions.

Do we faithfully read and follow our "card of instructions," the Bible? It is our manual, by which we understand the conditions lying back of the promises of God. Disappointment follows its neglect; achievement accompanies the honoring of it.

The Defense

In the throne room of one of the palaces across the sea some of the crown jewels are exposed to view without the presence of a guard in the room. It would seem as if one might easily take these jewels, for there would be none present to hinder, but around the edge of the table plays a strong electric current, and the hand that reaches out for the jewels would be paralyzed, so the jewels are quite safe. God's Word is far more valuable and precious to him than all the jewels that deck earthly crowns and we know to-day that the Sword still flashes forth from all sides to defend against the one who dares to put forth his hand of "Reason."—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Influence of the Bible

In 1789 some mutineers from a British ship, the Bounty, settled on Pitcairn Island in the southern Pacific. Drunkenness and violence soon wiped out almost all the men. One of the mutineers had a Bible that was taken from the ship. Reading it led him to repentance, and he taught the native women and children. When a ship visited the island twenty-five years after the mutiny, it found a community in many

ways a model as a result of one man's Bible-reading.

Sword of the Spirit

If we are to be God's soldiers, we must be armed with his weapons. A man enlists in the army; there is a sword given to him; it is not a sword he has had made for himself, but one that has been submitted to certain tests. It is the Queen's sword, and as such it is her will that it shall be so made as to be worthy of the mettle of every soldier who will wield it, and of the empire that supplies it. The soldier is not allowed to risk his life by getting his village blacksmith to make one for him. It must have the stamp of the Government upon it. The battle is the Queen's, and the sword is the Queen's; and when the soldier gets that sword he feels that the whole British Empire has staked its credit upon the quality of that sword.—D. Davies.

Bible Hard to Lose

A Sierra Leone, West Africa, customer of a Chicago mail-order house ordered a Bible sent by parcel post. This book was mailed on board the steamship Falaba when she was torpedoed and sunk in March, 1915, off the English coast. Somehow the Bible was torn loose from the mail-bag by the explosion. Picked up by a fisherman on the coast of Scotland, it was sent to Liverpool; the postmark and shipper's name being deciphered, it was returned to Chicago, and to-day it is in the relic room of that Chicago mail-order house, water-soaked, but successfully surviving a submarine's torpedo and the billows of the Atlantic Ocean. That is just like the truth of God.

Feeding On the Word

In a Chinese hospital a village Christian woman was asked, "Do you read your Bible much?" for she possessed a well worn copy. "I read it constantly," she answered, "every day. I never wish for the last dish when reading it." The word she used was the name of the dish which announces the end of a Chinese feast. Reading the New Testament was to her such a feast that she never wished it to come to an end.

Cigars or Presents

A prominent business man in Syracuse gives away four copies of the Testament daily. It had been his habit to smoke four cigars each day. Some years ago he found that the price of each cigar would buy a Testament. So he stopped the smoking habit and began the New Testament gift habit. A delegate to the Y. M. C. A. State Convention stopped off at Syracuse recently to thank him for the gift that had led him to Christ. Be a Bible-giving Christian.

A woman in South America on seeing a Bible said: "My husband is reading this book, and I do not know what is the matter with him. He does not drink any more, and behaves himself far differently from what he did before reading this book. I wonder what mysteries there are about it."

The Fountain With the Cup

A certain man placed a fountain by the wayside, and hung up a cup near to it by a little chain. He was told some time afterward that a great art critic had found much fault with the fountain's design.

"But," asked the man, "do many persons drink at it?" Then they told him that many poor people, men, women and children, constantly slaked their thirst at the fountain. He smiled, and answered that he was little troubled by the critic's observation; adding only that he hoped that on some sultry summer's day the critic himself might fill the cup and be refreshed.

The Bible is the fountain with the cup. Just now there seem to be an unusual number of critics. Some of us seem afraid lest confidence be saken and its honor be decreased. But let us be sure of this, that from the standpoint of its munificent Designer the only question is, "Do many persons drink at it?" and that God, the giver, finds greatest satisfaction in knowing that increasing multitudes of earth's weary wistful souls are slaking their thirst at his life-giving fountain—blest Fountain which can satisfy the craving, the needs, the yearning desire of every fainting soul, famishing for the water of life. O that men who are troubled with doubts and questionings and skeptical thoughts about the Bible would calmly examine it for themselves! O that, in a candid, teachable frame of mind, they would take it up and read it! The test of experience is the disarming of criticism.—H.

Preparation for Battle

That was indeed a fine tribute to the potency of the Word of God when Marshal Foch wrote to the American Bible Society, "The Bible is certainly the best preparation that you can give to an American soldier going into battle to sustain his magnificent ideal and his faith." This, however, is not the first time that thought has been expressed. David found it so: "Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." The advice given to Joshua was much the same when he was appointed general to lead the hosts of Israel in conquering the Promised Land: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night." When Paul was describing the armor of the Christian he did not forget "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." The reader of history knows how Cromwell led his forces into the fight for freedom quoting the old Book and singing psalms. The best preparation for one going into battle to sustain his ideal and his faith is the Bible. We will find it such a weapon as the sword of Goliath of which David said, "There is none like that; give it me."

His Great Day

"I remember many years ago in Dublin going to the royal barracks to have afternoon tea with a dear officer friend of mine who day by day lived a life of true devotion to God. And when I went in I found his face radiant with the glory of God. I said, 'What has happened?' 'Well,' said he, 'nothing special, but I think I can say now that I am more intimate with the Lord Jesus Christ than with anybody else in the world. I was orderly officer to-day, and had nothing special to do, so I took out my Bible, and have had eight hours over God's Word to-day. When I came to the mess for dinner they said, "Where were you at lunch?" "Oh, I was in my room," said I. "And what were you doing in your room?" "Well,

I was reading my Bible." You should have heard the shout of laughter.' But they saw the power of God shining out of the eyes of the young officer as he told them of the glory of the risen Jesus and that the Lord had satisfied his soul, and that Jesus Christ was more to him than anybody else."—Rev. George C. Grubb.

Missing the Meal

"I am a little tired of books written in defense of the Bible," said Rev. A. T. Gutterly lately. Quite recently he went to a hotel for a meal but unfortunately he had no meal coupon with him. A gentleman, however, kindly gave him a "traveler's coupon," and he explained to him at some length many things of interest concerning this particular kind of coupon; why it was issued; how it differed from the domestic coupon; how it could be obtained, and so on, until Mr. Guttery got a little weary of the narrative, for he was hungry. So he asked the traveler kindly to postpone the discussion and allow him to get to the meat. A good many Bible students, he added, discussed the coupon so much that they missed the banquet which the King had prepared for them in His Word.—Christian Herald.

FOREFATHER'S DAY

OUR NEW ENGLAND FOREFATHERS

By Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D.

I do not hesitate to say, upon a broad and impartial survey of the situation, that the fathers of New England were the most selfish and grasping set of men of whom history has any record. They wanted the best of everything, and all there was of it.

Take, for example, the matter of ancestors. Many of us have to be satisfied with such ancestors as we have. But they demanded something better. They insisted on having all the good and great men that had ever lived. They began far back. Moses and Joshua and Samuel were Puritans in their reverent regard for rigorous righteousness. As for King David, he was something of a Puritan, but also a good deal of a cavalier. Through all the line of his descendants, the same mixed character prevailed, as sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, came uppermost, Elijah, rebuking kings to their face; Jeremiah in the dungeon; John the Baptist, the great souled apostle who reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment, before the corrupt governor; the prophets who have loved truth more than favor—all these, the early New Englanders coveted for their ancestors.

Through the Christian centuries, wherever there were brave souls that testified for righteousness "till persecution chased them up to heaven," among the Alps of Piedmont, in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, at Smithfield, in Paris, as the great bell was ushering in the Eve of St. Bartholomew, there were the spiritual ancestors of the Puritans.

They drew their blood from the fellows of the immortal man, who, in the days of Elizabeth, (misnamed the Good), after his right hand had been chopped off upon the scaffold, waved the left above his head, shouting for England and liberty. The fathers of these men were on the gallant little fleet which begun the annihilation of the Armada, and made liberty a possibility, as the Mayflower made it a reality.

But the Puritans were not satisfied with the past. With the

insatiate greed of a millionaire, they wanted the future as well. And so they got possession, somehow, of all the principles which would in coming time be held in reverence. They believed in the existence of right and wrong, and in the infinite supremacy of righteousness. They believed in the intense reality of God and of the unseen and the spiritual; they held that these were the real, and that everything else was the shadow. They held that some things are true; and that some things are not true; that truth and right are above thrones, are above even the majority dear to the American heart.

They believed in man as above institutions, above real estate, above stocks. They believed that greatness is immaterial; that the greatness of a state, of a city, does not lie in its acreage, nor in the assessors' books. They got a mortgage on all these principles, and from age to age they have been foreclosing.

Come with me to the heart of New England. Let us go down into Middlesex. Here is a village which the census credits with two thousand five hundred inhabitants. The soil is thin and scanty; there is no traffic; there are no manufactories. A small sluggish stream flows through the quiet village; the houses are plain, redeemed from bareness only by the touches of good taste. Just before we cross the little stream, we notice a simple monument in the middle of the way; on it we read the lines that have become household words wherever the English language is spoken.

On the other side of the bridge a little space by the wayside is protected by an iron railing; an inscription tells us that here lie two British soldiers who fell on the 19th of April, 1775. As we draw near the village, you ask, "What house is that?" Why, that is the house where Mr. Emerson framed those calm, philosophical sentences that have molded character all over the world. There is the Old Manse whose "Mosses" are immortalized by the magic of Hawthorne, and from that plain dwelling (now, alas! empty), standing a little back from the road, Louisa M. Alcott sent out "Little Women" and "Little Men" to charm a generation of young people. In that house lives E. Rockwood Hoar, wisest and purest of jurists, and therefore not confirmed when General Grant nominated him to the bench of the Supreme Court. "And what is that somewhat peculiar structure standing in the center of an unoccupied field?" Why, that

is the School of Philosophy, where, through the long summer days, the sages assemble to exchange lofty reflections upon the relations of the Inconceivable and the Non-Existent. In the public square is a monument in honor of the sons of the town who fell in the Great War. In the village cemetery, a massive, unhewn bowlder marks the grave of that son of nature, Henry D. Thoreau, and in the near distance Walden Pond glimmers in the sun. Elsewhere is a simple shaft over one who died in the hell of Andersonville. Underneath his name, we read those heart-rending words of the lamenting prophet: "They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger." Weighed in scales which are responsive to ideas and to high inspirations, this village is greater than Babylon, greater than old Rome.

Not satisfied with great principles, they were avaricious of great achievements. They subdued forests, organized emigration, marched westward under the star of empire. They achieved Louisburg and Concord and Lexington, and Paul Revere's Ride and the Charter Oak and Bennington and Gaspee Point, and Harvard and Yale and Bowdoin and Dartmouth. They preserved the Union, annihilated slavery, crushed repudiation, made the promises of the nation equal to gold. They have spoken the word of protest and pleading in behalf of the Chinaman and the Indian and the African, in behalf of a reformed civil service, and of honest elections. And where has there been a battle for God and humanity, that they and their sons have not been in it?

FOREFATHER'S DAY ILLUSTRATIONS

The Mayflower

That little ship, the Mayflower, was destined for a memorable place in history. Within its cabin this Republic had its origin in the compact that was signed by brave and religious men, declaring their faith in God and the right of men to worship him according to the dictates of conscience, a compact sealed with tears of faith and made holy by prayer.

The last Sabbath of that voyage was spent upon the vessel in holy worship. Earnest, fervent prayers were offered. Hymns of praise were sung and covenants with God were renewed.

"Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthems of the free."

The Pilgrims are dead. The Mayflower's little company all sleep along the shores of their New World home. But the songs which awak-

ened the echo upon that wintry Sabbath morning are still floating through the forests and over the hills and plains of our land in unison with the song of peace and goodwill to men. They being dead yet speak. The music of that grand chorus rings in our ears to-day! And down in the future, when the singers are forgotten, it will still have its influence as an educating power among the masses.—Rev. John W. Sayers.

Defending the Puritan Fathers

The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men, who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders.

I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not, perhaps, aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious convictions; so that, whatever it may be safe for us to think—for us who have had great advantages, and have been brought up in such a way that a certain moral direction has been given to our character—I do not know what would be come of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game.—James Russell Lowell.

The Voyage of the Mayflower

The whole course of the Protestant Reformation, from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth, is coincident with the transfer of the world's political center of gravity from the Tiber and the Rhine to the Thames and the Mississippi. The whole career of the men who speak English has within this period been the most potent agency in this transfer. In these gigantic processes of evolution we cannot mark beginnings or endings by years, hardly even by centuries. But among the significant events which prophesied the final triumph of the English over the Roman idea, perhaps the most significant—the one which marks most incisively the dawning of the new era—was the migration of English Puritans across the Atlantic Ocean, to repeat in a new environment and on a far grander scale the work which their forefathers had wrought in Britain. The voyage of the Mayflower was not in itself the greatest event in this migration, but it serves to mark the era, and it is only when we study it in the mood awakened by the general considerations here set forth that we can properly estimate the historic importance of the great Puritan exodus.—John Fiske.

Plymouth Rock

No other rock is so certain to strike a patriotic spark in the heart of an American. Wherever men go forth to new fields or engage in new missions, to exalt humanity and build up the kingdom of God, inspired by love of religious liberty and guided by the new light that ever breaks from God's Word, they can take with them no more sacred memento of the noble past, and nothing more certain to fire with patriotism and religious fervor every honest endeavor for the future, than a son's portion of the spirit of the

godly men and women whose memory we celebrate to-day, of which Plymouth Rock is the monument and emblem.—Rev. W. C. Barton.

Marriage in Puritan Days

The brides of old-time Puritan days were solemnly adjured to wear:
Something old and something new;
Something borrowed, something blue.

They were seldom married in church; often in the new house that was destined to be their home, and you may believe it was generally bleak enough to give an almost funeral aspect to the affair. It was bad luck to look in the mirror after the toilet was completed—even the maidens of that day were superstitious.

The wedding gown was first displayed in public at meetings. Indeed, there was no other place where the bride could surely count upon finding all her friends together.

The bride and groom and bridal party began the display by proudly walking in a little procession through the narrow streets to the meeting house on the Sabbath following the marriage.

In Larned's History of Windham County, Conn., may be found a description of such an amusing scene in Brooklyn, Conn.

Further public notice was drawn to the bride by allowing her to choose the text for the sermon preached on the first Sunday of the coming out of the newly married couple. Much ingenuity was exercised in finding appropriate and sometimes startling Bible texts for these wedding sermons.

The instances are well known of the marriage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part," while the daughter Abbie, who married John Adams, decided upon the text, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil."

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

—Felicia D. Hemans.

CORNER-STONE LAYING

THE CHIEF CORNERSTONE

By Rev. G. S. Huey

Text: "Are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief ocrnerstone." Eph. 2:20.

A beautiful tradition is handed down to us from the building of Solomon's temple concerning the stone rejected by the builders. Down from the mountains it was brought by the straining oxen. No place could be found for it in the rising walls. After repeated attempts to dispose of it, it was rolled aside, where it was soon covered by moss and weeds. As the building neared completion a special stone was needed to knit together the two walls at the corner. This need reminded them of the stone which had been rejected. The moss and weeds were brushed aside. The stone was carried to the place where it was needed and though of peculiar shape it exactly fitted the place where it was wanted, thus the stone that was rejected by the builders became the head stone of the corner. Though once despised and rejetced it was given a place of usefulness and beauty. Our Saviour applied this tradition to himself and showed that though at first he was despised and rejected of men by and by he should occupy a place of pre-eminence. Though the prophecies concerning himself have not been completely fulfilled, yet Christ does occupy a place of pre-eminence far beyond that of any other period of the world's history.

I. He is the headstone of the corner in Christian revelation. He is the center and theme of the Bible. The types and ceremonies point to Christ. To him gave all the prophets witness. Jesus in his person and work, in his mission and various offices, in his first and second advent, is the heart and life of the Book. As in Italy all roads lead to Rome, so in the Bible all paths lead to Christ. In him alone do all its strange voices blend. All lines converge toward him and in him alone are all its prophecies fulfilled. He who reads intelligently may see Christ upon every page of the Book; he may see him walk the highways of Scripture

as once he trod Judea's hill. He is prominent in the ancient prophecies. He may be seen more clearly in the gospels while the epistles lay bare his inmost soul, and in the book of Revelation may be heard the footsteps of his approaching advent.

If it is true that the New Testament lies concealed in the Old and that the Old stands revealed in the New, Christ is made manifest in both. If the Old is the promise of the New, the New is the promise of the ultimate triumph of Jesus Christ when he shall be declared King of kings and Lord of lords. No other book compares with it in loftiness of purpose and nobility of theme and elegance of diction. It is pre-eminently the biography of a person and that person is the Lord Jesus. Many have not understood the book because they have not put Christ in his place. As the child cannot put together his sectional map until the man on the back of it is in his proper place, so man cannot understand the Bible until Christ is given his place. If the Bible be not interesting to men it is because they know not Christ and see him not in its pages. Blot out Christ and you blot out the Book. Lose your Bible and you lose your Christ.

II. Jesus is the headstone of the corner in the Church. For it he died. By him it was founded. It is the pillar and ground of the truth. The Church is the exponent of Christianity, which is pre-eminently the religion of a person. Take away Buddha from Buddhism and Buddhism still stands. Confucianism is independent of Confucius. What is true of Buddhism and Confucianism is also true of Brahmanism and of Zoroastrianism. But Christianity is not and never can be independent of Jesus Christ. Take away Christ and Christianity must decline and die, and the Church must crumble to ruins. Jesus Christ is the glory of the Church. He is the theme of her sermons, the object of her worship. To him we offer prayer. To him we sing our songs of praise. He is the pattern after which the lives of its members are fashioned. He is the inspiration of their ideals. From him they get their ideals. The mission of the Church is to lift up Jesus Christ and to draw all men unto him. She is God's monument to Jesus Christ. As the Juneau monument in Milwaukee tells of Juneau the explorer; as the Lincoln monument reminds us of Lincoln the savior of the country; as the Washington monument recalls Washington the father of the country, so the Church at large and every little congregation calls to mind

the noble life and the vicarious death of Jesus Christ. Every little chapel and every gorgeous cathedral tells of Jesus. For the propagation of his Gospel every church on Eastern hillside or Western Prairie, or upon the boulevard of the great city is erected.

For this purpose we lay the cornerstone of this building today; whose walls are yet to be reared and which by and by shall be dedicated to his service. He is the glory of the Church. Take away Christ and her glory is departed. Take away Christ and you remove every reason for the Church's existence. He shall be the glory of the temple above which the Church on earth is but a type. Without him heaven would be hell; with him hell would be heaven.

III. Jesus is the "headstone of the corner" in civilization. That there were civilizations before the dawn of the Christian era cannot be denied. These civilizations existed only for kings and princes; for the rich and the great. But the civilization of Christ is for the peasant as well as for the king; for the subject as well as the prince; for the illiterate as well as the learned; for the slave as well as the master. The civilization of which Christ was the founder is far superior to that of any previous age of the world. Compare the war customs of ancient times with those of the present and you will discover that Christianity has robbed it of many of its horrors.

Many thousand years ago a hostile army was gathered about the city of Troy. From within the city's walls came the brave Hector to meet the dreaded Achilles. In the combat Hector fell. In accordance with the cruel customs of ancient warfare Achilles attached the dead body of his fallen foe to the axle of his chariot and dragged it three times around the walls of Troy and then threw his mutilated form at the feet of his wife. That civilization has been replaced by a better. In the 19th century a cruel war ended at Appomattox Courthouse. The victorious Grant stands face to face with the defeated Lee. Hear the interview. Grant asks Lee, "How many men have you?" When the number is told he asks again, "Have they any rations?" A negative answer was given. A supply of rations was ordered. "Have you any horses?" came the question. "Let them keep them, they will need them on the farm to till the soil that they may support their families." A supply of seed corn was ordered that

they might have a crop the coming year. The civilization of the days of the Civil War was vastly superior to that of Ancient Troy. That superiority is accounted for only by the fact and influence of the Christ. Other phases of our civilization are as much superior to that of ancient times as this one. If you would see the monument to Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's cathedral, London, you have only to look about you. If you would see the monument which the world has erected to Christ all you have to do is to look about you. Civilization is one monument erected in his honor. The great inventions of our age, the hospitals and almshouses and educational institutions and the great reforms of our age are also monuments erected to his memory and are marks of the progress of the Christ spirit in the world and are also present day evidences of Christianity.

IV. Jesus Christ is the headstone of the corner in art and literature. He never wrote a book, but he has been the theme of more books than any other character of history. He never composed a song, but he has been the hero of more songs than any other person. He never painted a picture, but there are more pictures of the Christ than of any other of the world's great men. He never instituted a reform, but more reforms have been inaugurated in his name than any of the world's benefactors. In the world of art he is pre-eminent. Without him we could not have had Murillo's "Assumption of The Virgin," nor Ruben's "Descent from the Cross," nor the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, nor Angelo's "Last Judgment," nor Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." Without Christ we could never have had Handel's "Messiah" nor any of the great masterpieces of music. Milton and Shakespeare; Tennyson and Longfellow; George McDonald and Lew Wallace kindled their flames at the fire of Christianity. Blot out the Christ and you destroy the great oratorios, the masterpieces of art and the world's best literature. It was he and he alone that made all these possible.

V. He is the headstone of the corner in the believer's affections. Not a few can say that he is the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. Upon love he founded his empire and thousands have died for him. The devotion of the saints upon earth is not inferior to that of the martyrs. No sacrifice is too great for his followers, no burden too heavy and no journey too long. Houses and lands, parents and friends are

yet given up for the sake of the Master. No other name sounds so sweet to them as the Name of Jesus. To no other friend can they yield themselves as to him. For him they suffer the scorn and contempt of men. For his Name's sake they leave their homes, their country and their kindred that they may carry his Gospel to the ends of the earth. For his sake into the worst places of the earth they go—to icy Greenland, to darkest Africa; to the leper quarters of China and to "The Dead Man's Land" of South America. Were it necessary, to the gibbet and the stake would they go, that they might testify of him.

VI. Jesus shall be the headstone of the corner in a larger sense than today. "Now we see not all things put under his feet." Since the dawn of the Christian era all but two of the ten cardinal vices of the world have disappeared. Only impurity and intemperance remain. In his march through the ages Jesus has swept before him slavery, oppression and corruption of every kind. All other evils shall yet disappear. From the beginning of Genesis until the end of the Revelations we hear the promise and shout of victory. Soon that prophecy shall be fulfilled. "All kings before him down shall fall, all nations shall his laws obey." At "the name above every name, every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

DEDICATION OF CHURCH

STERENGTH AND BEAUTY

By Rev. William B. Stevens, D. D., LL. D.

Text: "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary." Psalm 96: 6.

The occasion of writing this psalm was the removal of the ark of the Lord from the house of Obed-edom the Gittite to Jerusalem. "On that day," says the sacred historian, "David delivered first this psalm to thank the Lord into the hand of Asaph and his brethren." It is thus linked with one of the most interesting events in Jewish annals. But besides its historic connection it was also eminently prophetic. The whole psalm which contains these words has ever been regarded as Messianic, and as foreshadowing the future glories of the Messiah's kingdom, when all the people would give unto the Lord "glory and strength," when all nations would "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

Strength is power in action. Beauty is the assemblage of all graces. The strength and the beauty, being connected with God's sanctuary, must be divine strength and divine beauty. In what, then consist this strength and beauty which so emphasize and make distinctive his sanctuary?

I. The "strength," then, which is to be found in the sanctuary is the power of the Holy Ghost. This is proved by the work and office of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Christ.

The Word of God, which is to be read and preached here, derives all its power over the heart and life because inspired by the Holy Ghost. He it is who makes it quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword. Without the inspiration of the Holy Ghost the Bible would be no more effectual in the work of the moral regeneration of the world than the teachings of Confucius or the ethics of Aristotle.

Christ himself, as God manifest in the flesh, as the Mediator between God and man, as our Prophet, our Priest, our King, would be unknown to us, except as an historical personage, the founder of a new sect of philosophers, were it not that it is one

of the offices of the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ and show them unto men.

It is also by the influence of the Holy Ghost that the sacraments have any spiritual power. Aside from him they are only outward and meaningless signs; but in him they work with mighty and marvelous effect. The Church, as the body of Christ, is made his mystical body and becomes a living Church only by the power of the Holy Ghost. He it is who works on the heart of each individual member, and making each believer a living stone, unites and builds up these living stones until the whole "groweth into an holy temple of the Lord," a "habitation of God through the Spirit." Thus I might go on and show that there is no conceivable strength that the soul needs which is not found in the sanctuary of the Lord.

II. But there is beauty in the sanctuary as well as strength, and what is this beauty? Beauty is the abstract term to denote any assemblage of graces; hence it is used in the Bible to signify holiness, being constantly associated with that word as the human expression of divine perfection. For holiness is but another name for wholeness, and signifies that to which nothing can be added, but which blends in itself all moral perfection in its utmost harmony and completeness. Holiness is God's beauty, and when we pray with the writer of the 90th Psalm, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," we pray that God may be present with us in his holiness, and impart to us the blessings which result from that holiness. So when we say, "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary," we mean by the term "beauty" to declare that God's holiness—the perfection and glory of the divine Being—is to be seen and enjoyed in his sanctuary. God's dwelling in Zion made, in the psalmist's words, "the perfection of beauty." God's being in his holy temple made manifest there his strength and beauty; and vouchsafing to write his name on his earthly tabernacles, he hallows every house of prayer, and causes all devout hearts to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Where there is holiness in the heart of the worshiper, where the truth as it is in Jesus dwells in his soul, there exists beauty of worship such as God approves. This gives birth to the highest style of worship. Especially is there "beauty" in the sanctuary when Christ, the "One altogether lovely," shines out of

Zion, itself "the perfection of beauty." When he reveals himself there, in all the fulness of his grace and in all the freeness of his salvation, then indeed do we "sit down under his shadow with great delight," and our hearts, transported with his loveliness, exclaim, "He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."

So, then, these two words, "strength" and "beauty," the correlative terms of spiritual power and holiness, represent the great work of the Holy Ghost in the Church of God. That is the work which he is to do within these walls. You already have material strength and beauty in the substance and solidity of your edifice, and in the ornaments and appointments wherewith it is embellished. It is strong and it is beautiful as the work of a human architect. What we want now is that the life within these walls—the living stones—may be built up by the divine Architect, the Holy Ghost, into a living temple; built up as noiselessly as was the temple of Solomon, when "neither hammer nor ax nor any tool of iron was heard in the house, while it was in building"; and built up so beautifully that there shall be in the completed character, "no spot, nor wrinkle, onr any such thing."

DEDICATORY ADDRESS

By Rev. Frederick Lynch, D. D.

On an average ten churches are dedicated every day in the United States. We wonder if people generally hav ever thought of the significance of this fact, and the largest fact that churches are the only institutions that have been dedicated every day for two thousand years. And it is not only in the United States, not only in Christendom, but not a week passes now but that a church is dediacted somewhere in Asia or Africa or the islands of the sea.

What does it mean? It means primarily that the religious instinct of man is fundamental and eternal. It is all very well to say that man is outgrowing the church and outgrowing religion. The religious instinct persists and as a matter of fact is stronger to-day than it ever was, although perhaps manifesting itself along different lines. There are more churches than ever, and the statistics prepared by Dr. H. K. Caroll reveal each year an increase in church membership that runs ahead of the growth in

population. And where there is a drift from the churches, it is only a temporary thing. These waves of people from the church always roll back again with intensified religious zeal. The church it built day by day in increasing number and it is nonsense to talk about man having lost his interest in religion. In practically every village in this world there rises now a spire with or without a cross on it—enduring testimony to the immortal instinct of religion in the human heart, testimony to man's sense of kinship with God and sonship in him.

To what do we dedicate these churches? What is their significance?

I. One of the first things put in every one of these churches is a Bible. That is, this new church is built from a belief that God speaks to men, and here, two or three times a day, men will come to hear God speak. It is a house where one comes to listen to God. How wonderful this is, when one thinks of it, that all the world, every denomination, believes God speaks to men, and build hearing-houses, as it were. This is a fundamental doctrine of our faith—that God speaks to man. Every new church testifies to that.

II. In every one of these new churches you will find an organ, hymn books, choirs, and a place to pray prepared. That is, every church dedicated testifies to the complimentary fact that not only does God speak to man, but man can speak to God. Here is a place where every human being can come, and out of his joy and prosperity praise God, or out of his sorrow and adversity call upon him for comfort and strength. Here he can confess his sins to his Father or can ask him for the wisdom that is not of this world. Every new church dedicated is an eloquent testimony to the fact that man can speak to God and that God will hear and answer.

III. In every one of these churches is a pulpit. And, in spite of the wide diversion between Protestant and Catholic doctrines, yet the message of these pulpits, taken year by year, is strikingly uniform. They all testify to the fact that there is a Gospel in this world. A pulpit means, not a quest for truth (there is a place for that), but a "message," something to be proclaimed, a gospel. Every one of these new churches, then, testifies to the reality of this gospel. It might be summed up thus: God the Eternal Father; man his child; man meant for

God; God loving him and saving him when he departs from God; Christ the means of this salvation, bringing grace and life from God freely to every man; the life, the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ the revelation of the eternal heart of God and the goal of man; the immortality of the soul; the coming of the kingdom of God whose law is love and service; the final brotherhood of man. That is what it means when you dedicate a church.

IV. In every one of these churches which we dedicate there is a communion table. In the Catholic Church it is an elaborate altar, in the Protestant churches it is a table. But whatever it is, it is a sign of the presence of Christ. When the people gather about this table they expect to meet Christ face to face. Christ is there. This communion is always a testimony to the present Christ. That is, every church dedicated is a testimony to the world of the living Christ. Our Christ is not alone a dead prophet who wonderfully taught and beautifully lived and heroically died in Palestine; but he is the triumphant, living Christ, the eternal companion of our way to Emmaus, the One who is alive forevermore.

V. In all these newly dedicated churches there are schools where children and adults meet to study the Word of God. That is, these churches are dedicated to the truth.

VI. Finally, in all these churches which we dedicate there is the real church, the organized body of believers—not the temple, but the soul within the temple, is the church. The little flock which has built the church building, which has dedicated it to all the purposes named now comes to the great dedication, the dedication of itself to the service of the world. For all this worship, this word from God and to God, this Gospel, this feeding upon the living Christ, is but preparation for this final act—the dedication of the flock to the service of the world. More than ever we are seeing this in our day. The church exists to serve the world from the strength of the dedicated temple. This house stands for service. We dedicate it and ourselves to the brotherhood of man. This church will begin with the neighborhood. It will try to reproduce itself throughout the whole community. It will extend Christ's sway. It will touch every interest of the community—physical, as well as spiritual. It will address itself to poverty, intemperance, vice, corruption of all sorts. These boys and girls, these men and women are all our

brothers and sisters (even the foreigners) and we must care for them. Then the church will dedicate itself to the nation. It will strive to blot out every national impiety. It will plant other churches and schools in every hamlet. It will be brother to every oppressed man in the nation. Finally, it will dedicate itself to the world. It will say, "All men are my brothers" and send its light, its truth, its love to every land. It will demand, because of this dedication to brotherhood, that nations act toward each other just as brothers in the church treat one another. It will say that the time has come for the practice of that brotherhood the church has long been preaching, where nations put aside the weapons of those who do not believe in brotherhood, and adopt the weapons Jesus Christ used—justice, charity, good-will, brotherhood, love.

DEDICATION OF BIBLE-SCHOOL BUILDING

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

By Marion Lawrance

"The Sunday-school is the noblest development of the nineteenth century." It is one of the finest Christian tools of the twentieth century. The Sunday-school idea is many centuries old; but what we call the modern Sunday-school is comparatively new. It did not originate with Robert Raikes, but it certainly was he who "put the Sunday-school upon the market."

The past one hundred years have witnessed the springing into life of more institutions and agencies whose foundations are laid in the teachings of Jesus Christ than all the preceding centuries. Free public schools, libraries, the religious press, the temperance movement, hospitals, Bible societies, missionary societies—both home and foreign—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, the Student Volunteer Movement, Young People's Societies and the Sunday-school, all are comparatively young, and "the greatest of these is the Sunday-school."

Horace Bushnell and Henry Clay Trumbull were great friends. When after the Civil War, Mr. Trumbull threw his life energies into Sunday-school work, his friend Bushnell asked him one day, if he did not think he was devoting too much time and strength to the Sunday-school. Mr. Trumbull replied that he did not think so. Years afterward, Mr. Bushnell referring to this conversation said:

"Trumbull, you knew better than I did where the Lord wanted you. I honestly thought the pulpit was a bigger place for you, and I tried to get you into it. But now I've come to see that the work you are doing is the greatest work in the world." And after a moment's pause he added, "Sometimes I think it's the only work there is in the world."

The imperial rank of the Sunday-school in the community of Christian enterprises is no longer questioned by those who observe and think.

"In many respects the Sunday-school is a modern institution. It is a vast improvement on the past and is one of the phenomenal

products of Christ, worthy of universal recognition as the most flexible, adaptable and far-reaching institution ever yet devised for the conversion of the world."

So long as it means more to the kingdom of God on earth to win a boy for Christian service than it does to win a man, just so long will the importance of the Sunday-school be recognized and appreciated.

Strange as it may seem, however, the Sunday-school is not so generally understood as it should be. There are many who still look upon it as the "Children's Church," as the "Nursery of the Church," as an "Institution." Strictly speaking, it is none of these; and yet it is all of them. It is not an institution separate and apart from the church itself. Christ came into the world to plant a church and not a Sunday-school. There is but one church for all and not separate churches for the adults and the children. While the Sunday-school is in a sense the nursery of the church, the idea of childhood implied in that expression has done more to retard the progress and growth of the Sunday-school than any other one thing. The Sunday-school is no more for children than it is for gray-haired men and women.

The Sunday-school is the Bible-studying-and-teaching service of the church.

Since it is a service of the church, all the church should be there. It is as incumbent upon church members to attend the service of their church when it meets to study the Bible in the Sunday-school, as it is to attend when it meets to hear the pastor preach. It is estimated that only one church member in five in the United States is found in the Sunday-school. Nothing, aside from a miraculous blessing from heaven, would do the Sunday-schools of our country so much good, as for all church members, who are able to do so, to identify themselves with the Sunday-schools of their own churches.

Since the Sunday-school is a Bible-studying service, all who attend should have their own Bibles. Lesson helps will be used exactly as they were meant to be used, in the preparation of the lesson at home and not in the teaching process in the school. There is an influence for good in simply carrying the Book itself upon the street.

Since the Sunday-school is a studying service, the building and equipment should be adapted to its use. Great reforms and

changes are going on in this direction now, and we may hope for some splendid developments in the near future.

Since the Sunday-school is a teaching service, the teachers should be competent and specially trained for their work. We believe the day will come when all who teach in the Sunday-school will be expected to take some special training for their work, such as one of the teacher-training courses now so numerous and comprehensive. In some schools no teachers are selected except those who hold diplomas indicating that they have completed such a course. This is far in advance of the average school no doubt, but it is an ideal worth aiming at. Horace Man, the great eduactor, said on one occasion, "The only way to get good teachers is to make them." He referred to public school teachers, but it is equally true of Sunday-school teachers. There should be therefore in continuous operation in every Sunday-school a vigorous training class where young people may be trained under competent leadership for the important office of teaching.

The Sunday-school is a mighty force in the world; but from the standpoint of the Church it is a field, a ripe field, white to the harvest. From the best statistics we are able to gather, we discover that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the additions to all of our churches by conversion come through the Sunday-school. Dr. John Clifford, of London, sets the figures as high as five-sixths. Certain it is that the church which pays easy-going attention to its Sunday-school, failing to support it, nourish it, care for it and man it as it should, is neglecting its most promising opportunity and can hope for but meagre results.

The Sunday-school should be under the direct management and control of the church. It in turn should be loyal to the church and to the denomination whose name it bears. Its aim should be to lead the scholars through an intelligent study of God's Word to give their hearts to Jesus Christ, and then to unite with the church to which the school belongs.

The Sunday-school is receiving more attention to-day from men of thought and learning than ever in the past. It now has a literature distinctly its own which has been produced by the most discerning minds and able advocates. It is worth all the best endeavor of God's choicest men and women. While the Sunday-school is for the old and young alike, the fact remains

that its chief attraction and promise is because here we find the children and youth, and it is through them that the world is to be won for God. "Childhood is the battle-ground of the kingdom."

We must not lose sight of the fact, however, that the Sunday-school is a training ground for the church, and that it is adapted to the needs of men and women in the midst of life's busy days. Indeed the adult department is commanding the attention of many of the foremost men and women of the world.

It is in the Sunday-school that we find the unconverted in larger numbers than in any other service of the church. It is here we find them also at the most favorable time of their lives. It is here we find the workers, the best trained workers of the church, and in larger numbers than in any other department of church work. It is here we find the open Word of God; and it here we find results in a more satisfactory degree than elsewhere. Surely we may say with Dr. Mullins, of Louisville, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, "The Sunday-school is in the center of the battle line."

DEDICATION OF CHURCH BELLS

BELLS IN CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

By E. Young

The use of bells in Christian worship is of very ancient origin. The practice was introduced into churches as early as the year 400 by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, Italy, and very soon after their employment for ecclesiastical purposes in England was established, as the church emerged after the first centuries of persecution from her catacombs and began to put on her robes of joy, and the congregations grew in size and importance. The venerable Bede, writing in the seventh century, refers to a bell brought from Italy to place in the abbey at Wearmouth, and mentions at the same time one then in use at Whitby Abbey. Ingulphus, the chronicler of Croyland Abbey, makes particular mention of a "ring" of seven bells placed there in the tenth century, and "famous in all England for its harmonious peal," implying without doubt that peals of bells were even then common; and existence to-day in England alone of some hundred church towers, dating from the Saxon period and evidently intended by their size and construction to hold bells,—bears out the contention.

Several ancient manuscripts have curious pictures which throw light on the use of bells in early times; one from a Psalter in the British Museum, which depicts King David playing on hand-bells, a subject which was often selected for the heading of the forty-sixth Psalm; and another I call to mind of a performer on a row of small hand-bells which he strikes with a hammer—from a missal. In the marvelous Bayeux tapestry there is a representation of the funeral of Edward the Confessor, in which the king's body is accompanied by two little boys, each ringing a pair of hand-bells.

In ancient times bells were invariably dedicated with elaborate ceremonies, so as to set them apart from secular uses. Some of these ceremonies have been handed down to this day and are both interesting and instructive. They bore names, accordingly,

and these are a history in themselves, showing the trend of the times, and the faith of the people.

A bell, for instance, at Paversham, in Oxfordshire, is dedicated "in honor of St. Lawrence," a long inscription on the edge showing that it was given by "Hugh Gargate,—Lord of the Manor in the reign of King John (about 1210) and Sybilla, his wife." Such an inscription is very rare at this early date, and it is interesting to note that it is in plain Roman or Saxon capital letters, whereas all the later inscribed bells have what are known as Gothic or Lombardic letters. In early mediaeval times "bell-founding" was largely the work of the monastic orders. It was regarded rather as a fine art than a trade, and ecclesiastics vied in producing the most ingenious and recondite Latin rhyming verses to adorn their bells.

St. Dunstan's skill as a smith is familiar to all—as, perhaps, his skill at bell-casting is not. St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, cast bells for Abingon Abbey in 963. We read of a Sir William Corvehill, a monk of Wenlock Priory, who died shortly after its dissolution in 1546, that he "could make organ clocks and chimes" and was "a good bell-founder and maker of frames for the bells." But the first London founders of note was a family of the name of Wymbish, residing in Aldgate, which was always the bell-founder's quarter, as the still existing name of Billiter (for Belleytre) implies. They were Richard, Michael and Walter, and their work still lives after them, since the year 1290; Richard cast bells for the neighboring Prior of the Holy Trinity, and has left his name in Kent, Essex and neighboring counties; Michael cast bells still to be seen in Buckinghamshire, and Walter one in Sussex.

Of the different kinds and uses of bells we still have many examples from mediaeval times, only a few of which can be mentioned. The "Curfew," best known perhaps to-day, was introduced first by Alfred the Great, at Oxford, where he directed it should be rung every evening (as it is still); and not, as often supposed, by William the Conqueror as a tyrannical enactment. The "Passing Bell," which was originally sounded as a summons to pray for a soul just passing out of the world, an ancient chronicle tells us was rung for St. Hilda of Whitby in 680, and was then known as "The Knell." Unlike most other customs of ancient usage, this one received strong endorsement from the

reformers of the sixteenth century; and there are long lists in churchwardens' accounts of names of parishioners and "donations for the Knell." The sum paid was four pence. I have a strong recollection of hearing, as a child, the Passing Bell in an old village in Berkshire, and noticing the number of strokes, for the age was always marked in this way, and sometimes sex—three times three for a man, three times two for a woman, and three single strokes for a child. The old saying, "nine tailors make a man," is only a corruption of "nine tellers"—or three times three. In olden days a hand-bell or "lych-bell" was rung before the corpse on its way to the grave, to beseech prayers, and this is still done at Oxford at the funeral of any university official or dignitary.

The Sermon Bell is still rung in ancient country villages,—it is the largest bell of the peal, called the tenor, and is rung for a few minutes after the chime to indicate there will be a sermon. This is a custom of pre-reformation times, and is sometimes called the Priest's or Parson's bell. Of more solemn import than any is the Sacring Bell—called also the saunce or sanctus bell, in the more ancient inventories. The sanctus bell usually hung in a turret or "cot" on the gable over the chancel arch, and was intended to announce the more important parts of the service to those unable to come to the church. It was rung at that point in the Sarum or English rites of the Eucharist at the singing of the Sanctus or "Holy, Holy, Holy"—just before the Canon was reached—hence its name. The sacring bell proper, used in the service in the sanctuary of the church, usually hung on or over the rood-screen, and announced the completion of the act of consecration.

Of ancient sanctus bells there are still quite a few to be seen in the earlier churches, hanging in their original cots, though not put to their original uses. And then there was and still is the Angelus Bell which announces three times a day the mystery of God made man in the Incarnation, sometimes also called the "Gabriel" bell, as it was often inscribed with the name of the angel of the annunciation,—or the awe bell.

We are all so familiar with the old custom of ringing the bells on the eve of the great Christian festivals like Christmas or Easter, that it is not necessary to mention these—but the Pancake bell on Shrove Tuesday, which ushered in the Lenten

season, the muffled peal on Holy Innocent's day—a custom still kept up in Herefordshire,—the Gleaning bell, and Fire bell, and Pudding bell—still rung at Mistley in Essex, are ancient customs which, while still surviving, are usually robbed of their earlier significance.

Bells are very largely used in mediaeval times to mark the hours of the day before clocks were introduced, and in the country villages in England a clock is still superfluous and not often to be found in the cottages. The older inhabitants preferring to adhere to the usage of the past, and marking time by the village church bells—and the sun. In the monastic houses they were naturally rung at the canonical hours of twelve, three, six and nine for the "office," or prayers said at these hours: Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Pompline, and since the Reformation secular anniversaries have been ushered in with bell-ringing, such as May-day (which is also an ancient custom), the birthdays of royalty, Gunpowder Plot, and Lord Mayor's Day. The great bell of Tong, in Shropshire, is still rung at intervals, at night, to warn the wanderer out of his track.

A subject so fascinating and informing deserves to be dealt with at greater length. Yet enough has been said to show what an intimate connection existed between bells and Christian worship in mediaeval times, which cannot, perhaps, be better epitomized than in the verses from Longfellow's poem, "The Golden Legend," in which the bell, the rhythmic cadence announces:

"I praise the true God, I call the people, I assemble the clergy;
I mourn the departed, I put to flight pestilence, I honor festivals—
I knell for burials, I break the power of lightning,
I mark the Sabbaths;
I rouse the sluggard; I disperse the winds, I calm the bloodthirsty."

From which it will be observed that the bells were thought to sway the forces of nature—an opinion upon which modern science has also something to say, forbidding us to condemn too hastily our simpler brethren. From Biblical times onward—when the sweet singer of Israel praised God with psaltery and harp, the use of music in many shapes and forms has been ap-

proved in religious worship. The very elements themselves are called upon in the "Benedicite" to render their homage and praise to the Creator of all things, and it seems therefore but fitting that instruments made by man should, like the bells, be dedicated also to his service and worship.